THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Found[illegible] Ao. Dr. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

FEB. 21, 1914 — 5c. THE COPY

DRAWN BY
PHILIP BOILEAU

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

Our Platform

Cream of Wheat

A dainty breakfast
A delicious luncheon
A delightful dessert

Painted by H. T. Benton for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1907 by Cream of Wheat Co.

"—those wonderful Clothes"

Seven years ago a young man rented desk-room in a Salt Lake City office building, and started taking orders for Royal Made-To-Measure clothes.

He had no brilliant store-front—no plate glass windows through which to lure the crowds. His was an "upstairs store" hidden away from the throngs of the thoroughfares. And those who wished to buy of him had to seek him out.

Yet to-day that young man controls the biggest clothes business in Salt Lake City. *But* his trade still *take the elevator* to secure his clothes-service.

Bankers and business men—the most discerning dressers in Salt Lake City—the former patrons of $60 and $75 tailors, go out of their beaten paths to be "Measured by McIntyre."

We are glad to print Mr. McIntyre's experience here, for it is typical of the triumphs of Royal merchants everywhere. In nearly every town there is a Royal measure-expert—usually the leading men's wear dealer, who is building a phenomenal clientele through this same tailoring product that Mr. McIntyre is pleased to call "Those Wonderful Clothes."

An Appreciation By A. G. McIntyre

Authorized Resident Dealer at Salt Lake City, Utah, for The Royal Tailors

"WONDERFUL" may seem a strange word to apply to men's clothes. And yet, as I look back over the years and review the experience I have had with Royal Tailored-To-Measure Clothes—review the affectionate trade they have brought to my little upstairs store—I can think of no other word that so fully befits these clothes.

They ARE "wonderful clothes" to me.

But I do not claim originality in using the term. I simply borrowed it from my customers. They have made the expression "Those wonderful clothes" a trade-mark for my business.

It was the comment of friend to friend: "Say, that man McIntyre is certainly delivering wonderful clothes," that literally established my business.

For at the start I had no other advertising working for me—I could afford no other.

The words of my customers—plus the service of The Royal Tailors—were originally my entire "Selling Campaign."

Yet I don't mean to give the idea that I had a snap from the outset. To the contrary, my early days were days of bitter battle.

When I first approached my friends with the proposition to give them real built-to-measure clothes for as little as $20 to $35, they gave me the laugh.

In fact, this very feature of "small prices" that I had counted on to be my strongest drawing card proved to be, at first, my greatest stumbling block.

The customers of high priced tailors, who were the patrons I wanted most, refused to believe that a real custom garment could be secured at less than $60 or $65.

It got so I had to avoid mentioning prices altogether, unless absolutely forced to.

When a business man drifted up to my shop, after persistent invitation, and asked prices of Royal clothes, I would say banteringly, "Oh! a good Royal suit won't cost you more than you've been paying—say $60 or $65. Come on, take a sporting chance! I'll promise to treat you right."

And straightway, his suspicion and prejudice would disappear.

The suggestion of a high price seemed to set his mind at rest.

Then, when his Royal suit came and he found it even better than the $65 mental picture he had built—a perfect fit, and graced with that indefinable distinction that marks real custom tailor work—he gladly prepared for almost any kind of a tailor's bill.

And when I'd tell him to give me $35 and the rest to charity, he'd walk out and make Royal clothes his pet conversation to his friends at the Club.

Many of my customers habitually brag of their Royal Deals.

Another factor that gives Royal Service its great appeal here is the guaranteed 6 Day Schedule Delivery Service—with the $1 a day forfeit for delay.

The average tailor's promises, I fear, are not considered very reliable security. They're hardly classed with government bonds. If the average tailor promises a suit for Monday, the wise customer discounts it, and makes it a couple of Mondays later.

That was where Royal Service made such a hit with Salt Lake City business men. It did away with broken promises. It not only *agreed* to get the suit through when promised, but it guaranteed it—and came through with it.

To sum it all up: I believe the secret of my success lies in selling satisfaction to every customer—thus making every customer a "Repeater" with his own trade—and a salesman, without pay, to bring me the trade of his friends.

Royal Service and Quality have enabled me to say to all comers—"If you are not satisfied with the clothes you get here, I won't be satisfied to let you keep them!" For this is the very thing The Royal Tailors say to me in the guarantee they send with every suit.

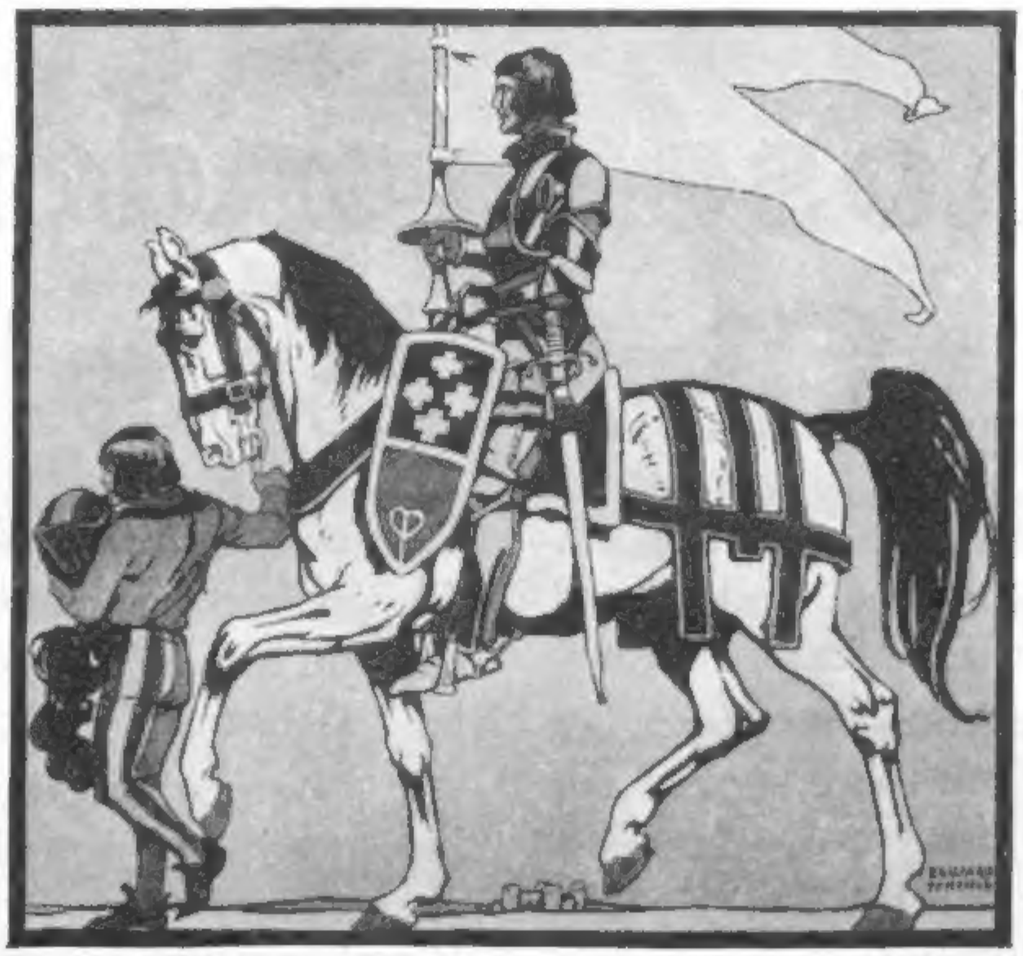
Good advertising will do a great deal to build a merchant's business. But I believe the best advertising is the word-of-mouth recommendation of customers.

I have a whole lot of this kind of advertising working for me.

It's one of the sure helps Royal Tailoring gives to all its dealers.

THE ROYAL TAILORS
CHICAGO — NEW YORK
TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

Spring Styles for men



You are going to see some interesting things in our clothes for spring

FOR $25 and upward, you can buy clothes made from imported fabrics which formerly cost you considerably more. We are combining better fabrics with our fine tailoring at no increase in price.

The finest imported weaves which have heretofore been used for the costliest custom tailoring are available to us under the new tariff law. Stripes, plaids, black and whites, and gray and whites are some of the principal effects. Decorations are mostly in silk.

Style features of the new season are simple, yet striking. In young men's clothes, they follow the shape of the figure; no padding; wider lapels and collars; shorter coats, smaller sleeves, narrow shoulders, softer draping. Men's styles, while more conservative, tend in the same direction.

In our Style Book for spring, you will see all the new styles portrayed in a series of artistic and interesting pictures; you can ascertain where, in your city or town, our clothes may be seen and bought.

The Style Book will be ready about March 1st. The illustration above, a drawing by Edward Penfield, will be shown in colors on the cover of the book. If you desire a copy, send your name.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago

New York

Foreign Offices

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Huddersfield, England

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London, England

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WILSON AND WALL STREET

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

Curb Brokers on Broad Street, Looking Toward Wall Street

WALL STREET cannot play the game as it used to play it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because the rules have changed; the law is now the same for everybody."

The man who spoke was tall and ruddy and the lilt of old Virginia was still in his voice. Second only to Morgan and Harriman had he reigned among the money powers back in the day of unrestrained activity. Though he retired at the high tide of multimillioned success, his golden tentacles still cling to many ventures. He has mixed in politics too. Now he sat at the window of a Fifth Avenue club in New York and looked across at Central Park, all gray and bleak in the winter dusk.

Then he continued:

"Yes, the old system is gone. When I was in the thick of things downtown the Sherman Law was a dead letter. Now it is becoming a living, leveling, standardizing force—the law of the land. It has been clearly defined. It is my law and everybody else's law. All men and all business are equal under it. We have a new currency law, too, that means a democracy of credit. It's the greatest achievement of any president since Lincoln."

"What is the meaning of all this progress in economic evolution?" I asked.

"Equal opportunity for brains; an open field for business. The day of monopoly is going and with it much of the old selfishness."

"And who," I queried, "is mainly responsible for this?"

"President Wilson," was the reply, emphasized by a bang on the table. "He is a constructive leader. The country and the so-called money interests must take him at his word that he is sincere in his desire to help and not to destroy business."

A few years ago to indorse unreservedly a president of the United States who was not wedded to the ancient conservatism, who spoke his mind freely and frankly about equality in the administration of laws affecting business, was rank heresy, to be punished by that isolation which was then the first step on the road to financial ruin.

Strange Happenings Among Wall Street Men

BUT strange things have been happening down in that region of "geographical damnation" more commonly known as Wall Street. The record of these past twelve months is the history of a significant emancipation; the story of a new financial freedom that holds no more amazing or romantic chapter than is revealed in the attitude of the Street toward the gentleman who now occupies the White House.

There was, as you may recall, a serene and unruffled time when Wall Street and the White House were on the most friendly terms. It was back in that good old unrestricted epoch when presidents, according to the financial powers, were safe and sane. They never disturbed business. Wall Street was consulted about legislation that affected its larger interests, and its advice was usually taken.

Wall Street was a world all its own—symbolized by a glorified ostrich that kept its head buried in the golden sands. It could not see that beyond the Hudson River was a great and growing country struggling with its own problems and clamoring for equality and recognition. It could not hear the voice of an expanding business seeking protection under the law.

Mr. Roosevelt sadly disturbed this cordial relation between Wall Street and the White House. He made the ostrich look up and run to cover. From that moment when he gave the ticker its first attack of acute hysteria and sent the shivers up and down the corporate spinal column, a new and hostile feeling developed. Big business became a battleground on which special privilege and the control of credit began to make a stand for life. Finance saw red every time the President's name was mentioned. What was once the sanctuary of safety and sanity became the heart of the enemy's country. There is no need of straining the English language here to recall what Wall Street thought of Roosevelt.

The fires that he kindled to accomplish the fusion of law and business smoldered during the four years of Taft's presidency. But now there has been nearly a year of Wilson—a year of transition in all those relations that affect trade, shape credit and make or unmake commercial stability. What, then, is the Wall Street state of mind about this one-time schoolmaster who, perhaps more than any other chief executive since Lincoln, has written his name large in the annals of his country?

Three Angles

FOR weeks I have talked with bankers, brokers, capitalists, masters of industry and plain millionaires; have ranged all up and down the dollar line, where emotion is principally concealed in the pocketbook. In Roosevelt's day, when you sought opinions about the president men immediately began to foam at the mouth. For publication their remarks could be expressed only in long and tremulous dashes. But now it is somewhat different. Stripped down to the last analysis you find that there are three distinct angles to the view that so-called Wall Street takes of Wilson. They are:

First—The standpat group that blindly links democracy with disaster; that regards the president as an enemy to large business and is not afraid to say so.

Second—The coterie that fears him, thinking him academic, prejudiced, ignorant of business and blind to the light. This class is afraid to utter its opinions.

Third—The steadily increasing host that admires him unreservedly; believes in his sincerity and good-will, and finds him a safeguard and not a menace to legitimate business. This group does not hesitate to speak its mind.

Before we proceed with what Wall Street thinks it is important to see first what Wall Street is. The Wall Street of our tradition—familiar playground for fickle fortune, lair of the money devil, abode of the soulless corporation—is not the Wall Street of today. Into that narrow, winding, historic way, sentineled at one end by the brown bulk of old Trinity and washed at the other by the East River—a street that is not even geometrically straight—changes have crowded thick and fast and with a significance that touches the humblest investor, no matter where he may live.

Yet in its gleaming white-marble palace the stock exchange continues to shape security prices. Amid the environs remain the camps of the money captains. And save for the new sky-pointing temples that rise from time to time on familiar sites there is no external evidence of the revolution that has shaken this best known and most glamorous of all American districts to its very foundation.

The simple reason is that it has been a reversal of judgment, character and policy. It has been from within.

Now the first of these changes that have transformed Wall Street affects its point of view. Back in the old era the leaders of the Street were like some politicians. They never could realize that times and conditions and even laws were changing. For example, they clung tenaciously to the idea that they personally owned the common-carrying and public-serving corporations, despite the fact that the stock was more or less widely held. They believed that all trusts were good so long as they promoted the general prosperity. The richer these men grew, the more disproportionate became their view of things.

Degree of wealth constituted their ultimate measure of men and methods. The cry of this ostrich host was: "Let us alone for we are the economic saviors."

It naturally followed that the voice of Wall Street, never very animated and always monosyllabic, was the voice of the few. This is the way it worked: If you went down there to get an opinion on any subject of general interest and approached an important person, you were generally told to come back again. What happened in the meantime?

The person you had approached rushed off to find out what Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Baker, or, in later years, Mr. Harriman thought of the matter. When you returned you did not get an individual, independent opinion; you got the sentiment of that oligarchy that clung to its power with the grip of money. As you went from man to man you heard the same phrases, got the same impression. The lesser lights always learned their lesson well, for they accepted as gospel the wisdom of the financial fathers.

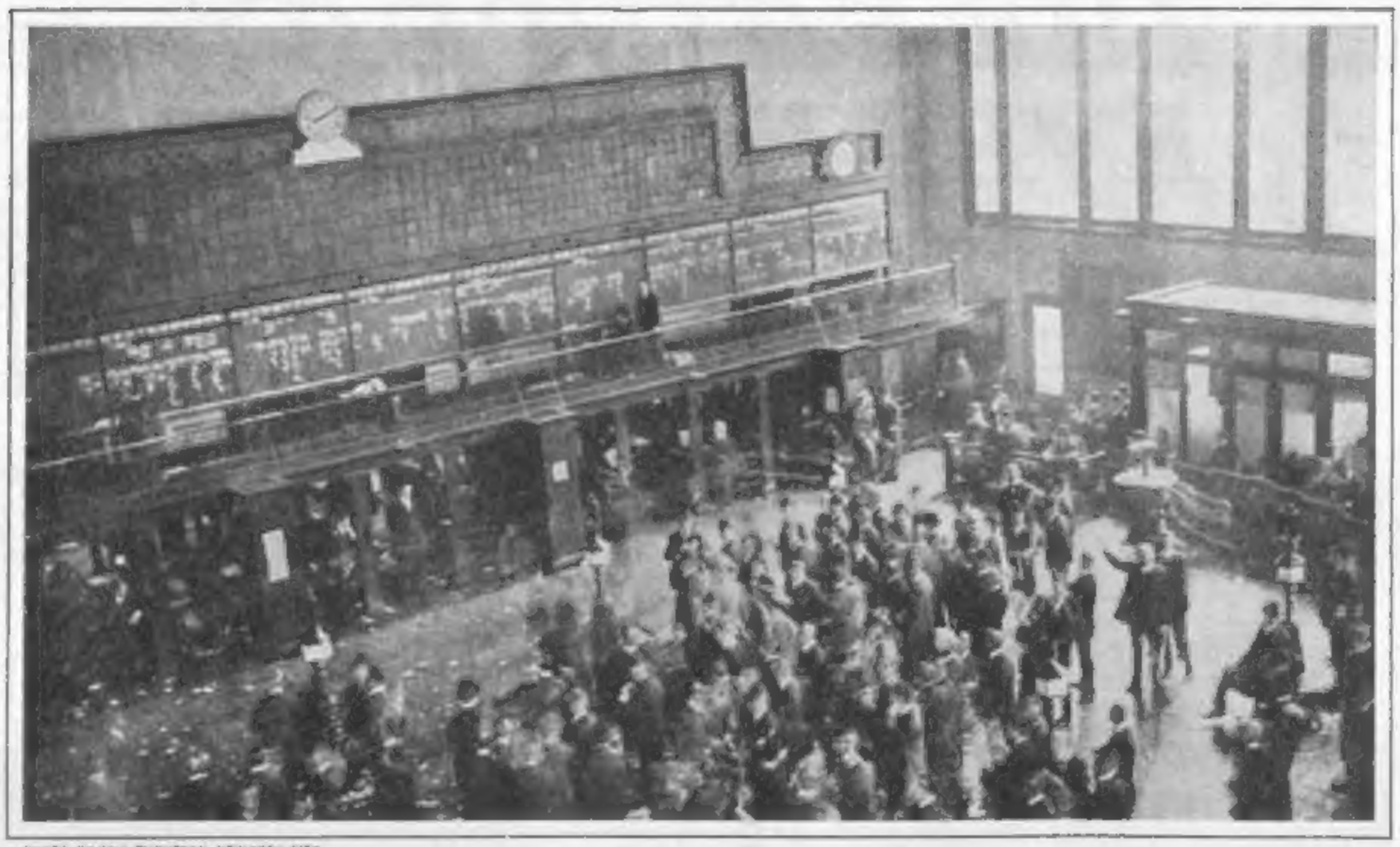


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Floor of the Consolidated Stock Exchange

In Wall Street then as now there were four sources of information—or misinformation, as the case happened to be: The first was the stock exchange, which winked at manipulation, wash sales and trading on slender margins. The second was the group of great banks which had overstepped the bounds of legitimate banking and had become manufacturers and merchandisers of securities—in short, huge speculative institutions. The third was the circle of leaders whose speech was often bait for speculation by the public and geared always to private and personal interest.

The fourth was the most picturesque and surprising. It was the corporation lawyer who had been bred out of bitter industrial and corporate conflict and whose principal function, on many an occasion, was to show his clients how far they could go and remain within the law. That the functions of this profession were abused is attested by the somewhat startling fact that there are seven corporation lawyers in the region south of Fulton Street in New York to every one man engaged in financial business. Thus the legal going must be good.

Out of these various agencies that I have mentioned a frank, free speech was never heard. Unless they had the private ear, newspaper and magazine writers who sought information usually got "inspired" and guarded statements as sterilized as they were selfish and misleading. The stock exchange in particular was an annex of the North Pole—a frigid autocracy that could not see beyond the ticker.

But a good deal of this has been changed. When you go down to Wall Street today to find out what they think of a president of the United States it is like going into a once-forbidden domain with the lid blown off. Men do not hesitate to speak their own minds; and with more independence of speech has come more independence of action. This is why you can now get some accurate measure of the Wall Street attitude toward Wilson.

Wall Street's Growing Faith in Wilson

WHEREAS six years ago all Wall Street was a unit against Roosevelt, blind and bitter because an old-time privilege was menaced, today you see many of the same men frank in their admiration of Wilson and glad of a new, open business game, even if it has meant reduced income and a diminished power.

There is no more cheering example of this corporate rebirth than what may be called the new stock exchange. It has not been so many years since Gould and Fisk, and more lately Keene, were merrily rigging markets; when rank manipulation in Cordage, Whisky, Lackawanna and Reading was supreme incentive to all kinds of malpractice; when from ten to twenty scandalous failures occurred each year; when shares in unlisted securities were offered to the public with no published reports as to earnings and balance sheets; when, in short, the shears were always brightly sharpened for the lambs.

Today you find the stock exchange reforming from within; with wash sales and manipulation prohibited; with widened margins that offer but limited incentive to speculation; with a committee on business conduct doing police duty in compelling the production of brokers' books and accounts at any time; with the door wide open to all publicity; with one failure during 1913; and with the sentiment of the institution summed up in the following expression from a leading member: "I'd rather make $10,000 a year under these conditions and feel it was clean money than return to the old and make $50,000."

Wherever you turn you find fresh evidence of passing or scattering power. Such concrete examples as the unlocking of the vast chain of interlocking directorates that helped to control credit; as the downfall of the old monopoly that rested with the voting trust; as the countrywide distribution of banking authority through the operation of the new currency law; and last, and perhaps more important than all, the decline in the average individual ownership of listed stock among the two million investors of the country from 219 shares to 92, thus revealing the break-up of immense holdings—all show which way the wind is blowing.

The whole net result of the evolution of the old Wall Street may be briefly stated. Instead of being the state of mind and ambition of a masterful few, it is becoming, in its newest and largest sense, an aroused and constructive intelligence without geographical limitation.

And this is why, as you seek for the Wall Street opinion of Wilson, you get, in the main, a symposium of frank and friendly statement that would have made those elder financial statesmen of a more secretive day feel that the millennium had indeed arrived.

Take, for example, the new "heresy"—as measured by the old standards—of the all-powerful New York stock exchange, arbiter of security values toward which the investment eye of the nation is constantly turned. Here is the attitude of a leading member who is on the board of governors, and it may be taken as typical of the view of the institution:

"There were probably fifty members of the New York stock exchange who voted for President Wilson. If he were a candidate for reelection today he would likely receive five hundred votes, and if his attitude on the trust question continues constructive and conciliatory he might get the vote of the entire membership.

"Why is this so? It is because President Wilson has succeeded in doing what not one of his predecessors could do. He has given the country a tariff law and a currency law. The tariff law may or may not work out satisfactorily, but there is no question about the currency law, nor is there any question about the public-spirited devotion to the general welfare of the community that attended its enactment. The President has the confidence of the people as no recent president has had.

"The actual stock-exchange membership consists of only eleven hundred men, and their support is numerically unimportant. What is of importance, however, is the support of those who, through the various channels of stock-exchange activities, feed on and are fed by America's commercial activity. There are two million investors in this country; perhaps two millions more are indirectly affected as savings-bank depositors and holders of life-insurance policies, while another million risk their money through speculative channels on the future prospects of our business. All these people are watching the President and they respect what he has to say. Only a short time ago they were incredulous, but today they are very earnest.

"It is easy to see, therefore, why the New York stock exchange has veered round to the support of Wilson. When he said in his Chicago speech almost a year ago: 'I am the trustee for the prosperity of the United States,' stockbrokers who had long been accustomed to such utterances from public men dismissed the phrase as a platitude. Nothing that had occurred in the official careers of Mr. Wilson's immediate predecessors encouraged them to believe that this high-sounding generality meant any more than the many others of similar purport they had heard.

"But they realize today that the President is actually a trustee in a vital sense. His immense power is certified beyond doubt, and the most hardened stock-exchange cynic is now seriously asking himself the question whether the President is not actually America's foremost industrial and commercial leader.

"In the Chicago address to which I have referred, the President made a direct plea for coöperation between government and business and he asked the audience the question: 'Won't you come in?'

"I have no desire to praise one set of men at the expense of another, but it is a fact, attested by a score of independent outside expert observers, that the New York stock exchange promptly responded to the President's plea. One reform after another has been inaugurated in such a genuine spirit of coöperation as to leave no doubt of sincerity. Others are following our suit. There is a spontaneous abandonment of the old system of interlocking directorates. A new spirit of business ethics consciously or unconsciously pervades all the legitimate activities of Wall Street.

"To say that the New York stock exchange is blind or deaf to President Wilson's leadership in these potent reforms is to deny it fundamental intelligence. The exchange and its governors are quite as deeply imbued with the ideas of the 'new freedom' as are the men who make the country's laws. It must be plain to every one that the President's plan is to broaden and deepen the channels of American development, and the stock exchange's primary function lies in these channels. What the President has done so far has strengthened the hands of every member and given him fresh courage. Instead of being a menace to big business and constructive American enterprise he has, by his own actions, established himself as a creative leader."

The President No Foe of Honest Business

IT IS significant that the majority of the younger men in Wall Street from whom will be recruited the leadership of tomorrow are friendly to Mr. Wilson. Thus progressiveness has come to finance as well as to politics. Two opinions will express this attitude:

The first is from one of the best known and most brilliant of the newer school, who has loomed large in vast undertakings. This is what he said:

"No fair-minded man can question the wisdom of the new order. Big business in this country had expanded to the point where it needed regulation. Mr. Roosevelt tried to do it with a club and failed; Mr. Wilson is bringing about the result with tact and conciliation.

"I see no menace to Wall Street interests in Mr. Wilson. You cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs; you cannot bring on a corporate revolution without stirring up dust and hurting somebody's feelings.

"The old element that used to rule Wall Street created a real monarchy. President Wilson is trying to convert that empire of finance into a constitutional government.

"Instead of being a destroyer Mr. Wilson is a harmonizer. The peaceful dissolution of the New Haven merger without recourse to bitter and costly litigation, and the amicable divorce of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company from the Western Union, are conspicuous tributes to his good taste and his sense of fair dealing with business. These two examples alone should convince the President's bitterest enemies that he has no desire to smash things.

"Mr. Wilson is curbing and driving the wild horses in Congress with a skill that does him the highest credit. I doubt if any other man, similarly placed, could hold such radical forces in check. Business has nothing to fear from Mr. Wilson so long as he continues his present course."

The second view is from another young leader, who has swung some of the biggest individual speculative trades in recent years and has lent his energies and talents to the reorganization and upbuilding of more than one railroad.

"President Wilson," he declared, "in less than a year has put the impress of a constructive leadership upon the whole country, and this includes Wall Street for the first time. Up to the present time it has been the custom of

Wall Street to consider itself a sort of thing apart, governed by its own kings, ruled by its own code of business ethics. But that day is gone, and Mr. Wilson has done more than any other man to bring it about. Fair-minded and open-minded men see no menace in this state of affairs.

"Consider a parallel in England. In the old days the king was absolute; now Parliament is all-powerful. Down in Wall Street the old element used to run everything—social, financial and commercial—and no one could dispute their power. But those old combinations are being broken up, and the average man with a little money will have something to say.

"Wall Street believed that Mr. McKinley was the ideal president. Why? Because he stood for the larger property rights. But Mr. Wilson stands for human rights, and by these I mean the rights of the individual, of the small business man, of the small stock and bond holder to have equal protection under the law.

"Mr. Wilson has courage, ability and character. Roosevelt used to argue about everything. Mr. Wilson does little talking, but in his quiet and effective way he has accomplished more in ten months than other presidents have in all their incumbency. He doesn't try to use an ax, but his mind and his uncompromising will to do things his way make the Big Stick look like a toothpick.

"Business in this country can be healthy and vigorous only when it is honest. President Wilson is the doctor who is giving it the safest and best prescription for continued good health."

To these views I might add a third, the opinion of a prominent stock-exchange broker, a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, whose firm is one of the largest in Wall Street. He said:

"I not only voted against Mr. Wilson, but I did everything in my power to defeat him. I am sorry I did this because now I realize that he is a tremendous force for the upbuilding and the conservation of business, in Wall Street and elsewhere. His achievement in putting through the tariff and currency legislation proved his constructive leadership. Clean and lawful business has nothing to fear from him. So long as he holds to his present course I think we are on the road to good times and permanent prosperity.

"President Wilson has achieved a very notable victory, but with the magnanimity of a successful commander and the wisdom of a broad-minded statesman he will now resolve, I believe, that hostilities must cease and that a permanent business and corporate peace shall be established."

Nothing, perhaps, more clearly shows the shift of Wall Street sentiment to Wilson than the attitude shown there toward the new currency law. Before its enactment the hostility to the measure was bitter and outspoken; now you have to search hard to find its enemies. Wall Street argued that it menaced its ancient banking prestige, took away its power over the country banks, flung censorship of credit to the winds. In short it meant destruction.

But what has happened? Here is a statement from one of the clearest headed of Wall Street's younger leaders, and it expresses the majority point of view:

"The adroit way in which Mr. Wilson approached the currency problem after the passage of the tariff bill and proposed a banking and currency act that should meet the needs of what he conceived to be the greater opportunities for commerce and industry, gained for him among those who had not favored his election admiration for unsuspected statesmanship. The enactment of this law has been followed by the frank acknowledgment, on the part of the large majority of business men of the country, that he is the author of the most important constructive addition to our laws in the last half century. He achieved this, too, in the face of an ancient prejudice and the powerful opposition of many bankers.

"The currency law is now enthusiastically applauded by many who did not favor its enactment, and there is little doubt now but that practically all the national banks will assent to the Federal reserve act, and the important trust companies and state banks will also join the system. It is just beginning to be appreciated that we have at last not an entirely new structure, but an adjunct to the national banking system and an addition to its banking power that provides for an elasticity in currency so long desired and heretofore impossible with a fixed, bond-secured circulation. Most financiers and economists agree that a great central bank would possibly better serve the country, but in some respects the centralization of control in the Federal Reserve Board accomplishes a like end.

"The test of the President who has accomplished so much will come in the appointment of five members of the Federal Reserve Board. If these men are chosen without reference to political complexion, and are of character and ability and experience to command the respect of the business world, I think the last vestige of enmity toward Mr. Wilson in Wall Street will disappear.

"Many of his critics have been forced to admit the spirit of fairness in his utterances with reference to the trust prosecutions and the willingness of the Administration to seek solution of these questions by obtaining compliance with the law without a hostile campaign against accused corporations to the detriment of other enterprises. When Mr. Wilson announced his cabinet there was a general feeling, in which Wall Street strongly shared, that Mr. Bryan would so dominate the Administration that his radicalism would stalk through business like a gory spook. But even the President's enemies must admit that this has not been the case.

"Wall Street does not tremble now as it was supposed to when Mr. Roosevelt was president. His policies, hurled like thunderbolts out of the blue, shocked a commerce whose conscience was complacent through long enjoyment of immunity. The country has now found there was a reason for the exercise of police power in the authority of the national government as expressed in the enforcement of the laws concerning combinations of business. The radicalism of Roosevelt has come to be the

(Continued on Page 65)

BY RULE OF THREE

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

OF THE aristocratic Long Island colony of Pasture Creek, Cornelius Van Schaick was one of the few members who did not keep kennels or a picture gallery for the benefit of the Sunday supplements. He owned what dogs a gentleman should have, and his ten or twelve paintings showed taste and discrimination. He was respected for his erudition, which had a habit of manifesting itself in the shape of a Greek quotation whenever an intruder had to be squelched. In the country club his cold "I think that would be quite—er—what a—er—millionaire would be likely to be proud of—a millionaire!" had the effect of a veto in the matter of proposed club innovations.

His habitual leisureliness of speech and movement could not quite conceal an extraordinarily clear and practical vision. He was an authority on first editions and rare vintages; and he owned many of both.

All his life he had been a self-centered man, but he did not kill his wife, as some of her friends said—though after her demise he had been able to devote more time and study to himself and to his needs. He was the center of the solar system of his home; but that was because he was a Van Schaick.

He had a daughter, Katharine, who never thought of modifying the spelling of her name. She was called Kate, and even Katy, with impunity. These old families are so ostentatious! She also was very beautiful, after the Van Schaick fashion—a trifle sharp as to nose and square as to chin; but these defects were not discernible by reason of her irrepressibly fair youthfulness.

The young men could see only the gemlike brilliancy and clearness of her very blue eyes and the pink-and-white complexion that defied wind, sun, dust and other freckle-painters, tan-coaters and face-roughenens. She always looked very clean and cool and healthy and young and bright—distinctly caressable.

Also, Katharine Van Schaick was distinctly too self-possessed—to one who could see beneath that deceptive covering with which Nature, alas! so often envelops the female of the species.

In a grown woman self-possession is an exceedingly dislikable trait. In a girl it is much more—it is a warning given by Providence in order to protect the unwary and the blind, like the rattlesnake's buzzer. She had it from the Van Schaicks—inherited from Jacob the First, who in the late eighteenth century helped so many needy fellow Christians at five per cent a month.

"Any One of the Three Suits Me as a Son-in-Law. Have You Any Preference Yourself?"

Some of the Manhattan farms he foreclosed on had given to his posterity their rightful position in society.

Father and daughter had just breakfasted. He rose, taking all the morning papers with him; for nobody was allowed to see them before he did or to read one before he was done with all. He placed them on a taboret beside his armchair, took out a cigar from the humidor, and said to his daughter:

"My dear child, how is your triple love affair progressing?"

"It does not progress. I don't let it," she answered with a pleasant smile.

"I think, my dear child ——" He stopped to snip the tip of his cigar, lit it, and settled himself in the armchair. "Yes, my dear child," he said, and looked at his cigar carefully to see whether the tip was evenly lighted.

His daughter looked at him in mild curiosity. Three times within fifty seconds he had called her his dear child. What did such vociferous affection portend?

Van Schaick looked at the girl and nodded gently:

"I think you'd better pick out one of them."

"Why?" Her curiosity was utterly impersonal.

"I'll tell you—of course. Because you must marry!"

He puffed appreciatively, almost caressingly, at one of his famous cigars. They were expressly made for him in Cuba by a brother artist.

"But why now, more than next year?" she persisted.

"Naturally I had a reason for speaking. It is that I have lost a great deal of money."

"You have what?" She could see no connection between his loss and her marriage.

"I have lost a great deal of money. My present income is utterly inadequate for both of us. I cannot marry a welcome addition to my income, but you can!"

"How did you lose it?" she asked, being a woman and therefore logical.

"How does anybody always lose money? By betting on the judgment of others. You must admit, my dear, I have not lost often," he finished, mildly self-defensively.

"Is it gone?"

"Not having a wife in whose name I might have put my property I'll have to pay. I gave the order to the broker myself by word of mouth, so there is no documentary evidence; but that does not help you. There were eighty-seven excellent reasons why Central should have gone up. Instead it slumped badly. I have lost nearly a half of my total income-producing property."

"Beyond hope of recovery?"

"I said lost. One makes money; but no one recovers money—any more than one recovers wisdom teeth. Nearly a half."

She could not instantly grasp it. They always had everything they wished. It had become a habit that could not be shaken off by a few words. At the same time it occurred to her that the blow would fall most heavily on him—and she spoke gently; for nobody is quite free from the conventions—such as the duty of loving one's parents.

"I am willing to give up luxuries," she said with the irrepressible loquacity of youth.

"I am not!" he said with the final wisdom of old age.

"After all," she said with a sweet concern in her eyes, "you are the one who will suffer the most. You spend much more than I."

She looked at him to see how he would look as he admitted that she was right; but he pulled at his cigar carefully and exhaled the smoke slowly. He began to wave the lighted end under his nostrils to get the bouquet and said:

"There was just enough rain and always when wanted, Estenoz wrote me"—sniff. "Not since 1883 has the Vuelta Abajo crop been of this superlative quality; and it will be my last good year if it comes only once in thirty. It was the year I was married—1883. I remember saying to your sainted mother how lucky I was to get such cigars and such a wife at the same time. A very good year, that one!"

He saw a question in her eyes.

"You are waiting for the answer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well," he told her with a pleasant smile, as of subdued humor, "I am not going to be the one to suffer the most, because I am not going to suffer at all. And, also, I do not spend so much more than you as you imagine."

"You don't?" Her surprise showed in her voice as plainly as in her gemlike eyes.

"No, I don't! I have carefully considered our luxuries; in fact I have somewhat painstakingly made up a list of the things I could do without, and I find that, without a single exception, they are on your page of the ledger.

"I will begin: My cigars, one thousand dollars. Your maid's wages, board, lodging and graft, over one thousand dollars a year. Can you enjoy your dinner without having her? Yes. Can I enjoy mine without smoking? No. The unnecessary goes. I am sorry for Justine, but she is young and can get another position without trouble.

"Then there are your wolfhounds and your Pekingese and their keep, and Richard's wages. Surely you don't need four dogs and certainly not one man to look after them—do you? Of course not.

"And then the four motors and the two chauffeurs and the washer, and the repairs, tires, gasoline and incidentals—I don't want to go racing madly through the rugged landscape of the South Shore—do I?

"Well, figure the saving if we content ourselves with one pair and one coachman. And then compare your modiste's bills with my tailor's—and my hats with yours; and my food and yours. Is it I who invite hordes of healthy young maneaters and their prey to feed here at my expense? No, dear child, it figures out very nearly half and half, even when I charge up domestic expenses to my personal account instead of jointly.

"Now you won't have to give up anything if you marry. It is my duty to think of your comfort. Your duty is plain toward yourself and toward your father. Fifty-six is no age at which to begin new habits; and, moreover, I never saw the beauty of renunciation.

"You will fulfill your destiny by marrying and having healthy children—preferably males—who will in due time inherit what Wall Street left of their grandfather's fortune and what portion of his cellar he was unfortunately unable to drink. I spent time, study and money collecting that cellar and had some rare streaks of luck besides.

"No, dear child, I see your duty. All three young men are very nice."

"I don't love them, father," said Katharine Van Schaick, looking bravely at him. Her eyes, as she spoke, looked less gemlike—less cold and less hard.

"What is that? What? You don't love them? Well, I should hope not! Did you think I expected you to be a—a polyandrous Tibetan or a Nair? I don't believe in plural marriage for anybody—certainly not synchronously. Now any one of the three suits me as a son-in-law. Have you any preference yourself?"

"No; I don't love any one of the three."

"Do you particularly dislike any?"

"No; they are very nice; in fact I like one about as well as another."

Van Schaick rather ostentatiously sighed with relief.

"Then you can take any one without doing him an injustice. Moreover, your very impartiality will enable you to pick the one quite—er—intelligently. Let us look at it without being extremists, rationally, from the point of view of eugenics, and ——"

"Father!"

"My dear," said Mr. Van Schaick affectionately, "don't try to bluff me. You don't have to, and, besides, I know you. If you are not the you I think you are I have been mistaken; and that means I don't love the real you. You might as well not be my daughter—the girl to whom for years I have uncomplainingly devoted fully forty-three per cent of my income. Each of the three young men has proposed marriage?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"As often as I'd let him."

"You last saw them—when?"

"Last night, at the Truslows'."

"And you have reason to believe that they are still willing ——"

"Willing!"

"Anxious to marry you?"

"Oh, yes; in fact they ——"

"Exactly so!" hastily interjected Mr. Van Schaick. He had seen in his daughter's eyes distinct threats of garrulous confidences, and nobody's love affair is interesting to a wise man of fifty-six. "Such being the case, all we need consider now is: Has there been a taint of insanity or transmissible disease in the families of any of the three discriminating young men?" He held up his hand to command silence and looked thoughtful as he ran over the genealogies of the suitors. At length he said:

"Pretty good stock, in each case, from grandfathers down, and it isn't safe to go any further in America. Of course I don't keep their books; but I suspect there is little to choose as to their financial state. Any of them, dear child, will be able to give you those comforts that I, alas! no longer can—that is, not if you wish me to live to see my grandchildren. You are—think me not ungallant—but you are twenty-four, and if you are going to marry at all, marry now. If you don't I see the rest of your life as a drab-hued affair; also, maidless, dogless, motorless, until you are fatherless, when you will find your comfort in religion or Persian felines."

Katharine Van Schaick saw in her father's eyes that calm and humorless decision of the Van Schaicks which was as bad as plain stubbornness, but was not stubbornness, because it was always based on excellent Van Schaick reasons. She had no illusions about him; she knew his utter blindness to all needs except his own. And she knew the world they lived in and realized that she could not complain aloud if he continued to indulge his comforts while completely shutting off hers.

No Van Schaick ever whined, because the Van Schaicks made a practice of never having anything to whine about. They did this by always facing realities with truth-seeing eyes, which enabled them to bear the discomforts of others with Christian fortitude and even forbearance.

It did not occur to this young, healthy and eminently likable girl to think of not marrying. She had never had a love affair and—even more—she never had felt the need of one; and she never had felt the need of one because, while she thought she would some day have a husband, she knew that—love or no love—she would be a faithful wife.

Not to marry was out of the question; so was such a life as her father had pictured for her. Of course she would marry. And the time obviously was now, when her father's losses in Wall Street had not been magnified by rumor, as Wall Street losses and winnings always are.

The faithful three—Tom Sherlaw, Harry Slade and Jim Rossiter—were very nice. She was as fond of them as of brothers, if she had been blessed with any—far fonder than of her own seven Van Schaick and four Hunter cousins. Of course she would marry—but which of them?

Tom was the most serious of the three—quieter than the others but deeper. He was of a jealous disposition and therefore a little difficult; but she could do more with him, as any woman always can with an unreasonably jealous man. And, of course, he was intense, and intensity in love is a tribute to overpowering beauty. But jealousy and intensity somehow threw doubts on the permanence of such a man's love. Sprinting is very exciting and picturesque, but matrimony is a Marathon race.

Jim was the best tempered and the least exacting intellectually. He would be the easiest to live with, because he was so glad and even so proud of her superiority over him. Every woman knows she is the queen, and to hear her husband acknowledge that he is only the prince consort is pleasant and promises unalterable safety—but possibly also insipidity.

Harry was the best looking. People were drawn to him by the natural attraction of his compelling vitality. He had, however, the habit of contradiction that very healthy people always have from the sheer joy of living so completely. He was likely to maintain that black is white, and he insured victory by inflicting on himself the gift of complete deafness, like a woman or like a theological controversialist. He could be impervious to all siren wiles and blandishments, and it piqued Katharine to perceive that he loved her in only his own way and had, even before making sure of her, clearly drawn the line of demarcation of her sphere of influence.

The contract was already drawn and he described himself as the party of the first part; she was second! Of course it made her particularly anxious to reduce him to a state of chronic acquiescence.

Sometimes, indeed, she had felt that if she let herself go she could love the masterful Harry just a wee trifle easier than she could the others; but, as she did not let herself go, she was able quite heartfully to wish that Harry had Jim's temper and blind worship and Tom's intellectual appreciation and passionate intensity.

With her, as with all the Van Schaicks, to think was to resolve. She turned to her father, who was hidden behind his newspaper.

"I'll do it," she told him.

"Very well, my dear," he said, not deeming it necessary to lower the Times.

She knew that man was, of course, a selfish beast and that no woman can change him; but he might have shown a slight interest in her decision, even if only because it had solved the problem of the reduced income.

"But you must listen!" she said.

The newspaper came down at the end of the paragraph—for, after all, he was a gentleman; widower; fifty-six.

"I am listening! I always listen! It is a family trait to be able to read or write and, at the same time, listen. You mean, I suppose, that I must look at you. Women always mean look when they say listen! Proceed! I see your face quite plainly!"

"Whom shall I marry?"

"I am glad you said whom instead of which; but I would not force my personal predilection on you. Besides, I haven't any. I like the three equally well. None of them

"But I Had the Right to Expect That You Would Begin to Try to Love Me"

has any tastes in common with me; so I shall not bore them and they will not annoy me with effusive affection. Take any one you want."

"But I have no choice. I like them all—but I don't love any."

"Love, with married people, is a matter of habit and prolonged propinquity. On the theory that opposites should mate, you might try Tom. He's dark."

"And jealous!" she thought; but what she said was: "But Harry ——"

"Take him," cheerfully acquiesced Mr. Van Schaick, resuming his reading.

"Of course," she mused, "the best tempered and nicest is ——"

"Take him, by all means, dear child."

"Take whom?" she challenged peevishly. "You might let me finish."

"Yes, my dear—of course!"

"I meant Jim."

"So did I. I had already discerned the elimination of Harry and Tom. Jim is a nice boy—not a Van Schaick for brains; but, after all, why need you annex an intellect?"

She stood up and, with an impatience and irritability not at all Van Schaickian, she exclaimed:

"Oh, I don't know how to choose!"

"Leave it to chance."

"It seems so—so unintelligent."

"Not at all. Chance was made a goddess because she is so very intelligent. Human ingenuity has never been quite ingenious enough to control chance."

"Anyhow, I don't relish the idea."

"And I don't relish the idea of toothlessness; nevertheless it is coming my way. The inevitable is always exasperating to the nonmathematical mind. The only thing women do not boast about is their understanding of mathematics."

"But there must be some way ——" She paused, and then looked accusingly at her father. It made him say:

"What do you want me to do? Give you a love philter? Or must I prepare a series of test questions, with clever catch answers? Or some sort of Talmudic ordeal from which the successful candidate will triumphantly emerge—to bore his friends for the rest of his life bragging about it?"

"Father Van Schaick," she said, "I firmly believe you are the most unsympathetic man in the world!"

"Unsentimental is probably the word for what you had in mind," he corrected mildly. "I sympathize with you in your sympathizable quandaries; but naturally not on an occasion like this. Take a die, singular of dice; cry *Jacta alea est!* And let the highest ——"

"No! No!"

"Well, the lowest, then."

"No! No dice, Daddy."

"Very well," sighed her father. "I'll pick him."

She stared unseeingly at him, like one in a trance. Perceiving this, Mr. Van Schaick hastily took up his newspaper. She continued to stare with eyes that saw visions denied to human ken. Presently she murmured:

"Yes. That will be the best way. Then there will be no regrets."

She became thoughtful once more and frowned as she mentally checked off her points and saw objections—and eliminated them. Finally she nodded to herself, turned to her father and cried confidently:

"Father, I have decided on exactly how I shall pick out the man I am going to marry."

"Thank you, my dear," he answered, without lowering his newspaper screen.

"It will entail having the three at dinner tonight or tomorrow."

"The condition is acceptable," he assured her.

"It is otherwise a very good arrangement. And the engagement can be announced ——"

"Exactly so!" acquiesced Mr. Van Schaick, again a trifle prematurely.

It made her rise and go to her room. Mr. Van Schaick read on while she was telephoning her invitations to the lucky three. They accepted for that same evening.

She did not tell any of them who the other guests were, and so at dinner each man was compelled to sit within slaying distance of beasts whose hearts should be eaten—chopped! Indeed, they smiled—whenever each felt himself observed by the fair cause of the murder-longings.

Tom did not sulk more than a few seconds at a time. Harry knew that her assertions were all wrong, but gave way with a politeness so overpowering as almost to defeat its own object. And Jim, to show he loved her disinterestedly, after the fashion of silly boys, smiled approvingly on her whenever she smiled approvingly on one or the other of his rivals. Her choice was his choice, God bless her! And God bless him!

This devotion thrilled her—not, indeed, with a vanity-tickling consciousness of power but with a sobering feeling of responsibility. She saw three men, each of whom was capable of far greater sacrifices for an Ideal than any woman she knew. She saw them holding firmly in leash primal instincts, repressing desires of bloody violence—and smiling the while like the thoroughbreds they were! They were more than worthy mates for the best woman in the world, she admitted, with that characteristic frankness by which women would amaze men if they ever indulged it audibly.

Their very worthiness, however, made her problem more complex, and she made the mistake all women make on similar occasions: In order to show how impartial she was, she was particularly nice—to each, in turn! Her idea of impartiality naturally consisted in lighting the torch of hope in each inflammable heart.

Thus, as she looked at Tom, he exulted. Why, her wonderful eyes said: Yes! Yes! Yes! And when the lover's inevitable reaction came, and he feared he had mistaken the message, he mutely interrogated her again and found that he had indeed been mistaken. What her eyes really said was not Yes! Yes! Yes! but You! You! You!

He wished the others would cease to waste their time and hers—particularly His! His! His!

Harry, however, would have laughed derisively, for he, too, had looked into her eyes. They were the only two perfect sapphires made since Adam and Eve—sapphires, marvelously blue and marvelously clear and marvelously bright—sun-sapphires by day and star-sapphires by night! and utterly fearless, because absolutely truthful, having the power of exquisite speech. He read the words, the sight of which was even as music: "Though I may tease and feign opposition and reluctance, yet where you shall lead I will follow—gladly!" So that he wondered how he had been able to keep himself from violently abducting her when, in one of her tantalizing moods, she had teased him by saying No!

And poor Jim! Of course after her smile he could smile more magnanimously than ever, for the miracle had happened and she had stooped to him—not by making herself less exquisitely unattainable, but by stooping motherwise to a worthless creature—all hers! In her eyes he saw that she understood how he loved her and how proud he was of her; and how he wished always to be grateful to her for allowing him so proudly to love her! She had understood and had smiled, protectingly, wisely, motherwisely!

Came all too soon the hour of the coffee. She graciously gave them permission to smoke the moment she saw her father, without her permission, beckon to the butler to ask for his cigars. The young men used cigarettes, which they now lighted with an air of doing it only because to hear her was to obey. This attitude is what makes fiancés so nice and husbands so—less nice.

The young men were finishing their first cigarettes when her father looked at her meaningly. He was almost ready to go to the library, where he did not wish to be disturbed by voices.

She hesitated. This was her tribute to the unfortunate fact that she was a human being. Then she turned determinedly toward her guests.

"You've all been so perfectly lovely to me," she said, looking by turn into the eyes of each of the three, "that I scarcely know how to say what I am going to say."

"Don't be afraid, Kate," said Jim encouragingly.

Harry frowned and then ceased to frown.

Tom frowned and then nodded, still frowning. Like all jealous people, to be in the presence of the being he most loved gave him a pessimistic outlook on life.

"I have decided," she said resolutely, "to marry!"

The three straightened up with a jerk. There was no choice among the jerks. Tom's frown stayed on; Harry's returned; Jim looked at her and looked at the other two, then drew in his breath with a quick little gasp.

Gradually, it was evident, the conviction crept into each mind that the lucky man was not sitting at that table. It was like her exquisite tact not to have the conqueror present. To lose her! It was unthinkable; but it had happened!

"I have decided," she went on very hastily, for she saw the inward devastation, "to marry one of you!"

The frown went by magic; but it was bad taste to smile. Each tried to look utterly unconcerned, knowing she was about to speak his name. This is a favorite pose with men who do not believe in votes for women. It is not a very intelligent pose.

"You are all so nice that you have succeeded in keeping me from falling in love with any one of you. You will admit I repeatedly have told you I did not love you. Haven't I said so to each of you?" she queried anxiously.

Each was averse to being the first to admit it aloud; but presently Jim said:

"You told me, I know." And he smiled forgivingly.

"Same here," acknowledged Tom grudgingly.

"Ditto!"—curtly, from Harry.

"Even now I have no choice." She looked at them for sympathy in her dreadful quandary. She received none. In her anxiety to show how fair she was she went on: "I have put all manner of test questions to myself. I've even killed you—one at a time—to see whether the thought of death would tell me for whom I cared the most. But it was of no use. It would break my heart if any of you—if any of you ——"

Her voice quivered. Jim instinctively reached out his hand to pat hers, remembered himself and determinedly pulled it back.

"Never mind, Kate! You may kill me three times a day!" he told her, risking to offend her by feigned flippancy rather than see her suffer.

"I like you all about the same, but I can love only one. Each of you has assured me that love would come to me after marriage."

They all nodded surlily. It was too much like hearing one's own love letters read aloud to a crowd. It made her add:

"In fact each of you has told me many, many times that you would make me love you if I gave you the chance."

Three pleasant, smooth-shaved young faces turned brick-red.

"To Two of You I Am Saying Good-By Forever!"

"And so, after thinking about it a great deal," went on Miss Van Schaick, playing with the lace doily of the finger-bowl, "and—and—since I can be made to love, I—I —— Oh, how can I say it? Must I say it?" She did not look at them. She received no answer. She continued in a low voice: "So—so—I—I have decided—to marry—one of you!"

The silence was oppressive.

"I am no cave woman—to be fought for. I couldn't love one of you if he hurt the others. I don't care to be won, except by love; and that is something all of you say you can give me. And I can't have you throw dice or play poker for me, because I decidedly object"—her voice was now clear—"to being a gambler's stake. I would feel like a poker chip!"

"A blue one!" said Jim with conviction; then, under his breath: "Like your wonderful eyes!"

"So I have decided," she went on, nodding her head very sagely, "to leave it to Chance, which is fair and rouses no enmities, and yet to do it with my own hand—to make it personal."

She looked up, to find three pairs of eyes intently fixed on hers.

"I am going to write your names on separate slips of paper. Then I'll pick out one. I thought, at first, I would have one of you draw the fatal slip"—she smiled, obviously to keep herself from being tragical—"but it occurred to me that if I told Jim to draw and he picked out Tom's or Harry's —— It wouldn't do, would it?"

Each man visualized himself in the act of drawing a name not his own. Each man vigorously shook his head.

"I will draw the one slip myself, so that my—my—h-husband can say, when love comes to me and we are very happy, that Fate guided my hand. Let us," she finished quickly, "go into the other room."

Katharine Van Schaick rose.

They followed silently, each man thinking of the happiness of being her chance-decided but beloved husband, and therefore not suspecting that her move, in rising, clearly cut off awkward discussion.

Since they followed in silence it was naturally the silence of acquiescence; but, to make sure, she said, still on the march, without turning her head:

"Of course, if any one of you thinks this is too cold-blooded or too—anything, it will mean one less name to write."

And, of course—as they were going—they simply kept on going. It was no way to talk of such an intimate matter—while walking from one room into another.

"Sit down!" she said.

They sat down.

No one spoke.

She herself sat by an old Dutch inlaid desk—a Van Schaick heirloom—and wrote one name on the top page of a pad. She very, very carefully dried the ink with a blotter and very, very slowly folded the sheet three times. Then she broke the awful silence:

"That's one," she said.

"Which one?" innocently asked Tom.

She turned about quickly.

"That, Tom, is an unfair question."

She looked at him. He turned away to hide his joy—her eyes had, of course, told him which one! The others also smiled, to show their joy at the way she had frowned at one of the losers.

She turned to the desk and wrote another name.

"Number two! Maybe this will be the winner!"

She was looking thoughtfully at Harry as she spoke; so he very properly asked:

"What did you say the name was?"

"Why do you ask when I won't answer?"

"I wished," he returned with much dignity, "to congratulate the luckiest man in the world!"

"That," she said with a beaming smile, "is very neat, Harry. Maybe you are a prophet. What?"

He felt his heart inflate to balloon size. He felt it; he could hardly breathe.

She wrote the third name, folded the sheet and then threw the three slips into an old luster bowl and mixed them very thoroughly. She had the Vandyke hands of the Van Schaicks. She always mixed the salad herself.

They watched her with the fascination of fear. She turned to them and said:

"I am ready!" And she let her hands rest on her lap in plain sight.

The sound of three breaths sharply indrawn gave a dramatic touch to a situation that had much of the farcical in it.

"Well?" she said uneasily.

They merely looked at her, disdaining to pose in this their first real crisis. Their faces were tense with anxiety—a trifle paler than usual—human faces—well-bred men. She seemed moved by the sight.

"I—I —— Let us not!" she said tremulously.

Her father frowned at her. He had been looking on with the determined politeness of a man who has made up his mind not to show he is bored. He shook his head to dissuade her. Then he nodded, to encourage her. She understood both the shake and the nod.

"When I think," she said, "of what it will mean ——" She paused again, overcome!

"Your happiness, Kate," said Jim very gently. "I am sure we all hope so!"

"Yes, indeed!" assented Harry.

"Of course!" briefly from Tom.

Why must people always speak superfluously?

"Yes—but you are all so—so good to me! Here it is just 9:18 P. M. At this moment I see three men who will do anything for me. At least, I think so."

"Try me!" interjected Tom quickly.

"Us!" corrected Harry.

"You'd be glad to do anything that would please me. It isn't conceit to say I come first in the thoughts of three men, all of whom I like. There is nobody for whom I care so much as for you three!"

Her father was once more smoking placidly.

"And at 9: 20 two of the three will cease to exist, for me, as friends. Oh, I know!" She forestalled contradiction. "There is no need to tell me differently. As the fiancée of one of you I cannot be the same to the others."

"It will make no difference to me," Jim assured her stoutly. "I shall be your friend no matter what happens; and I shall pray for your happiness. You must not think, dear girl," he finished, with an apologetic sort of reproach in his voice, "that we are dogs in the manger."

"How sweet of you, Jim!—as always!" she said with a grateful fervor that brought a blush to Jim's cheeks and frowns to the others' faces. "But I know it will be different!"

"Jim is right," said Tom. "No matter what happens——" He stopped, as if it was unnecessary to state an unpleasant possibility in words.

"Yes!" cut in Harry; and he nodded decisively.

She looked out of wide eyes first at one, then at the others. She was breathing quickly.

Presently she said:

"I am not a coward," she said with a tremulous smile, "but I—I ——"

"We are men, Kate," Jim told her very quietly; "and—we are waiting!"

She drew in a deep breath that filled her lungs to their utmost capacity. Then in a solemn voice that impressed them she said:

"May God guide my hand!"—and pulled out one slip.

She held the fateful little paper in her hand and looked at them. Their faces had gone pale; they were grim, almost stern, by reason of their tightly clenched jaws.

"To two of you I am saying good-by forever! Won't you—all three of you—shake hands, as good friends—now—before you know?"

She rose and shook hands a trifle excitedly with Jim, whose honest blue eyes she could have sworn were a trifle moist; then with Harry, and then with Tom.

"I Played Fair; But It Was a Certainty They Would Hold It Against Me All Their Lives!"

She returned to the desk, took the two remaining slips from the bowl, put them in one of the little drawers and shut it. Her lips moved. They could hear nothing. It was one of those uncomfortable funeral prayers, the identity of the beneficiaries being unknown. A double tomb! Yes—but whose?

She opened the winning slip and read aloud:

Thomas Wyatt Sherlaw

Then, her face aflame, she rushed from the room.

Tom's face was almost purple and his dark eyes burned. Harry rose and started toward the door. Jim also rose, walked up to Tom, held out his right hand and said very earnestly:

"Congratulations, Tom! You deserve your luck."

"Yes, Tom," said Harry, coming back with outstretched right hand.

Then Harry and Jim said good-night to Mr. Cornelius Van Schaick as pleasantly as if two young hearts had not been—well, pretty badly squeezed, and they left the room silently but together. When they parted outside they shook hands a second time—also silently.

Tom had to speak. Mr. Van Schaick was the only available audience, so he blurted out his heart's desire, being too flustered to think of small talk:

"I want to speak to Kate." Then he made an effort: "I needn't say to you, sir, that my constant effort will be to make her happy."

"Of course! Of course!" said Mr. Van Schaick cheerfully. "But not too happy! That would be a mistake. They get so they can't do without you alongside of them all the time. You must remember, my boy, that marriage is a game of give and take.

"Don't cram your pet hobbies down her throat; and if, in return, she'll only let you alone, you'll get along very pleasantly together. Give and take, my boy! No use in being selfish. Give and take! Well, I'd only be in the way, so good night, Tom."

"Good night, sir," said Tom, feeling that he'd like to tap him—with all his might—on the solar plexus.

"If you suit her you suit me. Remember that, my boy! You don't have to make love to me!"

"I won't!" promised Tom with profound sincerity.

He knew the selfish old man wished to be let alone, and T. W. Sherlaw was more than willing to meet him halfway on that.

Tom, left alone, began to pace up and down the big room, pumping wrath into himself at each successive step. Here he was, engaged—and no fiancée in sight! It was most absurd. It was ——

He turned at some slight noise—and beheld Miss Van Schaick.

"Kate!" he cried, and rushed toward her.

She, forestallingly, held out her right hand. He took it.

"Kate!" he said again hungrily, and drew her toward him.

"No! No!" she resisted.

"Why not?" he asked fiercely. "Aren't you my fiancée now?"

"Yes; but ——"

"Are you sorry?" he interrupted quickly.

"Can't you understand that—that a girl —— Sit down here beside me and talk quietly."

"I can't talk," retorted Tom savagely. "And, what's more, I don't want to! I love you! I've loved you all my life, and now I hunger for you! I want to ——"

She held up an arm and kept him from embracing her. It recalled him to his senses.

"I beg your pardon, sweetheart! I am sorry I was so, so —— But I couldn't help it! You can't imagine how beautiful you are! Don't look at me that way. I can't promise not to ——"

"I'll forgive you, Tom, because your excuse is so satisfactory."

He reached for her hand. She drew it away.

"Don't be silly, Tom!" she said in such a matter-of-fact way that he said sulkily:

"I'm not silly at all. I merely happen to be human—and alive."

"Well, let us talk about really important things," she said with an air of confidential intimacy that maddened him delectably. "Don't you think it would be a good time to announce the engagement on the day of the Waltons' ball?"

"The sooner the entire world learns that I am going to marry you as soon as you'll let me, the better it will suit me!"

"Oh, Tom, if people ever heard how it was—how we came to be engaged, I—you—we ——"

She looked at him so accusingly that he said:

"Well, you don't have to blame me in advance."

"I'm sure neither Harry nor Jim will say a word about it to anybody."

"No. They won't—I'm the only chatterbox in the family now."

"Tom! You are already beginning to be disagreeable! What will it be after we are married?"

(Continued on Page 69)

THE HIGHBROW LADY

By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"I Wonder if You Have Any Idea How Kind You Have Been"

IF YOU are one of the rare and privileged few who sometimes have an opportunity of talking with producing managers you will know that they are, in the main, a worried set of gentlemen, professing in their more hopeful moods a certain expertness in what the public is going to like, and at other times an impassioned conviction that no such expertness exists—the only sure knowledge concerning the public taste being that nothing can be known.

You spend your money on a production; you get five or six weeks of rehearsal out of pessimistically hopeful actors—whose salaries do not begin until the play is produced and last only so long as the play does—and then you take a chance, and wait until the little spinning ball finally drops into its compartment in the wheel of fortune to see whether you have lost or won.

However, Willy Lord, who owned the Globe Theater and the shows that occupied its cramped little stage, was not like that at all. He did not worry about the public. He had found out by experience that if he liked a thing there was a sufficient number of persons in Chicago who would like it, too, to keep the six hundred and seventy-eight seats in his shabby little theater pretty well occupied ten times a week for six months or so. When they and Willy got tired of one show he found them another and sent the old one out on the road, where, by avoiding New York and other sophisticated centers, its total demise could be postponed for months—or even years.

Do you remember how in childhood after you had sucked an orange you filled it up again at the hydrant and enjoyed its diluted delights all over again? Well, it was a little like that.

The point I meant to start out with, however, was that, though in the main Willy Lord's Globe shows were as like as baseballs, he did sometimes indulge in the most breath-taking flights of fancy. Perhaps I have already told you about how he engaged old Keziah Strong as wardrobe mistress—old Keziah, who never in her life had seen either side of a drop curtain—just because she came from his old home town in Massachusetts, and because she was a miraculous needlewoman. Sending a sleek fireside tabby cat into a kennel of terriers would be a comparable act. Think of expecting a nice old Aunt Samanthy like that to cope with the wiles of twenty-four knowing, naughty chorus girls, and to exercise the discipline over them that goes with her position!

The only possible justification of such an act lay in the fact that it worked. She astonished them as much as they did her; and by the time the mutual paralysis wore off the old lady was a match for the whole of them.

I shall perhaps tell you the real story about old Keziah some day, and what the one thing in the world was that she was afraid of, and how that one thing eventually happened—and what happened then; but the particular flight of Willy Lord's fancy to which I invite your attention now is the vision he introduced Freddy Boldt to—in his little box of an office behind the box office—just before one Thursday matinée.

"This is Mr. Boldt, our stage manager," Willy explained to the vision as he came in—and then he pronounced her name: "Miss Enid Carey-Pole."

At least, that is the way Willy pronounced it. It sounded queer enough to Freddy at that. When he saw it spelled out on the program—C-a-r-e-w-P-o-w-e-double l—and was informed, on Willy Lord's sacred word of honor, that it was not a misprint, it was queerer and more mystifying than ever.

For the stage manager's comfort, Willy told him about a Virginia family who spelled their name Enroughty and pronounced it Darby. However, that did not happen until afterward.

"Miss Carew-Powell," the boss went on to explain, "is going to play Forget-me-not in The Girl From Procter's."

Forget-me-not was not the Girl from Procter's herself. The Girl was one of those kind-hearted vampires who form, one might say, the cornerstone of a musical-comedy plot—a perfectly terrible adventuress of irresistible charm, whom all the women hate and with whom all the men make a rendezvous—at the same hour, of course—in the garden. And then it turns out, in the last act, that the adventuress has a heart of gold after all; and that all her intrigues have been calculated to restore the errant lover to the simple village maid—that is, she is supposed to be a simple village maid until the last act, when they find that she is really the long-lost heiress—the simple village maid, who is his neglected sweetheart.

The adventuress herself is really and truly in love with somebody all the while; but he misunderstands her until five minutes before the last curtain, when he sees her in her true colors. That is a sufficient summary of the plot of The Girl From Procter's.

Well, Forget-me-not was the village maid, of course, and she had been played—and was to continue being played for ten days more—by a round-eyed and rather dumpy blonde young lady, who looked a good deal like one of the Two Orphans and had a saccharine but rather mealy soprano voice.

She had had a couple of years' experience in stock and lived on a passionate hope that she might some day get thin enough to play Camille. Her name was Rowena Breckenridge, and she belonged vaguely to one of the old Southern families that had been ruined by the war. You really have to have a considerable acquaintance among actors and actresses to form any notion at all of how many of those families there were.

Rowena Breckenridge had served two weeks' notice on Willy Lord anent a certain interpolated song which had been given to the second comedian and cut into one of her much-prized emotional scenes. She had meant this notice to be nothing more than a diplomatic form of remonstrance, and that was the way Freddy Boldt, who had transmitted it, had supposed it would be taken—because the Globe audiences, especially at matinées, seemed to like Rowena pretty well.

However the boss had simply said: "All right!" And the next thing Freddy knew here was Miss Enid Carew-Powell, produced from nowhere, as the next Forget-me-not. From nowhere—that is to say, so far as Freddy and the rest of the Globe people were concerned. If they had belonged to that part of the public which takes any interest in theatrical matters generally, Freddy should already have known all about her.

Miss Enid Carew-Powell had been one of a band of those people who call themselves players rather than actors, by way of establishing a distinction between themselves and the ordinary actor in the theater of commerce. They had come to Chicago a few weeks before, heralded by the conventionally esthetic brown-paper prospectus, which announced their modest purpose of elevating the stage and showing us what we ought to like in a repertoire made up of plays that had never known the blight of popularity; so that if one liked them—or said he liked them—he became automatically a member of a very small and precious class.

Some of these plays were called classics, by which it was meant that they were the unpopular work of men who had been otherwise successful in their day. Others were contemporary works—mostly by anemic poets.

Though the prospectus was headed by a statement—in quotes—to the effect that the play was the thing, nevertheless it informed us that the acting we were about to see would let the pure morning light of real histrionic art in on our benighted minds.

It did not do that exactly; but the Southwark Players did manage to furnish, for a couple of weeks or so, to the academically superior, a comforting sense of their isolation—to the discerning, a kind of tragical amusement—to the professional critics, a real field day—and to the public generally, a theme for argument at dinner. Then they died a miserable death—in the middle of the week, if you please, which in the world of the theater is the crowning ignominy.

You can withdraw on Saturday night, with the tatters of various polite fictions drawn about you to save your self-respect; but when you have to close on Tuesday simply because there is absolutely no one but the ushers in the front of the house——

Well, that is what happened to the Southwark Players—and most of them took a morning train on one of the differential lines to New York; but Enid Carew-Powell sat in her room at the hotel and wondered what was going to happen to her next.

What did happen was Willy Lord, with an offer of seventy-five dollars a week—she figured it out in pounds sterling, glad, if the truth be told, that it went into that denomination rather than shillings, which at her own valuation of herself just then she was prepared for—an offer of seventy-five dollars a week, as I say, to play Forget-me-not in The Girl From Procter's.

Enid had had to hold her breath a second or two before she answered. And if her voice, when she did answer, sounded more icily English than usual—English of the very highest altitude at which it is possible to sustain human life—this was because she had been so frightened and was now so absurdly grateful that she felt an impulse to fling herself on Willy Lord's broad chest and weep; and because she was so afraid that both the fright and the gratitude might show.

Willy Lord, who had peculiar intuitions, may have guessed at this; but the ordinary observer could hardly have believed it. If a Drury Lane duchess could be half as regal in assenting to the terms of the villain who had her in his power her fame with American audiences would be made.

She was still feeling little clutches of that panicky sort of gratitude to the boss when he introduced Freddy to her the next morning at the theater. Anyway, the first word she said to Freddy when he asked her how she liked the part was: "Really!"

I spell it in the natural way, because no spelling can possibly indicate the way in which that particular sort of English person pronounces that particular word.

Freddy jumped—because she did not look like the sort of person to start kidding a guy the very first minute she was introduced to him. She had pulled that one with a straight face, to be sure; but it could not be that any one talked like that seriously!

She went on—after the "Really!"—to say that she did not know how she was going to like the part, because it had only just been handed to her, and she had yet to see a performance of the piece.

The whole speech was executed faultlessly in a manner that Josephine Foster would have given six inches of her

hair to be able to imitate when she played the Newport society swell, whose son the wicked adventuress —— Oh, well; never mind about the plot!

And it was not only the way she said it; the look which accompanied her words had a sort of chemical property about it that made Freddy's tie feel too red; his waistcoat—a waistcoat he rather fancied too—feel ready-made and boisterous; his shoes feel as if they were on the wrong feet, and Freddy, inside of them, crawly and red and unhappy.

Freddy was not in the habit of feeling like that. There was not a servile joint in his body. From the time when he had been a plain little mutt selling newspapers out on the West Side he had made his way along by being smarter and quicker and readier to learn than a lot of other people who had had greater apparent advantages. And appearances did not bother him a bit. He never took any of this upstage stuff from anybody, and it was his observation of life that the harder people tried to impress him with their superiority, the hollower false-alarms they were, and the more easily demolished.

There was no time for a comeback just then—hardly to say it, let alone to think it up. The assistant stage manager had called the overture before Freddy went out in front and it was high time that he was back on the job. He stammered out something to this effect and retired in bad order, as a military man would say—sorer, by his own confession, than the boil on the back of a fat man's neck.

And yet at this point it is necessary to distinguish: There is a sort of dislike that makes you wish the object of it could be decently drowned or sent as a missionary to some interior part of the island of Borneo. There is another sort that makes you think how pleasant it would be to punch somebody in the eye. And there is a third sort that leads you to imagine long-drawn scenes between yourself and the person you dislike, wherein she—for that is the sex, as a rule, if you happen to be a man—comes to you in the dust and ashes of humiliation and wants to be forgiven, and tells you how ashamed she is of herself that she was so stupid as to misunderstand the sort of person you really were; and wants you to forget the past and give her a fresh start. You do not know whether you can or not, but —— Well, at all events, you keep the scene going.

He Had Indicated That All Her Subsequent Remarks Would Cost Her a Dollar Apiece

There was no doubt at all that Freddy disliked Miss Enid Carew-Powell on the strength of that one brief interview. But—have I told you?—she really was demoralizingly pretty in her cold, disagreeably English way; and you can guess which class of dislike Freddy's feelings fell into.

It was a piece of pure luck that five minutes after the first act began he caught one of the ponies trying to sneak on to the stage ten seconds late. After he had fined her a dollar for being late, and another dollar for telling him "Well, I couldn't help it!"—he had indicated, in fact, that all her subsequent remarks would cost her a dollar apiece and had packed her off downstairs; not in tears, because chorus girls do not cry, they cannot without going to the trouble of making up all over again, but with the same sort of feeling he himself had carried away from Willy Lord's office and Miss Enid Carew-Powell—he felt a whole lot better.

Freddy nobly repressed a desire to take the company into his confidence regarding the prospective newcomer in the cast. Loyalty to Willy Lord, as well as a sense of his own official responsibility, forbade. However, it was comforting to reflect that the person who played opposite her, and who would meet her in rehearsal tomorrow afternoon, was Tom O'Hara.

Tom was a juvenile of the "Hello, folks!" variety, who played the part of Teddy Van Astorbildt, the scion of a proud line of Newport society swells, who, you remember, neglects his simple village sweetheart to take a shy at the adventuress. Tom played it with floppy hair and Cohanesque effects which the Globe audiences took to exceedingly. Tom had a vaudeville vocabulary; and, as Freddy Boldt had foreseen, what he had to say after that first rehearsal about Miss Enid Carew-Powell was aplenty.

So at the next rehearsal it was extraordinary how many of the principal people found something to do that necessitated their hanging about in the wings, whence they watched and listened breathlessly, asked each other in raucous whispers whether they could beat it, and indignantly wanted to know what the profession was coming to. The unanimous conclusion of the symposium was that if Willy Lord were only running a convention of citrus-fruit growers he had here, in his new Forget-me-not, an exhibit that would be perfectly sure of the blue ribbon.

I do not want you to do the Globe people an injustice, though, on the strength of this statement. They are as friendly folk, in the main, as you could find anywhere. The other day, when I was making them a visit, I happened on an impromptu dancing lesson in the wings given by the star to one of the chorus men, and it ended up with her offering to rehearse him as often as he liked. "He's an ambitious kid," she explained to me; "wants to get out of the chorus. I'd help anybody to do that."

And really that is the Globe way. There are jealousies and private feuds, of course; but you will go a long way before you will find as much unaffected, matter-of-fact helping of the weak by the strong as is taken for granted in the narrow little wings of the Globe.

Enid was one of the weak, all right. She had so little knowledge of stage strategy that taking a scene away from her was like the traditionally mean but possibly philanthropic act of taking candy away from a baby; but if people of that pitiable and helpless sort chose to be fishy and superior they did it at their proper peril.

As a matter of fact she remained so bad, in spite of Freddy's efforts to teach her some of the rudiments of acting, that when it came to the night of her first performance they all pitched in and did their frantic best to pull her through—not so much from charity as from mere professional instinct.

There had been a hope that when there was a real audience out in front she would open up a little; get up at least a pound or two of steam behind her lines; show some recognition of the rights of the six hundred and seventy-eight out beyond the orchestra pit who had paid their money to be entertained—but she did nothing like that.

She wandered inconclusively about the stage; she read her lines as though they could have no interest in the world, except to the person to whom they were addressed; and her big line in the first act, when she took down her hair in order to give the ribbon to her departing lover—"It's just a faded ribbon. Your love for me will fade like that!"—this line, I say, which Rowena Breckenridge had delivered in three separate sobs and, it being a song cue for her first lyric, had carried clear down to the footlights, with her hand on her heart—this line was read by Enid sitting down, and looking upstage at nowhere in particular, as a simple statement of fact. She would have sung her song that way too—she had a rather pretty singing voice, of the parlor variety—if Freddy had let her.

The others, as I say, worked their heads off for her in a hopeless attempt to carry her across and prevent the scenes in which she played from dying of sheer anemia. But did she show any gratitude? Nothing in the least like it. She came from her dressing room into the wings just in time for her cue, and from the stage she went back into her dressing room, without a word to throw at a dog.

Freddy Boldt, who never budged from the first entrance all the time she was on the stage, looked after her with the most maddeningly inexplicable compound of feelings that had ever beset him. It was not his funeral, was it? he protested savagely to himself. He had not hired her—had not recommended her. He had done his best to teach her to act—and the boss knew it. And, in spite of that, she treated him like dirt!

Sarah Bernhardt herself, if Willy Lord had hired her, would not have had any license to walk past him in that peculiarly offensive, unseeing way. She said something, too, as she went by that sounded like "Sorry!" Though what she meant by it he had not an idea—something insulting, no doubt.

So the only feeling Freddy had any business with was one of derisive amusement. He had scored one on the boss and the audience had avenged him on Enid Carew-Powell. Whether the boss kept her on or canned her, Freddy had nothing to do but grin.

He could not do that, though. For some perfectly preposterous reason he felt utterly sick about the whole thing—felt as if he had swallowed a lead dollar—as if he were about to lose his job—as if a clairvoyant had wished seven years of bad luck on him.

Tom O'Hara had made a joke, there in the wings, and some of the other principals were laughing at it. He had nicknamed the new Forget-me-not Miss Carry Spear—not a particularly good joke, because its implication was that the lady's real place was in the second line in a burlesque show, which was absurd, but painful rather than funny.

However the others were enjoying it when Freddy, with fire in his eyes, swept down on them like a devastation. Just as he was getting into his stride, however, telling them that if they thought this was a bear garden they had better go and get jobs in one, but that so long as he held his job there was going to be quiet in the wings from the principals as well as from the chorus—just as he was getting limbered up, I say, he happened to meet the green eyes of Hazel Dering.

Hazel had been a chorus girl once, right here at the Globe. And then, through a misunderstanding, that I may have told you about, she got a minor part; but now, if you please, she was the Girl from Procter's that the piece was named after. Hazel was so obviously the type for an adventuress that Willy Lord, with one of his customary flashes of inspiration, had given her the part.

I do not suppose it would be possible for anybody really to be as knowing as Hazel Dering looked; but, at that, she knew a good deal. And when Freddy Boldt met the thoughtful, half-veiled stare of her green eyes, and saw the quirk of a smile at one corner of her mouth, he got an electric shock that brought him up short—right in the middle of a sentence. Hazel had made him a good deal of trouble once; but those times were long past and they were pretty good friends now.

She came across to him, slipped her arm through his in a friendly sort of way, and led him back into the first entrance again, drawing him down beside her on the lid of the upright piano.

"Don't you care, Freddy!" she said comfortably. "You've done your best, and you have taught her quite a lot. She didn't go near as bad out in front as I thought she would. They didn't laugh her to death right on the stage. I suppose she's got so much class they're afraid to laugh—that's one thing."

"What do you mean—class?" growled Freddy.

Hazel, however, would not try to explain beyond telling him he knew what she meant. He did not exactly; but for some inexplicable reason he found her remark comforting.

He was not a reflective character—little Freddy Boldt—but he lapsed now into a ruminant silence. If the cud he was chewing was somewhat bitter to the taste, still he went on chewing it. Hazel, without moving her head, slued her green eyes round and stole a look at him. What she saw in his face made her smile.

"You know," she said after a little silence, "old Keziah says we've got the wrong steer about her."

"Wrong steer your aunt!" said Freddy. "What does old Keziah know about acting? Anyway, she's never seen her act."

"That isn't what I meant," she said, "and you know it. Not about her acting at all—about her! Keziah says she ain't upstage a bit, really—says she's scared to death."

"Scared!" grunted Freddy. "She looks scared, doesn't she? What's she scared of?"

"Us," said Hazel. And after a momentary hesitation, and with another flicker of her green eyes, she added: "You—mostly."

"Go on!" said Freddy. "Put on the soft pedal. Fade away!"

He was indiscreet enough to look round, however, and Hazel again caught his eye. He was blushing! It's the gospel truth!

A psychologist would find material for a book in that blush. Why should Freddy's heart beat faster over a jocular hint that Enid Carew-Powell's dislike of him was more apparent than real—that she might be afraid of him?

His career, up to now, included numerous love affairs and one matrimonial venture, which had terminated in his determination never to risk another. If he fell in love again it would naturally be with some one he liked—felt comfortable with; somebody who gave him pleasant little indications that she liked him. Enid was not his kind of girl at all. He liked them plump and jolly—good scouts, you know!

Well, then, what was it that kept him thinking about her—that made her in a crowd the only person he saw—that kept him awake at night thinking up witty, stinging, indifferent things to say to her, and then reduced him to a stuttering blockhead the next day, when he had a chance to say them?

Clearly that state of mind is not being in love; but the symptoms of the two states are so grotesquely alike that the principals, as well as the seconds, frequently make a wrong diagnosis, and horrible consequences ensue.

I doubt whether that blush really fooled Hazel though. There was something distinctly impish about that green-eyed young lady, and I should do less than my duty if I did not put you on your guard against her. Freddy ought to have known better certainly; and if he narrowly escaped disaster, no prudence of his own, but only plain, undeserved good luck, was what saved him.

If Hazel had been a crudely facetious person, with the chorus girl's practical and energetic sense of humor, she had material in that blush for making Freddy's life a burden for the next six months. All she would have to do would be to get Tom O'Hara, Josephine Foster and a few more of the bunch together and tell them that the stage manager had fallen wildly in love with "Carry." Nobody would ask for evidence. As a matter of fact Freddy would make up the evidence himself as the joke went along under its own steam.

Though one might almost say that Hazel had been born a chorus girl, this line of action did not appeal to her at all. She had the subtlety to perceive something a great deal better.

She got up from the piano lid, but stood for a minute where she was, looking at him, a mysterious suggestion of a smile about her mouth and a thoughtful look in her eyes. Freddy pretended to be absorbed in watching the stage.

"I'm going up to see her," said Hazel; "make her a little visit."

"Put on your arctics and your earmuffs!" growled Freddy. "If you get frost-bitten you can't dance."

Hazel laughed and patted him on the head. Then she turned and went straight up the iron stairs that led to Enid's dressing room.

The voice that said "Come in!" in answer to her knock gave her a moment's misgiving; but old Keziah had never steered her wrong yet, and she mustered up her courage and went in. Enid was sitting in front of her mirror and it was there that she saw who her visitor was.

For three frozen seconds, that seemed as many minutes to Hazel as she looked at the face in the glass, Enid just sat there. Then, with a certain resolute hospitality, she rose and turned round.

"Oh!" she said. "Miss Dering, isn't it? Won't you sit down?"

If you will pronounce the "Oh!" with a short-e sound in front of it, and inflect the "Won't you sit down?" with a high stress on the "Won't" and a sagging curve on the rest of the sentence to the "down," which had a little upward quirk again, you will get a rough idea of the effect.

It was all Hazel could do to resist saying: "Thanks, awfully!" or something fresh like that; but she thought of Keziah and refrained.

"I just"—she began and hesitated, having meant to say "horned in"; she substituted "butted in" as a concession to conventional English, but stammered over that. "I thought," she concluded, "it was about time we were getting acquainted."

"So glad!" said Enid.

That left Hazel stumped and there was a rather ghastly silence for a minute. It was the English girl who broke it with a surprising remark.

"I almost spoke to you," she said. "You're not an American, are you?"

"Surest thing you know!" said Hazel. "What made you think I wasn't?"

"You don't look like one. You look like a—Viennese."

"My father was some sort of wop, all right," said Hazel. "Maybe that's what he was; but it's Georgie Cohan's grand old rag, every time, for mine!"

Without understanding a single word of that sentence Enid knew what she meant. And she pulled another of those Reallys that had so disconcerted Freddy Boldt.

Hazel, however, being a direct young person, incapable of being anything but amused by whatever Miss Carew-Powell might see fit to think of her, did not retire in disorder as Freddy had done.

"Was it," she asked coolly, "because you thought I wasn't an American that you were going to take a chance and speak to me?"

"Oh!" said Enid with a gasp, "I didn't mean it that way. But I thought—perhaps—that some one who was a foreigner herself might—might be willing to meet another foreigner halfway."

"I get you," said Hazel thoughtfully. "You thought that we Americans had it in for you because you were English? Thought we were all trying to get your nanny?"

"I suppose that is what I mean," said Enid—"yes."

"Look here!" said Hazel. "Have you ever said anything like this to old Keziah?—Mrs. Strong, the wardrobe mistress, you know."

"I have never spoken to her at all," said Enid, "except to say good morning and good night."

Hazel inquired of the universe at large whether you could beat that. Then she proceeded to explain—not with her customary fluency, to be sure, because something about the English girl laid a paralyzing hand on her vocabulary, but not the less, perhaps rather the more, intelligently for that—what the company had thought about her, and what old Keziah had opined that Enid might be thinking about the company; after which she reverted once more to the miraculous insight of old Keziah.

"You thought, all of you," questioned Enid incredulously, "that, in spite of the awful mess I was making of my part, I still felt—superior to the rest of you?"

Hazel Took to Sticking Round and Watching Enid's Work

Hazel gave a nod. "Especially Freddy Boldt," she said. "He's all cut up about it. Because—— Well, he's crazy about you really, and he thinks you don't like him."

"I am English," said Enid, "and perhaps I don't quite understand your American humor."

Hazel interrupted rather breathlessly. It was so unusual for her to find herself getting scared that possibly she did not recognize the sensation.

"I'm not trying to get funny," she asserted vehemently. "It's true."

"That he admires me as an actress?" questioned Enid incredulously. "That's all you can possibly mean, of course."

"It isn't what I mean, though—not exactly. He wants you to make good out in front; and he's all broken up because he thinks you try to snub him and won't let him teach you what he knows, so that you can."

A very faintly satirical smile flashed for an instant over the English girl's face, but Hazel caught it.

"Oh, I know!" she said. "You could take him out and lose him anywhere in the highbrow stuff; but when it comes to getting things across with a bang, right in the middle of the big bell, Freddy's no slouch."

"But does one have to bang the big bell all the time?" said Enid plaintively. "Why can't one just play a part and stay in the picture? And——"

"That's it!" said Hazel. "That's what you do. And that's all right if there's any picture to stay in. If it's the kind of piece that people want to think is so and you're trying to make them think it's so—great! Go ahead your way. But people don't come to the Globe looking for things that are so. They want us to come out and make them forget what's so—make them forget that they're married and that they have got to get up and go to work tomorrow at seven-fifteen. They want us to shake them up—nudge a laugh out of them. They're our job—not the piece. It's them we've got to work for. We don't have to do it in a roughneck, small-time way, like Tom O'Hara; but we've got to do it just the same."

(Continued on Page 49)

Tom O'Hara Had Made a Joke and Some of the Other Principals Were Laughing at It

A MAN FOR A WHILE

By Rupert Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

IX

THE rain that had drenched the earth and the air for hours and hours had drained the sky. Then the moon came out and drenched the world with another rain, a radiance so liquid that the motor seemed to be a submarine whizzing through the nether deeps. And the roads were about as good as they would have been at the bottom of the sea. The wheels for all their chains slithered and slewed. And Miss Pritchard's heart skidded along her ribs at every slip. But there was something in the driver's earnest profile and in those two hands of his moving sentiently at the rim of the wheel that gave her confidence. She felt almost divinely safe in his care.

Then suddenly she did not feel so safe. She realized that she did not know his name, his people or his business. She knew only where he was going; or where he said he was going. Or, more accurately still, she knew only that he had said to her, "Where are you bound for?" and she had said, "New York," and he had said: "So am I. Hop in!"

She had hopped in, stopped at the hotel for her suitcase, and intrusted herself to a total stranger for twenty-four hours more or less. Of course they had been introduced in a way—that is, he had intervened in her defense against a bully who had jostled her in a dark street and made ready to beat her when she protested. Such chivalry might well be permitted to overstride formalities. And yet the wolf might drive away the jackal and still remain a wolf.

For all Miss Pritchard knew, the man at the wheel was not taking her to New York at all. She did not know in which direction New York lay nor in which direction they were going. She never could tell directions. Altogether it was a pretty plight for an unchaperoned, unprotected young woman of her breeding and conventionality to be out in the wilderness after midnight with an utter stranger.

Now she was filled with variegated dismays. This wild whim of hers to put on trousers and explore the man's world as a man had led her into numerous difficulties, all of them unexpected, and into countless surprises, all of them unpleasant except his acquaintance. The only man who had treated her with deference to romance was this one at her side, who believed her to be what she pretended to be.

Yet after all she was what she was—only a girl, sophisticated for a girl; yet, she knew it now, childishly innocent for a man; athletic for a girl, yet, as her bruises reminded her, unable to cope with even a newsboy in a knockdown fight. Suppose she should betray her identity. Would he continue to be the pleasant companion, or would he attempt flirtation, or what?

She was in the midnight jungle with this great, powerful stranger. The few farmhouses they passed were tucked up in sleep. The road led intermittently through forests, where there was not a spark or a gleam except their own searchlight boring like a long auger through a solid onyx of gloom. What help had she if her knight-errant should prove recusant? She realized how utterly womankind relies upon mankind for protection against mankind. Her only safeguard now was her disguise. Fortunately he had not suspected that. But other people had, and perhaps it would dawn upon him.

Then he would think her shameless, unworthy of respect. Then she could make no pretense of dignity. The haughtiness with which she had rebuked and frozen other men who had attempted familiarities would be of no use against him, for she had laid off the robes of womanly sanctity that had given authority to those other repressions. She felt an onset of fear that made her tremble till even he noticed it.

"You're having a chill, old man?"

"It's n-noth-thing-ng," she chattered.

"Haven't you a heavy overcoat in your suitcase?"

"N-n-no-no." In collecting her new wardrobe she had not expected to make a wild ride like this through after-midnight regions.

"There's a heavy coat of mine in the rack back of you. Better put it on."

"You'll need it your-se-self," she protested.

"This wheel keeps me warm," he said, and stopped the car till he compelled and aided her into the depths of his coat.

"I Wouldn't Mind a Lot of This"

She snuggled into it so cozily that she felt better at once. He was an awfully nice man and it was a beautiful coat. He couldn't be so very bad and wear such nice things.

"Are you sure you won't catch cold?" she murmured, growing a little solicitous for him.

"Not while I've got to hold this old skidder down," he said. "I'm worried about that left front shoe too. It's almost in ribbons and I haven't an extra tire in the rack. If we should get a blow-out we'd have to spend the night out here under the sky."

They were passing through the most lugubrious forest that ever bred a spook. It was a "fine place for a murder" or any other crime. The thought of living through black hours in this cavern of blackness was enough to send her into another fit of shivers, in spite of the coat—and because of the coat. The coat was itself a cavern. She could have climbed into it twice. She understood how big and powerful its owner must be to fill it. She longed to reach some town before disaster wrecked that front tire and marooned her in the wilderness with this handsome ogre.

X

IF SHE had felt a little less afraid she would have reveled in the comradeship of the exploit, the splendid power of the car urging forward into the dark, yet held in perfect curb by a pair of wrists.

Men had invented automobiles, then had tamed them so that women could drive them. What magnificent animals men were! Why had she been born a mere woman, who must rely on a man's mercy and chivalry and must wheedle what she could not enforce?

If only she knew more about this man she might feel easier. In every mood curiosity nagged her. She just must know this man's name and all about him.

But how was she to find out? Once she began to question him it would be only natural that he should question her. She must rehearse her own story over again: She was Mr. John Knox, on her way to New York to take an important position. She had visited New York and she remembered it vaguely enough to bluff through. She had intended to say that she lived there, but earlier in the evening she had foolishly let slip the name of Westbourne as her home town. Hereafter she must guard against too quick answers to unexpected questions.

She had time enough to ponder it all out, for he said almost nothing. He never looked her way. He kept his eyes fastened like the searchlight on the road as it writhed in from the dark. She wondered at his not asking more about her. Why was he willing to take her up and make a companion of her with nothing to vouch for her but her distress? That must be the man of it. He was not afraid of her or of anybody. There was the enormous difference between being a man and being a woman—a man could make friends with anybody and wash his hands of undesirable acquaintances and adventurers; or protect himself against them.

A woman must be forever guarded; an unfortunate friendship or encounter endangered and compromised her forever. By and by he seemed to feel a little human curiosity, though his tone showed hardly more than an absent-minded desire to make conversation.

"So you're going to New York, Mr. Knox?"

"Yep."

"I'll bet your mother doesn't like the idea. She'll miss you, eh?"

"My mother is—is dead."

"Oh!" It was only a word, but he put a world of sympathy and regret in it. He could not be a villain and harbor such tenderness. She felt safe again.

Then he asked:

"Father living?"

"Um-hummh."

"He doesn't object?"

She laughed. "He doesn't know; he sailed for Europe yesterday."

"Oh!" The same word with another world of understanding in it. "He left you all alone in—in Westbourne, didn't you say?"

"Yes, my brother started the same day for the North Woods—hunting, you know."

"Really! Where did he go? I've hunted there."

"I don't know just where. I suppose he'll strike out into the wilderness somewhere."

"I see. He's something like you—adventurous disposition, eh?"

She chuckled. She had not had to go to the North Woods for adventure; she had merely changed her costume. His curiosity seemed to be approaching the normal. He even ventured to say:

"I suppose you left a lot of—er—sweethearts back there in Westbourne?"

She laughed again: "Nobody I cared for really."

"Oh!" he said. She thought she heard a note of relief in his voice. She wished that she might ask him a few questions in her turn; but she could not think how to begin. After all he was the host. She wondered if he had sweethearts in New York. He doubtless had them everywhere.

What a comfort it would be to have so strong, so gentle a soul as he was for a lover, a husband! To be his wife would be the next best thing to being himself. But perhaps he had a wife!

This hideous thought gave her a new fear, a sick, green fear like a jealousy. Some day she would have to return to woman's estate, she supposed. When she did she would want such a man to woo her and win her. But could there be another like this man? If he were married he would be beyond her reach. She would be widowed of him before she had won him.

Or even if he were not married he might be a woman hater. Or when he learned who she was, he might be so disgusted with her for gadding about in men's clothes that he would never love her.

She was glad that it was dark, for she could feel the blushes that must be reddening her cheek.

Perhaps she could do as some of the heroines she had read about had done—she could vanish as a boy and reappear as a woman. He would be vaguely reminded of her, yet never know her till she had him safely married; then she could confess that the boy he had liked and the woman he loved were the same.

They had already shot through several small towns all of them sound asleep. When each of them was hauled up as if by an immovable cable she hoped and feared that it might be Rathlin, where he had said they would finish the night at a hotel. She hoped for Rathlin, because the fatigue of hours of excitement was rendering her drowsy beyond endurance. She feared for Rathlin and the new complications she might find there.

She had never arrived in a strange city with a strange man and gone to a strange hotel at half-past two in the

morning. She had never gone to any hotel at any hour with anybody but her father. Probably no nice girl ever had or ever would.

It was bloodcurdling. She wished she were home safe in her wicker and mahogany bed, reading fascinating stories of girls who played boys, instead of being in the cold and the dark trying to carry them out. But she could not wish herself home. She could not tell this terrible stranger to stop and let her walk back. She did not know the way. She must face the event, whatever it was. Between terror and drowsiness she was distraught. She fell asleep several times and dreamed of capture by a brigand who dragged her to his lair.

She woke with a start. They were still moving. He was speaking:

"This is Rathlin, I think."

The road took on the feel of a street. Houses gathered on the horizon, crowded up as if to blink at the newcomers. Street lamps fell into line. Arc-lights like fallen planets drew close to earth. Billboards announcing plays and other wares swept by. Edmée noted that the troupe she had seen in Wickham was to play As You Like It here the next night. Also a county fair was proclaimed. Shops increased in numbers and importance, all of them closed. A belated trolley snored along the track.

Her captor drove the car close to the trolley and called to the motorman:

"Where's the Rathlin House?"

"Folly the tracks," the motorman yelled.

They left the trolley to the rear and sped along till a hotel loomed above the other buildings. When they stopped no porter or bellboy rushed forth to meet them. Edmée climbed down and the driver followed her. Her companion took out the bags and she seized hers. They walked into the dim lobby. On the desk a pair of large soles were exposed. They proved to belong to a night clerk asleep in his chair.

Edmée's companion lifted one of the feet off the register and reached for the pen. The clerk woke with a jolt as his shoes struck the floor. He stood up swaying and said:

"Huh?"

But Edmée's companion was writing. She read eagerly what he wrote:

"Leonard Keble, New York."

So that was his name! What a beautiful name! Then he wrote beneath it:

"John Knox, Westbourne."

The clerk turned the register round and yawned.

"Whaddaya wish?"

"Two rooms with baths," said Mr. Leonard Keble.

From the yawn came a sort of laugh.

"Baths? Ain't got one left."

"What?" gasped Mr. Keble.

"County fair in town, also c'nvensh'n o' c'mersh'l trav'lers. We're packed to the roof."

"Give us two single rooms then."

"Two? Only one room left in the house—bridal parlor. Want that?"

Edmée's chugging heart stopped short.

XI

MISS PRITCHARD would have fainted with the utmost pleasure if she had dared. But in the stories she had read that was when the disguised ladies were always discovered, then and when they were wounded. But what other escape was there? She felt a worse terror than if her life had been threatened. She hated the way men conducted their lives and their world. Two men would make no difficulty of such an arrangement. Her father sometimes had had to share a bed with a total stranger in a crowded hotel. As a soldier he had often shared his blanket with a comrade. But Edmée——! During a pause of unendurable suspense, while Mr. Keble was lighting a cigarette, the clerk was saying:

"We got 'em bunked up double in half the rooms—cots in the halls. Two men had this room—called away on midnight train, or you wouldn't 'a' had it. It's got a big double bed—also a sofy. Want it?"

Mr. Keble was having trouble with his light and did not glance Edmée's way. It was lucky for her, because he could not have failed to notice the intense stress she was suffering. The clerk was too drowsy to see her. He waited, then, and impatient to return to sleep, snapped:

"Want it or not?"

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Keble.

Edmée gripped the marble ledge to hold herself up. Her knees resigned.

The clerk pulled the key from one of the pigeonholes.

"By the way," Mr. Keble asked, "is there a garage connected with this hotel?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"Three blocks down the street and turn to the right."

Mr. Keble turned to Edmée.

"Go on up, old man," he said; "I've got to put the car away and get some new shoes for it."

The clerk shuffled from his lair.

Edmée wanted to flee, but whither could she flee? The clerk, allowing her to carry her own suitcase, led her up a flight of stairs, along a dingy hall to a dingy door, opened it, and entering made a light in a dreary room. She noted the bed, the mangy sofa, the bureau and washstand, the Bible left by the commercial travelers.

"Ice water?" groaned the clerk.

"No, thanks," she said to be rid of him.

He went away, leaving her key on the outside of the door. She looked about the room. This was nothing like the story books, this horrible predicament. But, unbeautiful as it was, it was crowded with danger. She stood irresolute a moment, then ran to the door, opened it, fumblingly took out the key, closed the door, locked it and leaned against it in a panic.

She heard an automobile in the street. She ran to the window, knelt on the divan, and looked out. She could see Mr. Leonard Keble driving his car down the deserted street. She hated to see him go, but how much more she would hate to see him come back. What should she do when he came back?

He had defended her, befriended her, brought her all this way. He must be half dead with fatigue. She herself was hardly strong enough to hold up her eyelids; and she had not piloted a car over treacherous roads. How could she tell him that he must keep away?

She could go down and sleep in a chair in the lobby, but he would never permit that. He would insist on her coming back to the room. Mr. Keble could never understand her reason for refusing—or worse yet, he would understand. She would rather die than have him know her for a girl. But what could she tell him? What could she do?

"County Fair in Town. We're Packed to the Roof"

XII

SHE hung across the windowsill and stared down the street to see him return. He was such a splendid man! Why should this hateful dilemma have arisen just now? What could she tell him? What on earth could she tell him?

She yawned ferociously in the midst of her tragedy. Her elbows ached from the windowsill. She fell back on the divan, stretched her cramped limbs to their full length, pondered, yawned, pondered, yawned, pon——

A moment later—as it seemed—she heard a knock at the door. The crisis had come! She sat up in terror. The room was brilliantly illuminated. Outdoors the air was full of light. The streets were loud with noise. Was the hotel on fire?

She leaned from the window; the street was full of people, but they were going about their business. She glanced at her watch. It was twelve o'clock. In confirmation a town clock began to boom. There was another knock at the door. She heard a rustling, a note was shoved under it. She ran to seize it and read it anxiously. The first thing she knew was that it was from him, for she read the last lines and the signature first:

I'll have my luncheon while you're having your breakfast. We'd better get started at about one. I'll meet you downstairs. Yours faithfully, L. KEBLE.

Then she read the whole note:

Dear Knox: When I got to the garage I had some trouble getting in—the night watchman was asleep, of course. By the time the car was stored and new tires selected I was so sleepy that the thought of walking back to the hotel was intolerable. I curled up in the back seat of the car and slept there.

When I reached the hotel this morning I was told that you had not appeared yet. I hate to waken you, but it is now nearly noon. I am afraid we can't wait much longer, if we are to make our destination. To save time you'd better order your breakfast served in your room while you are dressing and shaving. I'll have my luncheon while —— and so on.

Edmée gasped. The crucial situation that had racked her brain had been solved by the simple means of sleep. She felt sorry for poor Mr. Leonard Keble curled up on the leather cushions in that garage, but she thanked heaven that he had unconsciously saved her from an odious ordeal.

She put her head out of the door. The hallboy was waiting. She asked him to send her a waiter and some hot water. She took the menu and the water through a partly opened door and ordered her breakfast through the same crevice. Then she locked the door, pulled down the curtain, and removing the clothes she had slept in took a stand-up bath at the washstand and dressed again in fresh linen. But she did not shave, and she saved a lot of time on her hair. She looked longingly at the woman's finery still tucked away in her suitcase, but she put on the masculine harness.

The fruit, three-minute eggs and coffee she had ordered took all of half an hour to prepare, and she was ready for them when they were ready for her. She ate with relish, with all the appetite of a condemned man having his last breakfast. She must face again strange eyes, but this time in the broad daylight of a relentless noon. And she must face him!

She had no excuse for her raincoat, but she put it on once more, rang for a bellboy to take her suitcase and followed him down.

Mr. Keble was waiting for her in the lobby. He greeted her with a stout clasp of a big warm hand. There was a little impatience in his cordiality.

"We'd better get right into the car, old man," he said, and led the way down the ladies' corridor.

"But the bill?" Edmée said, pausing.

"I've paid that."

"But my share of it—in fact none of it belongs to you."

"We can settle all that later," Mr. Keble returned.

She thought she heard a snicker from the bellboy. She dared not turn round to rebuke him; but Mr. Keble turned and the laughter was choked off short, evidently at one look from those eyes of his.

The car was at the curb and he lost no time in getting away. The streets were thronged and progress was slow at times.

Edmée thought that people stared outrageously, but perhaps they were not used to motors in Rathlin. Once outside the town limits they fled as if there were wings beneath them. Mr. Keble's tone grew pleasanter. He even said:

"There's a New York morning paper if you want to glance over it. I never feel that I've had my breakfast unless I've skimmed the headlines."

"Neither do I," said Edmée, who had hitherto cared little for the daily journals, or, if she read them at all, turned first to the latest sensation in fashions.

She sat back, crossed her knees and tried to read in as male a manner as possible. Try as she would she could not mimic interest in the startling news concerning the new banking bill, the tariff revision or the strain in Mexican relations. She did not know whether Huerta was a man or a town and she did not care. But a gasp escaped her when she ran across the large letters:

GIRL IN MALE GARB ARRESTED

This young woman's curiosity had been provoked by nothing loftier than a mad ambition to see a prizefight; but her fate interested Edmée vitally. She tried to fold the paper so that Mr. Keble should not see what she was reading, but he glanced over her shoulder and growled:

"It's getting to be a regular epidemic. That's the third arrest this week. Why should a girl want to do such a thing?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't understand why a woman always wants to put on a man's clothes, can you?"

"Well—er—ahum!"

"I'm sure I never felt the faintest desire to have anybody take me for a girl, did you?"

Edmée certainly did not desire it now, but she shook her head. She added with a thinly disguised tone of appeal:

"You mean you think it's immodest for a girl to wear a man's clothes?"

"Not at all; men's clothes are twice as modest as women's. They are made for only two purposes—warmth and practicability, with a little touch of color to break the monotony. If women dressed just like men it would be the deadliest blow to flirtation ever invented. And I don't mind a little immodesty either. It would be a sad world with no audacity in it. I like to see women in mannish things now and then—but not in men's things. Joan of Arc wore men's armor—and she was a good girl. But she never tried to fool anybody into thinking she was a man."

This was pretty sharp medicine with a disguised girl sitting by his side. But Edmée felt sure that her Mr. Keble would have been wretchedly sorry if he had known how cruel his comments were. She intended to keep him in the dark, but she had to say something in defense of her sex:

"Perhaps these foolish girls who put on men's clothes are just striving for a little taste of freedom."

"Good Lord!" he retorted; "they have twice as much freedom as men already."

"Oh, how can you say that?"

"Because it's true, my boy. Liberty is a thing that's mighty hard to get and mighty hard to keep. Whenever men have been able to get any they've always given women more than they had themselves. Where women are kept under restraint you'll find that most of the men are slaves too."

"But women aren't free in America, and the men certainly are."

"Great Scott, man, men aren't free here! You're going to New York to get a position. You'll have twenty bosses. If you're late or leave early or do your work slackly, they'll warn you, fine you or fire you!"

"But when a man gets a business of his own he can be independent."

"Oh, can he? Independent of what? He's the slave of his employees, his competitors, the bankers, the conditions, the politicians. Take an American business man with a family; who is the slave there—the wife and daughters or the man?"

"But a man can choose his own career."

"Oh, no, he can't! It chooses him. He may try to choose it, but he can't succeed in it unless he's got a natural gift for it. I'm doing fairly well as a manufacturer of steam radiators, but I failed disgracefully as a schoolteacher, a violinist, and an architect. Some men are born to be artists and some to be manufacturers. Women are born to be women. There's no end to the jobs a woman can work at, but she can't ever succeed at being a man. I'd love to be a great painter, or a sculptor, or an orator—or even a tenor, but I can't!"

Womanlike, she forgot the argument for the arguer. She recognized the soul back of his words rather than the import of the words.

"Just to be your own splendid self ought to be enough," she said, and was surprised to hear herself saying it. So was he. He stared at her, flushed, and mumbled:

"Why, thank you, old man. That's mighty polite of you." Then he added: "Just to be oneself is all anybody can be. If I were born a woman I'd try to be the womanliest woman there was. I'd no more try to be a man than I'd try to be a woman now."

Edmée was humbled to the dust by his unwitting contempt. She had lost him now forever. He might get over being shocked at her immodesty—he had said he liked a little audacity; but she had offended his sense of respect. When he learned that she was a woman he would despise her.

She must give him up as soon as possible, for he was bound to discover her in time. There would surely be further difficulties like that of the one room at the hotel. She must wrench him from her heart and her life and never see him again. She was eager to reach New York, the great haystack where needles could lose themselves.

They whizzed on in silence. She was reading the signboards. They passed a large, crude wooden hand marked: "To New York," but it was pointing the other way.

She seized his arm and the car swerved wildly, scooping through a gutter and grazing a rail fence before he could recapture its head.

"What the —— Please don't do that," he said. "Are you trying to commit suicide?"

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but that sign we just passed said that New York was the other way."

"I don't believe all I see," he said with a curious smile.

She blushed and relapsed into silence, but she felt afraid of him again. At last he said:

"There are several roads to New York; the old one is torn up. I'm taking a short one. We turn off this road soon."

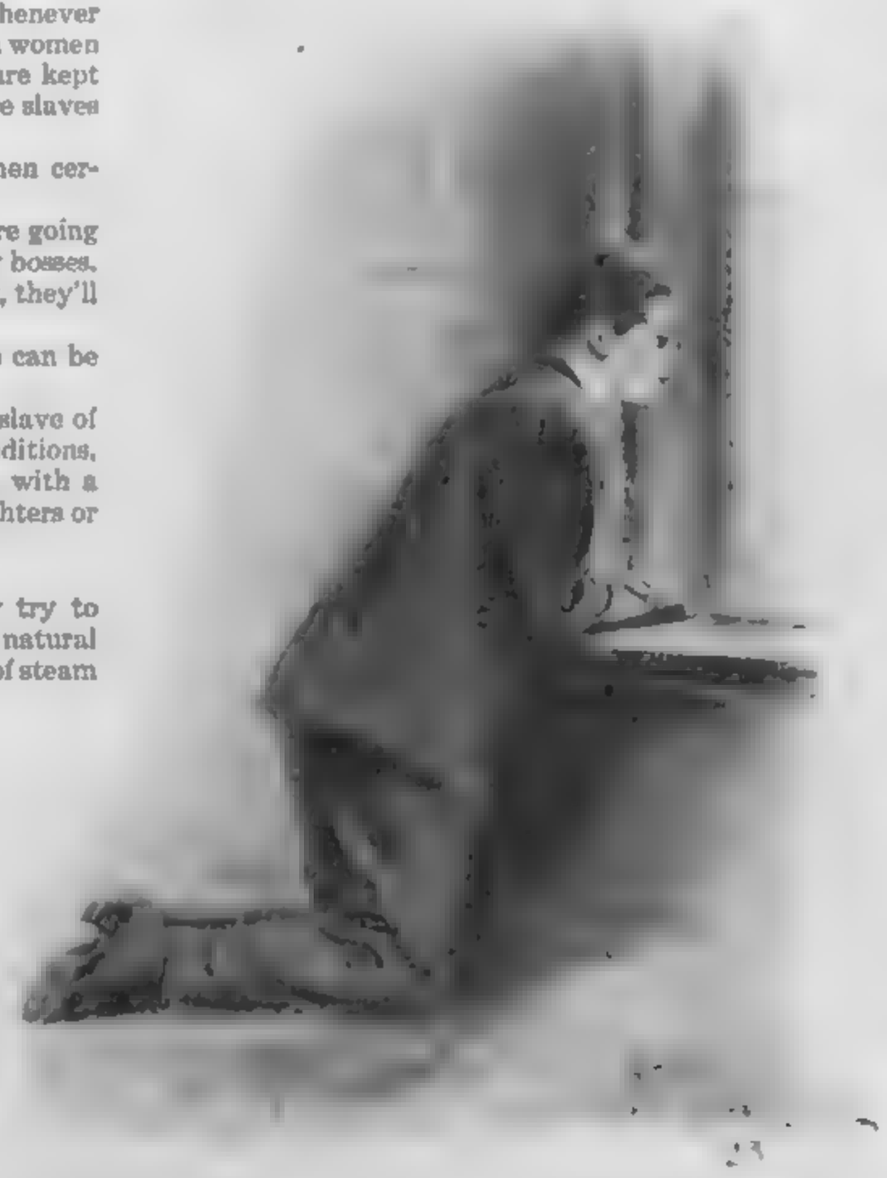
And so they did—to the left. She was about to say that she would have thought that New York was to the right, but her ideas of directions were a joke to her brother, and she knew that the compass does not yield to womanly intuition. Still she could not help feeling that they were not headed for New York.

XIII

WHEREVER they might be going, it was thrilling to be at his side. They grew better acquainted hour by hour. She kept the discussions away from herself as well as she could, but every now and then she realized that she had just said something she wished she had worded otherwise.

As she heard back her voice she recognized some womanly point of view, some trick of speech or thought; for men and women have different dialects—collectively as well as individually. A twin brother and sister will be as alike and as unlike as the North and the South poles. Edmée could not unlearn her accent or her instincts. She could cut her hair and put trousers on her legs, but she could not change her tongue or bifurcate her soul.

Fortunately Mr. Keble gave no sign of discovering these slips. The business of running the car kept his eyes off her face and his mind off her confusions. But they discovered enough tastes in common and enough disagreements to make them interesting to one another. She was growing immensely fond of the man. He was so hopelessly and gloriously unlike herself. For all the gentleness of his manner there was a tremendous vigor and bluntness in his mind. For all her guttural talk and her effort at virility, there was a hopeless gentleness and flexibility in her soul.



She Hated to See Him Go, But How Much More She Would Hate to See Him Come Back

The hours rolled backward under the chassis. The landscapes succeeded one another in endless variety from hilltop cycloramas to shut-in valleys. The sun went down in what she would have supposed to be the east, reckoning from New York; but she dared not urge the point.

The twilight gathered round them, and a tenderer feeling softened their chatter and finally silenced it. She was growing very hungry. They swept through a small town with a good-looking hotel. They ran past an attractive roadhouse. But he did not stop and she hardly felt justified in calling a halt, though she had announced her intention of standing treat for the dinner.

As the dregs of the sunset stained the west their road curved alongside a beautiful sheet of water with a shelving bank. It looked something like a lake she had once motored out to from home with a picnic party; but then, all lakes looked alike to her in the sunset.

Suddenly the car stopped short. Mr. Keble growled something under his breath, climbed out, ran to the radiator, lifted its lid, poked about, pursed his lips and whistled and muttered something.

"Anything broken?" she asked anxiously.

"Overheated the engine," he said.

"Is it serious?" she gasped.

"No," he smiled. "We'll have to stop a while and let her cool down, then we must go on slowly."

"We won't make New York tonight?"

"Hardly!" he laughed.

"Well, can we make any place else—where we can eat? I'm starved. Pardon my saying it, but as I'm to be hostess—host—you won't mind?"

"We've got to wait here half an hour; why not eat dinner here? Luckily I had the hamper filled at Rathlin."

This sounded attractive. Immediate food was a beautiful thought. And in this tender scene with him!

He unshipped the hamper and they lugged it to a smooth space near the water.

"You spread out the things, old man, will you?" he said. "I've got to carry water to the elephant."

He found a small bowl and made several trips from the lake to the car while she spread the cloth and set the table. She tried not to be too expert at this housewifely task, but she could not resist a touch or two of grace, and there was a curious pleasure in the office.

There was hot coffee in one vacuum bottle and ice water in another. There were sandwiches and chicken and those ravishing delicacies—outdoors—hard-boiled eggs. And there was a very masculine pie, somewhat shuffled.

They sat Turkish fashion on the grass. In the thickening gloaming the food was ambrosia.

"This is better than a hotel, eh, old boy?" he said.

"Great sport!" she agreed.

"I wouldn't mind a lot of this," he said.

"I'd adore it," she sighed, then realized that there was a certain lack of virility in the expression.

At the end of the banquet he produced two long, somber cigars and looked at them dotingly. She regarded them aghast. Now this test was coming!

"I've sworn off for a month," he moaned. "But if you care to smoke ——"

She thanked heaven inwardly for his asceticism and waived the opportunity with a gracious: "If you're not going to I won't." He put them away with evident reluctance. She had had nothing but good luck since she met this man. While she was repacking the hamper he was lighting the lamps of the car. He strolled back for a last look at the lake and she followed him like another Ruth.

"Pretty spot," he said, gazing at the water all crimson with the dull red of the last rays.

"Lovely!" she breathed.

As they drifted back to the car he put his arm about her shoulder with comradery. She could not resent this as a liberty. Indeed she wanted to respond to the brotherliness of the bond, but her arm could only reach about his waist. She felt very small but very cozy in his embrace. She was sorry when he let her go to crank the car.

And then they chugged on again. When they reached the next height the sun was gone and stars were strewn about the sky like scattered coins of silver and copper and gold. They dipped into a wooded valley, and when they emerged there was a moon on the horizon and all the air was moonshine. Now she was in no hurry to reach a hotel or the glaring lights of any town. She was filled with a spirit of silent communion, an incense of regret. It would be hard to give up this man when they reached New York. It would be bitter to lose him.

XIV

BY AND BY she saw above the ridge confronting them a vague luminousness, as if a moon were lying in some cup of the hills and pouring its light upward.

"What's that light?" she wondered aloud.

"We're coming to a town."

"What town is it, do you suppose?"

(Concluded on Page 54)

Breaking Into the Playhouse

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

I SUPPOSE I have always written plays. I used to have a toy theater and some friends who thought they could act. I saved out of my lunch money at school and bought lithograph tickets at the cigar stores for the top galleries. I thus saw many of the finest productions in New York for ten or fifteen cents; I was even guilty of bribing the doorkeepers with quarters when I could not get a seat up there for Irving and Terry. Then my school friends and I would inflict our efforts on the family. We improved on Shakspere and acted all over the place. That was where I began writing dialogue—for we had to make it up as we went along.

When I was sixteen I had some palpitation for a girl who "just loved to act with me." She was shy; so I wrote a regular one-act play and arranged it in such a way that the business compelled me to kiss her. We repeated the play three times before admiring groups and each time I added a kiss. She said she was glad the play closed up right there and then. I have often thought that kiss made a playwright of me.

My first long play was written, while at college, round a good title; then, when it was finished, I changed the title. I sold the piece to a second-rate star—at least, before the contract was signed I had mentally spent all the anticipated advance royalties. But the actor died suddenly. No one knew why—at least no one said why—and the play came back to me forever. That was my first lesson; nothing is certain in this business but uncertainty. I suspect it is like any other business—only more so. You think you have got everybody skinned to death with your four-of-a-kind and somebody springs a royal flush on you!

During my last years at college I wrote feverishly; I must have had some instinct for the stage, because as I read over those efforts I see now and then gleams of dramatic intelligence.

About this time I met a well-known dramatist who also saw those gleams and thought I had the stuff. He introduced me to an actress who wanted some plays written and was seeking a collaborator. She gave me plenty of practical advice; and my friend, the dramatist, was so pleased with what I had done that he offered me some important work with him. Then really began my career and the first clear insight into the nooks and crannies of the theatrical system.

I Took Off My Metaphorical Hat to Her

One night, a few months after I had graduated, I received a wire to meet my friend at once in Boston. I got out of bed and caught the midnight train. When I arrived he hastily explained the situation: Miss ——, who is one of our leading stars, did not like the play in which she was then acting; she had to wear loose gowns and bracelets, and she feared her public was being shocked. My friend had been hastily summoned to finish his contract for a dramatization in which she had planned to appear at some later time.

As this dramatization was not even started and she wanted it at once, in his despair my friend called on me, with the consent of the star, to help him. Of course I grabbed at the chance. Visions of fame and finance rose before me—and, best of all, opportunity!

Nervous Prostration to Order

AN HOUR or two later I met the distinguished star for the first time. Imagine my state of mind! I was only twenty or so, and yet here I was being put on intimate terms with a star whom I had long idolized from the "front." I had a contract in my pocket, too, which promised me half royalties and that my name should go on the program as part author. I really should not have had so much for what I actually was to do—for I was so inexperienced.

The star and I wandered together through the streets of Boston and my feet were in the clouds—an experience I have never had since. I held her arm judiciously over the crossings while she told me of her experiences with Duse and other friends. I was made quite at home. She smiled sweetly; I would have done anything for her!

My friend and I worked for two weeks during all hours of the night as the new play gradually took shape. It was her intention to continue in her other play until the new one was ready. Imagine my surprise, then, on the day before she was to open in Baltimore, to read in the papers that my star had broken down with a bad attack of nervous prostration. The account added that she had been ordered to Hot Springs for recuperation. I was doubly impressed and puzzled—to say nothing of being anxious about my contract—when my friend, the dramatist, instructed me to join him at the station and to take clothes for a few weeks' stay in the country.

Of course I went; and while I was waiting at the station the star, heavily veiled and leaning on her manager's arm, got weakly out of her cab. I instantly rushed to her assistance as she in a frail voice said: "Keep the reporters away!" I looked about and could find none, so I had no difficulty in doing as I was told. In the station I sat beside her, a picture of tender solicitude. Then, to my further surprise, I saw the manager submit several telegrams for her approval. Two of them read as follows:

PHILADELPHIA.

Miss —— passed through here on the ten o'clock, bound for Hot Springs. Her condition is slightly improved.

BALTIMORE.

Miss ——'s physicians say she has a high temperature, but will be better after a long rest.

Puzzled, but impressed, I helped her to the cars and she again leaned heavily on my arm as I led her to her private stateroom. As soon as she was there and the train had started she threw back her veil, ate a large lunch and began vigorously discussing Walt Whitman. I gasped. I was so young and so uninitiated! How was I to know this sudden closing of her other play had all been a device to hide its failure? But that was what it was; and the telegrams about her health duly appeared next day to appease an anxious country.

Since then I am fearfully suspicious of breakdowns and sprained ankles—they generally mean poor business.

We went to the home of my friend in the country and worked like Trojans on the new play. She was stimulating and knew exactly what she wanted. We made a stunt part of it—at least my friend did; tailor-made and full of good lines to fit her personality. I remember writing what I thought was a beautiful rough draft of the last act. I read it to her as she sat propped up in bed and in her crimson kimono. She smiled sweetly. How happy I was! But when I read it to my friend he threw up his hands in holy horror; I had actually given some of the other characters something to do! What lese majesty!

When the scene was finally rewritten under his wise, experienced hand it was a monologue, with the other characters draping the scenery and listening as she talked. But I must confess she played it beautifully. As soon as enough of the play was finished to begin rehearsals we all returned to New York. By then the papers had begun to announce her complete recovery and the new play—but my name was not mentioned as part author.

My friend did everything possible for me, but apparently the management thought they were doing him a favor. I grew desperate; I was wise enough to know the importance of having my name on the program. I had all the audacity and ignorance of youth. I did not know the consequences that might have befallen me, but I was determined to get out an injunction and stop the whole theatrical syndicate if necessary. I do not think I would do it now—I know too much; but I won out then.

I happened to meet a well-known lawyer who specialized in theatrical work. I told him the particulars; and, since he had a magnanimous streak in him, or perhaps because he knew things about the people concerned, he phoned my manager about it. I went to all of the slightest importance I knew and had them also phone inquiries about me and whether or not I was part author.

Playwright Turned Press Agent

THEN I went to see the manager myself; I leaned on a cane and looked no doubt the wreck I really had become through the worry. I laugh now, but I stamped then. In despair he threw up his arms and gave in, saying it was all a mistake and that my name should be on the program.

Then they did not let me know when the play was to open out-of-town. I was not even invited to the first night in Connecticut; but I went—more to see my name on the program than to see the play. It was there! I was a playwright! I shall never forget that first thrill! I have never had one like it since.

We opened in New York shortly afterward and ran the play for a hundred nights. And the star, who had walked along the country roads with me and talked very confidentially about her private affairs—well, she forgot my existence the minute she struck New York, though she did borrow some money from me once to pay for her cab at the stage door. She forgot that too—also the flowers I bought for her to send to a friend when she had left her purse at home.

What was the difference? I had broken into the game! The managers would be after me—I had an income! But, alas! I had no plays to offer and so I had to write some. The advice I would give all playwrights is: Never succeed at first if you can help it! It is a bad precedent.

Then I learned another important lesson: I could not have an income until I had an outlet. I had to know people in order to sell my plays; so I made all the connections I could and remembered all the people who knew the people I might want to know. I tried to see everybody. I made a deliberate campaign of it. I hate to think of the tea I drank and the cocktails I tried to avoid. I went everywhere I might find a stray actor or manager. If I found him I nailed him down for a talk. I was a merry little press agent for myself, all right!

I saw no other way to success, generally speaking, than through this personal contact. I was on the job every minute and discovered there is only one place to live until you succeed as a playwright—and that is in New York, which is the center and all the tangents. There you hear the gossip—who wants plays and who does not; there you learn what is futile and what is possible. The Rialto has spoiled many a person who has trod its flagstones, but it leads to the stage door of the theatrical market. It is also strewn with banana peels, as I found out almost immediately.

For example, shortly after this first production an actress sent for me and asked if I had a play. Now, strictly speaking, I had none that would suit her; but I did have an idea. She liked it and I agreed to write it for her provided I had a contract. She took me to the manager who was to star

her. He agreed to my proposal and said he would give me a contract when I submitted a scenario.

It was a splendid chance to be associated with him, for he was one of the kingpins at that time. When I did submit the scenario, contrary to his verbal agreement he refused a contract, and wanted me to write the play for my health. I found out the reason—he had quarreled with the lady in question and they were no longer friends; so the lady and I were left out in the cold. She is there yet. I did some walking myself after this; in fact I do not know whether I wore out more shoeleather trying to find people than I did trouser seats waiting in their offices. My record wait is four hours—but I saw my man. I have figured that I have wasted about one month a year just waiting.

The first play I wrote without collaboration had a strenuous voyage to production. It was the first of the large number of political and muckraking plays that have been recently inflicted on us. It had a good idea—if I do say it myself—when it was written; when it was produced it had a few general contours left—and nothing else. The star who produced this play is one of the best known and most cultivated in the modern theater; but at that time she was just beginning her starring tour after a series of phenomenal hits the season before on Broadway.

I read her the play, and some weeks later she wired its acceptance. When she returned to the city to begin rehearsals she heard that a certain other star had bought it before, but did not produce it. The reason, she heard, was that her part was overshadowed by the leading man.

Then began the changes. She wanted the third and fourth acts rolled into one and a big scene written so that she could act. I was perfectly willing that she should act and get her teeth in the scenery if necessary, but I did not like the idea of the play's being shaken to death in the process. I hesitated after the first gentle suggestion.

One night she asked me to call late. Her apartment was full of shades and shadows from the log fire and the soft candles. She wore a beautiful stage gown of indefinite lines and subtleties. I had never seen her act so well on the stage. She was wonderful! Camille had nothing on her. I took off my metaphorical hat to her, as I always have since—for she is a rare artist.

She wanted me to leave the manuscript with her and her friend so they could make the "few little necessary changes." Her friend was a sort of secretary who was learning to be a playwright and, for the privilege of associating with the star, did all sorts of unpleasant jobs for her. She had pronounced opinions concerning my play and naturally they agreed with those of the star. Together they argued with me. But I refused; and with all the grace I had, and with my manuscript in my pocket, I left.

She was standing like a statue against a splendidly chosen background. But I have said she was clever. The next morning at rehearsal she got even; Machiavelli and Mephisto could have taken lessons from her. At each move she would consult me:

"Where shall I stand? Is this the way you wish me to read this? Where do I cross?"—all in her sweetest and prettiest tremolo. We did not have a row. She put on her Persian lamb and walked out. I put on mine and followed—mine was an inheritance. Her manager arrived and we talked in the foyer:

"You see how terrible your play is!" she said with a sweeping gesture.

"Yes," I responded. "If you had played Camille that way she would have died in the first act!"

A Play Turned Inside Out

THE poor manager was frantic and the star finally refused to act in my play. I knew the contracts were all signed and that the company had been rehearsing without pay for some weeks; so I gave in and handed her the manuscript to do with as she would. She did. She was happy. It takes so little to make a star happy—and a playwright sad.

When, later, it came to the final dress rehearsal she went on until the last scene, which I had never even witnessed. The manager was anxious too. When she came to it she floated down to the footlights in her best manner and said: "I'm so tired—can't we leave this until tomorrow?" The manager consented; for, as he told me afterward, "the only way to manage her is to let her manage herself."

We were to open the next night upstate and the company was to leave in the afternoon. I found, however, that she and her leading man had left on the morning train for reasons that were later disclosed. Before the curtain rose I discovered to my horror that the program had not been changed, though she had now arranged the play in three acts instead of my original four. Instantly all was in commotion as the stage manager, in explaining the error, tactfully announced to the audience that "he hoped they would enjoy it as much in three acts as they would have in four."

Of course the papers all over the country carried the story that we had hastily tried to save the play at the last minute by condensing it—all the papers, that is, which did not carry the telegrams we ourselves had written in advance proclaiming its great success.

The play went along until the big scene, and then I knew why she had taken an earlier train. I turned to the manager and said: "From now on I do not know what will happen." And I did not. She had rehearsed all the morning an entirely new ending, with a grand ground-groveling scene of tears and pleading, at which no American actress can beat her. It was wonderful! Much of it she made up as she went along. I was carried away by it myself—and so was the idea of the play.

In my version the husband came to the wife and begged forgiveness; in her version it was the lady wife who got down on her knees and received the condescending male's kiss. My radical heroine had become conservative and my play had become an absurdity. Before the curtain had gone up she had come to me and taken both my hands in thanks for the flowers I had sent her.

"It is all for you I am doing this!" she admitted; so I suppose it was. At any rate I was roasted unmercifully by the critics; and when I even tried to put some more comedy in it a newspaper reported the next day: "The author was present last night to hear the new comedy he has written in his play. He enjoyed it!" As the play closed shortly, that was all there was left for me to enjoy.

In spite of this experience she and I are still friends; in fact, when later I wished to read her a new play she begged me to let her read it herself, since the droning of the voice always made her sleepy!

"But you let me read my other play to you," I suggested.

She smiled. "Yes; and maybe that was why it failed!"

None the less, the personal contact is everything in selling a play. I found, too, that I could do more for myself than anybody would do for me—I was more interested—not that I have not had generous friends all along the line to whom I am eternally grateful; but when it came to the cold, hard facts of selling a play I have had to do it myself.

Agents have been helpful in giving me letters and arranging meetings, but I soon found they got no more consideration for my play when they sent it in than I did when I sent it myself. They got it back quicker. My first lesson came when a manager showed me a pile of manuscript and grinned autocratically as he slipped his cigar between his wet lips and said:

"I keep them a year and send them back unread! Most of them must be rotten anyway!"

Yet, when I had to sue him for royalties he protested on the ground that I "had read the play too d——d well!" and so had misrepresented it to him.

Reading a play yourself has its value. You know it has been considered; further, you know it has been read through, and this generally results in quick action. My latest play I sold two weeks after it was written. If you are a very bad reader it is quite hopeless; you must have some slight skill in helping the hearer to visualize it. It is said that Boucicault was such a remarkable reader that he could make an obituary notice seem like a big scene.

Perhaps the best way to read a play is to follow the suggestions attributed to George Ade. He sat the manager down and then drew a revolver and placed it on the desk beside the manuscript. "You're going to like this play!" he said ominously. I never tried that myself, but it has possibilities. I always endeavor to get the managers to sit in uncomfortable chairs—they get sleepy in any other kind. A time that is very bad for reading is at the end of a hard day's work. Sunday is splendid; it gives managers an excuse for staying home from church!

I have read to most of the stars and managers who would allow me to do so. My first experience with Lew Fields was exceptional. At that time Weber & Fields had not broken their partnership and had decided to branch out as producing managers, with a long list of stars. This was my chance. I told Fields I had two plays, either of which would suit him. After much trouble he was resigned to the inevitable and gave me the appointment to read one. I got him in his office and sat close to him, with my hand on his arm so that he could not get away from me. I read all the love scenes right in his face and I am sure he felt like hero and heroine combined—if he did not feel like something else. Every time he tried to move away I clutched him tighter. He said later that he had "never been so held by anything!"

Soon the office force began to peek through the open door with eyes of astonishment. I was told afterward that nobody had ever seen him sit still for so long a time. But what else could he do? After it was finished he drew a long breath. "You say you have two plays? Well, this one is fine, but it won't do. I'll take the other play." And he did, without ever having read it. Needless to say it was never produced; and I have always suspected he was charitable. Perhaps he thought it the best way to avoid hearing another of my plays.

George M. Cohan, a gifted playwright as well as manager, is one of the most intelligent and helpful listeners. Once he gets interested in any author who is trying to break in, he will do everything possible for him.

"I Keep Them a Year and Send Them Back Unread!"

Cohan's Kindness

ONCE he even made a curtain speech in a one-night stand, and asked the audience to attend a play of mine that was to be played there the following night. I have one play he has heard three or four times; and he, of all the managers who have heard it, was the one who gave me a real criticism, which made me entirely rewrite it. One comment he made on another play of mine is typical. After I was through reading he looked up:

"But your play is not finished," he said. "What became of that little girl?"

"Well, George," I responded, "I just wanted that left indefinite, as she wasn't the principal character."

"You mustn't do that. There'll be a lot of fellows out in front like me who'll be interested in her because she's a failure!"

And on this hint I was able to reconstruct the act to its fuller humanity. Cohan always sits in the top gallery when he hears a play and sees it from that viewpoint, which gives him an almost uncanny sense of what the people want.

Henry Miller can beat Jack Johnson side-stepping an author who wants to read him a play. Yet his criticism is always vital. He once phrased for me one of the most important laws of playwriting:

"Always bear in mind that the audience must never be fooled! Tickle their vanity by letting them see how much wiser they are than the people on the stage."

I read many plays also to the late Henry B. Harris, who was a kindly, courteous gentleman. He was a careful listener, but he would close his eyes—the better to visualize perhaps. At first this bothered me, so I used to hit the table on which his arm rested, to see whether he was asleep or not. His wife would hear all the plays with him, and he valued her judgment—as he always wished to see "how it hit a woman." I sold him one of my plays after he had been compelled to break thirty-two different dates he had given me to read it—but I sold it.

Margaret Anglin is always gracious and suggestive, and she has a keen sense of humor that is often distressingly true in its precision. I found Viola Allen so considerate—though she did not buy the play—that I felt I had done her a great favor in reading it to her. That is a rare experience, for generally it is the other way about. Mrs. Fiske would never let me read a play, but she has a system she rigorously

follows of reading each play in the order it is submitted. One may be delayed, but she reads everything.

Sothern and Marlowe are inapproachable these days, as they made one William Shakspere a sufficiently profitable investment. George C. Tyler will not even read a play unless one first submits a summary of it; if he is interested he will investigate further. It is a splendid lifesaver for him, but how could any one condense Peter Pan into a paragraph?

I found that a very good plan to obtain a reading was to wait until the stars went on the road and then catch them when they were lonely. Even to be read to in some of the week stands or one-nighters will be an adventure; but sometimes it is cruelty—at least, I am sure the eminent English actor, E. S. Willard, thought so the day I appeared in Rochester on his trail. I had a letter to him from one of his best friends; so when I insisted on reading the play myself I suppose I had him at a disadvantage. I pleaded that I had come all the way from New York solely for that. He was as kind as I was cruel.

I can see him now as he grew more and more weary while the play wandered on. In those days I stuck at it to the bitter end; now, if they show no interest after the first act, I stop. Mr. Willard finally lay down on the bed completely exhausted; and no doubt he would have slept peacefully had I not walked up and down gesticulating wildly.

Finally the ordeal for us both was over and he saved the situation with charming courtesy by saying he would read it over himself and send me an answer. The manuscript was returned promptly, with an autographed photograph, which I suspect he sent as a testimonial to my courage and lack of consideration; but I had succeeded in tying up my personality with the play, and if I ever submit another to him I am sure he will not forget the experience in Rochester.

Likes and Dislikes of Players

THERE is another value of personal contact—the cold manuscript with an unknown name means nothing to the one reading it. You must get him interested in you yourself and the next time it will be easier. I have always made it a rule to work for that next time, and never appear peeved or hurt when they break engagement after engagement or repeatedly turn down my masterpieces. Some day they may want a play in a hurry and I will be there with the ambulance.

I do not blame any of these managers and stars for avoiding the unknown playwright, but I do object to their avoiding me. In spite of all my experience and productions, even though they know I am in the game to stay, I have almost as much difficulty as ever in getting a hearing and a decision. The demands on the manager's time are numerous; many of them have outside interests, too, and cannot be bothered. They are not preparing for a rainy day, but enjoying the temporary sunshine. When they want a play they generally want it in a hurry, because of a failure or to fill time.

I have found that some of my manuscripts were left to office boys to read. One of the play readers of a most important firm went crazy—literally crazy—and she read for many months before it was discovered! Maybe the plays did it—I do not dare to say, as she lost one of mine.

The very experienced play reader of the largest producer also told me that not one play he had ever recommended had been produced. This seems incredible; but with a few exceptions there is general chaos in this department of the theater. Thousands of plays are submitted which are so bad that time is too valuable to look among them for a masterpiece. Managers prefer to take chances on a playwright who is known and not on one who may be. New men do break in—or, rather, they starve their way in; it is a case of starving first and overfeeding afterward.

I am not a pessimist: I am only telling what my experience has been. I know a better time is at hand, because they have simply got to have us. The foreign supply is dwindling and the older playwrights here are mostly written out; so I am an optimist in spite of it all, and I keep at it though my plays are still turned down monotonously.

I admit that some of my plays are not worth anything and in several instances the public has agreed with me; but certainly some of them have been kept from production for the strangest reasons. Now I have never asked May Irwin to play an ingénue nor DeWolf Hopper to do a Little Lord Fauntleroy. Yet this is done every day, as the actors have told me.

I discovered early, too, that this question of personality and personal limitations is one I should always consider in submitting a play—since personality rather than dramatic genius is what is most frequently exploited on the stage. I have never blamed the stars for this, as it is the public who like to see John Drew in "John Drew parts."

This taste of the public reacts on the manager also in casting a play, for if an actor scores a hit in a line of parts he is kept at it for life. Consequently the actor is forced to specialize. Every stout actor in the country wanted to have a dramatization of The Prodigal Judge, because the leading character had a sixty-inch girth. I have seldom discovered a star who would play an unsympathetic part. It is considered bad business. As one of them said to me last summer while I was sketching out a play for him: "Don't have him make that sacrifice if the audience knows he is to gain by it. It doesn't make a hero of him!" So I saw the star must be loved and admired.

Our public is likewise at fault for this, since it cannot distinguish between good acting in a good part and a charming personality. Yet in spite of all my appreciation of this I, too, have been turned down because the leading part was unsympathetic. The audience, like many an actor, apparently cannot see the difference between weakness and baseness of character. A star must do no wrong—unless it is sympathetic. As I heard a man say in the lobby after seeing one of my plays: "It's a fine play—if they weren't all villains!"

Managers, too, have many prejudices and limitations of vision. Daniel Frohman will never consider a play in which the leading characters are already married. One will never produce a Colonial play because nearly all those of that period have happened to fail. He blames the period—not the plays.

Costume dramas are a red flag to others because of the initial expense. Aside from scenery, costumes must be purchased by the management; whereas in a modern play actors supply their own wardrobe. I have four costume plays that I have not been able to read to any one because of this. I am holding them because the pendulum of taste may swing round some day.

Because of these prejudices I have always tried to keep down the initial expense of production in order that they may not have to risk too much.

It is frequently just as easy to put the scene in a simple exterior as on the top of a mountain with a three-thousand-dollar drop in the distance.

I had one manager reject a play because, as he said, "It's in four acts; and I am doing only three acts this year." A leading star objected to another play because her part contained a strong plea for more liberal divorce.

"Keep the Reporters Away!"

My Record Wait is Four Hours—But I Saw My Man

"But," I remonstrated, "you are playing a part and the woman believes it. You are not expressing your personal convictions."

"I cannot play anything I don't believe," was her answer.

Another manager, after being frequently interrupted by the telephone all through the reading, said there were only "two skirts in the play—and people like lots of gowns." One manager said after he had rejected a new play I had just written:

"You are going to write a great play some day."

"Will you buy an option on it now?" I asked quickly.

"Sure I will!" he answered.

I almost fell dead! He gave me a check and a contract on the spot, but never produced the play when it was finally submitted to him. He was a good poker player, I guess, and would not stand the bluff. I sold it to another manager, however; but he never produced it either. I am almost afraid it will see the footlights some day. If it does I am sure I shall never make any more money out of it.

"The trouble with you playwrights," one of the most cultivated managers said to me recently, "is that you spend three years writing a play and not one hour considering what the public wants."

"Can you tell me what the public wants?" I asked.

"No," he responded sadly. "I turned down Milestones myself."

There we have it—no one knows what the public will take! One of my plays made a hit in Chicago and some time later died a natural death in New York; so there are many reasons outside the manuscript itself that contribute to its success or failure if it is produced—good or bad acting, or even some extraneous event such as Binns' wireless exploit when the Republic went down and the resulting success of Via Wireless, which happened to deal with the same subject.

The Ups and Downs of Play-Writing

IT IS just this uncertainty the cynical manager meant when he said: "Who knows what they want? Most plays fail; so I produce a lot. One or two winners put me on Easy Street."

A manager who could pick winners every time would not be a manager—he'd be a capitalist and subject to legislation. After all, he puts his money into a play; and I have ceased to kick if he is afraid to risk it on any of my possibilities.

I once believed the popular superstition that the minute I got a play produced I should roll in wealth. But I did not!

A successful play can make a fortune for all concerned; but alas!—they are few and far between. From my own personal experience I should say that a playwright's income averages up—one year he will be clipping coupons and the next he will be clipping cuffs.

I made three thousand dollars the first six months out of college and sixty-seven dollars the whole next year. Of course when one gets thoroughly established he is always sure of a production and a large advance; but even an Augustus Thomas cannot live by such advances alone. A person like myself may work for a year or more on a play and never sell it. It is good as experience, but bad to draw a check against. I have three or four plays now which represent the hardest kind of work and I cannot get even a penny out of them.

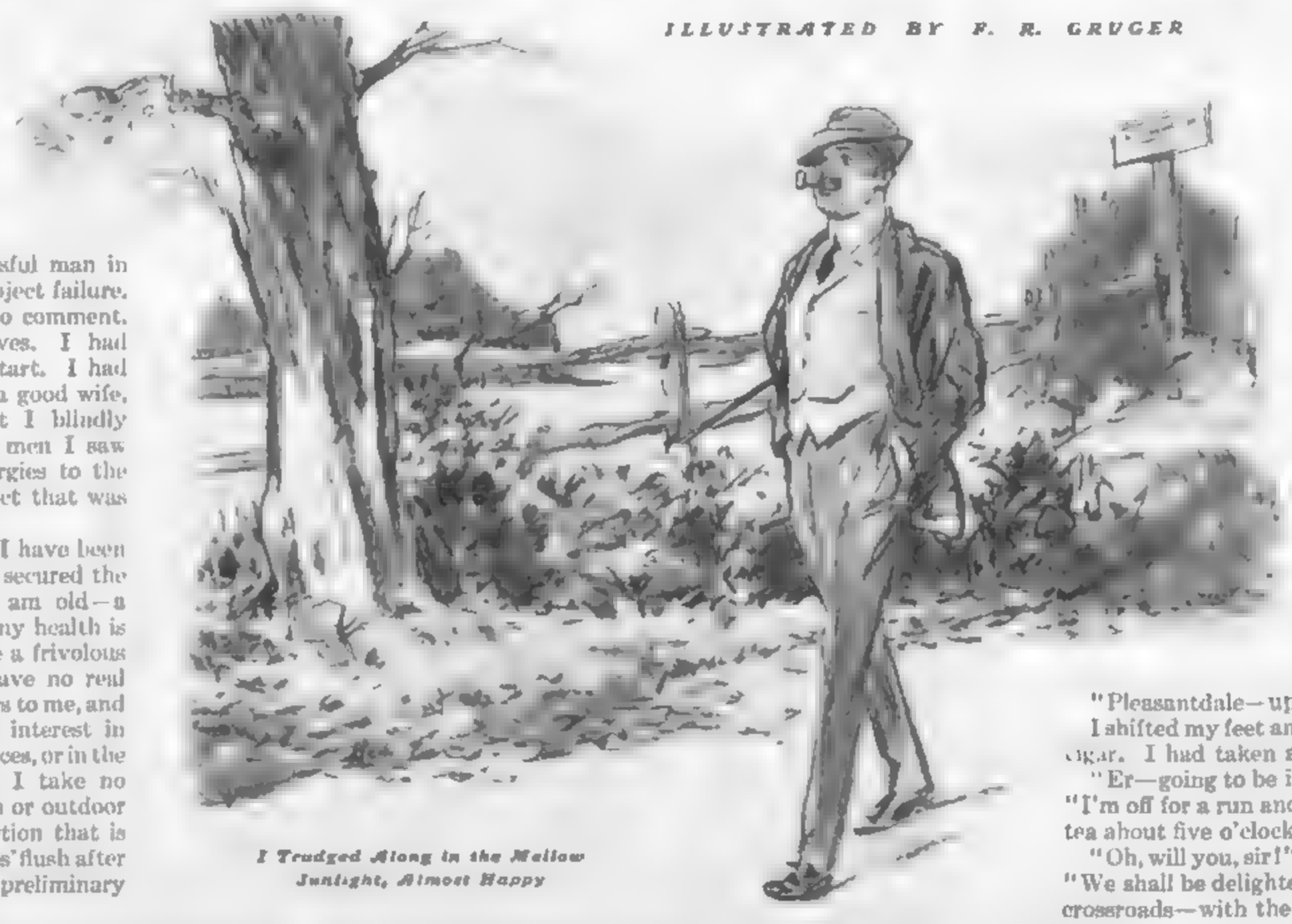
I am like a man who has built a house and cannot rent it—though all I have invested is time. And, bearing in mind Boucicault's remark that "plays are not written, but rewritten," I have gone over them each year and tried to give them my best possible expressions. I have also worked a year on a play and sold it; but it has either failed or never gone on. Of course the play that is not produced will revert to you after a period of time if you have an equitable contract,

(Continued on Page 57)

THE GOLDFISH

A LITTLE LESSON IN LIVING

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



I Trudged Along in the Mellow Sunlight, Almost Happy

WHEN I began to pen these wandering confessions—or whatever they may properly be called—it was with the rather hazy purpose of endeavoring to ascertain why it was that I, universally conceded to be a successful man, was not happy. Now that I re-read what I have written I realize that, instead of being a successful man in any way, I am an all-round abject failure.

The preceding pages need no comment. The facts speak for themselves. I had everything in my favor at the start. I had youth, health, natural ability, a good wife, friends and opportunity; but I blindly accepted the standards of the men I saw about me and devoted my energies to the achievement of the single object that was theirs—the getting of money.

Thirty years have gone by. I have been a leader in the race and I have secured the prize. But at what cost? I am old—a bundle of undesirable habits; my health is impaired; my wife has become a frivolous and extravagant woman; I have no real friends, my children are strangers to me, and I have no home. I have no interest in my family, my social acquaintances, or in the affairs of the city or nation. I take no sincere pleasure in art or books or outdoor life. The only genuine satisfaction that is mine is in the first fifteen minutes' flush after my afternoon cocktail and the preliminary course or two of my dinner.

I have nothing to look forward to. No matter how much money I make, there is no use to which I can put it that will increase my happiness. From a material standpoint I have achieved everything I can possibly desire. No king or emperor ever approached the actual luxury of my daily life. No one ever accomplished more apparent work with less actual personal effort. I am a master at the exploitation of intellectual labor. I have a great house, an epicurean table; and I associate with the smartest people.

I have motors, saddle-horses, and a beautiful summer cottage at a cool and fashionable resort. I travel abroad when the spirit moves me; I entertain lavishly and am entertained in return; I smoke the costliest cigars; I have a reputation at the bar; and I have an established income large enough to sustain at least eighty intelligent people and their families in moderate comfort.

This must be true, for on the one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month I pay my chauffeur he supports a wife and two children, sends them to school and on a three months' vacation into the country during the summer. And now, instead of all these things giving me any satisfaction, I am miserable and discontented.

The fact that I now realize the selfishness of my life led me today to resolve to do something for others—and this resolve had an unexpected and surprising consequence.

Heretofore I had been engaged in an introspective study of my own attitude toward my fellows. I had not sought the evidence of outside parties. What has just occurred has opened my eyes to the fact that others have not been nearly so blind as I have been myself.

A Jolt From an Underling

JAMES HASTINGS, my private secretary, is a man of about forty-five years of age. He has been in my employ fifteen years. He is a fine type of man and deserves the greatest credit for what he has accomplished. Beginning life as an office boy at three dollars a week, he educated himself by attending school at night, learned stenography and typewriting, and has become one of the most expert law stenographers in Wall Street. I believe that, without being a lawyer, he knows almost as much law as I do.

Gradually I have raised his wages until he is now getting fifty dollars a week. In addition to this he does nightwork at the Bar Association at double rates, acts as stenographer at legal references, and does, I understand, some trifling literary work besides. I suppose he earns from thirty-five hundred to five thousand dollars a year. About thirteen years ago he married one of the women stenographers in the office—a nice girl she was too—and now they have a couple of children. He lives somewhere in the country and spends an unconscionable time on the train daily, yet he is always on hand at an early hour. What happened today was this: A peculiarly careful piece of work had been done in the way of looking up a point of corporation law, and I inquired who was responsible for briefing it. Hastings smiled and said that he had done so.

As I looked at him it suddenly dawned on me that this man might make real money if he studied for the bar and started in practice for himself. He had brains and an enormous capacity for work. I should dislike losing so capable a secretary, but it would be doing him a good turn to let him know what I thought; and it was time that I did somebody a good turn from an unselfish motive.

"Hastings," I said, "you're too clever to be merely a stenographer. Why don't you study law and make some money? I'll keep you here in my office, throw things in your way and push you along. What do you say?"

He flushed with gratification, but after a moment's respectful hesitation shook his head.

"Thank you very much, sir," he replied; "but I wouldn't care to do it. I really wouldn't!"

Though I am fond of the man, his obstinacy nettled me.

"Look here!" I cried. "I'm offering you an unusual chance. You had better think twice before you decline such an opportunity to make something of yourself. If you don't take it you'll probably remain what you are as long as you live. Seize it and you may do as well as I have."

Hastings smiled faintly.

"I'm very sorry, sir," he repeated. "I'm grateful to you for your interest; but—I hope you'll excuse me—I wouldn't change places with you for a million dollars! No—not for ten million!"

He blurted out the last two sentences like a schoolboy, standing and twisting his notebook between his fingers.

There was something in his tone that dashed my spirits like a bucket of cold water. He had not meant to be impertinent. He was the most truthful man alive. What did he mean? Not willing to change places with me! It was my turn to flush.

"Oh, very well!" I answered in as indifferent a manner as I could assume. "It's up to you. I merely meant to do you a good turn. We'll think no more about it."

I continued to think about it however. Would not change places with me—a fifty-dollar-a-week clerk!

Hastings' pointblank refusal of my good offices, coming as it did hard on the heels of my own realization of failure, left me sick at heart. What sort of opinion could this honest fellow, my mere employee—dependent on my favor for his very bread—have of me, his master? Clearly not a very high one! I was stung to the quick—chagrined; ashamed.

It was Saturday morning. The week's work was practically over. Most of my clients were out of town—golfing, motoring, or playing poker at Cedarhurst. There was nothing for me to do at the office but to indorse half a dozen checks for deposit. I lit a cigar and looked out the window of my cave down on the hurrying throng below. A resolute, never-pausing stream of men plodded in each direction. Now and then others dashed out of the doors of marble buildings and joined the crowd.

On the river ferryboats were darting here and there from shore to shore. There was a bedlam of whistles, the thunder of steam winches, the clang of surface cars, the rattle of typewriters. To what end? Down at the curb my motor car was in waiting. I picked up my hat and passed into the outer office.

"By the way, Hastings," I said casually as I went by his desk, "where are you living now?"

Hastings looked up smilingly.

"Pleasantdale—up Kensico way," he answered.

I shifted my feet and pulled once or twice on my cigar. I had taken a strange resolve.

"Er—going to be in this afternoon?" I asked. "I'm off for a run and I might drop in for a cup of tea about five o'clock."

"Oh, will you, sir!" he exclaimed with pleasure. "We shall be delighted. Mine is the house at the crossroads—with the red roof."

"Well," said I, "you may see me—but don't keep your tea waiting."

As I shot uptown in my car I had almost the feeling of a coming adventure. Hastings was a good sort! I respected him for his bluntness of speech. At the cigar counter in the club I replenished my case.

Then I went into the reception room, where I found a bunch of acquaintances sitting round the window. They hailed me boisterously. What would I have to drink? I ordered a cocktail and sank into a chair. One of them was telling about the newest scandal in the divorce line: The president of one of our largest trust companies had been discovered to have been leading a double life—running a second establishment on the West Side.

A Wonderful Wayside Luncheon

"YOU just tell me—I'd like to know—why a fellow like that makes such a silly fool of himself! Salary of fifty thousand dollars a year! Big house; high-class wife and family; yacht—everything anybody wants. Not a drinking man either. It defeats me!"

None of the group seemed able to suggest an answer. I had just tossed off my cocktail.

"I think I know," I hazarded meditatively. They turned with one accord and stared at me. "There was nothing else for him to do," I continued, "except to blow his brains out."

The raconteur grunted.

"I don't just know the meaning of that!" he remarked. "I thought he was a friend of yours!"

"Oh, I like him well enough," I answered, getting up. "Thanks for the drink. I've got to be getting home. My wife is giving a little luncheon to thirty valuable members of society."

I was delayed on Fifth Avenue and when the butler opened the front door the party was already seated at the table. A confused din emanated from behind the portières of the dining room, punctuated by shouts of female laughter. The idea of going in and overloading my stomach for an hour, while strenuously attempting to produce light conversation, sickened me.

I shook my head.

"Just tell your mistress that I've been suddenly called away on business," I directed the butler and climbed back into my motor.

"Up the river!" I said to my chauffeur.

We spun up the Riverside Drive, past rows of rococo apartment houses, along the Lafayette Boulevard and through Yonkers. It was a glorious autumn day. The Palisades shone red and yellow with turning foliage. There was a fresh breeze down the river and a thousand whitecaps flashed back the sunlight.

Overhead great white clouds moved majestically athwart the blue. But I took no pleasure in it all. I was suffering from an acute mental and physical depression. Like Hamlet I had lost all my mirth—whatever I ever had—and the clouds seemed but a pestilent congregation of vapors. I sat in a sort of trance as I was whirled farther and farther away from the city.

At last I noticed that my silver motor clock was pointing to half-past two, and I realized that neither the chauffeur nor myself had had anything to eat since breakfast. We were entering a tiny village. Just beyond the main square a sign swinging above the sidewalk invited wayfarers to a Quick Lunch. I pressed the button and we pulled to the gravel walk.

"Lunch!" I said, and opened the wire-netted door. Inside there were half a dozen oilcloth-covered tables and a red-cheeked young woman was sewing in a corner.

"What have you got?" I asked, inspecting the layout.

"Tea, coffee, milk—eggs any style you want," she answered cheerily. Then she laughed in a good-natured way. "There's a real hotel at Poughkeepsie—five miles along," she added.

"I don't want a real hotel," I replied. "What are you laughing at?"

Then I realized that I must look rather civilized for a motorist.

"You don't look as if you'd care for eggs," she said.

"That's where you're wrong," I retorted. "I want three of the biggest, yellowest, roundest poached eggs your fattest hen ever laid—and a schooner of milk."

Cross Country to Pleasantdale

THE girl vanished into the back of the shop and presently I could smell toast. I discovered I was extremely hungry. In about eight minutes she came back with a tray on which were a large glass of creamy milk and the triple eggs for which I had prayed. They were spherical, white and wabbly.

"You're a prize poacher," I remarked, my spirits reviving.

She smiled appreciatively.

"Going far?" she inquired, sitting down quite at ease at one of the neighboring tables.

I looked pensively at her pleasant face across the eggs.

"That's a question," I answered. "I can't make out whether I've been moving on or just going round and round in a circle."

She looked puzzled for an instant. Then she said shrewdly:

"Perhaps you've really been going back."

"Perhaps," I admitted.

I have never tasted anything quite so good as those eggs and that milk. From where I sat I could look far up the Hudson: the wind from the river swayed the red maples round the door of the Quick Lunch; and from the kitchen came the homely smells of my lost youth. I had a fleeting vision of the party at my house, now playing bridge for ten cents a point; and my soul lifted its head for the first time in weeks.

"How far is it to Pleasantdale?"

"A long way," answered the girl; "but you can make a connection by trolley that will get you there in about two hours."

"Suits me!" I said and stepped to the door. "You can go, James; I'll get myself home."

He cast on me a look of scandalized surprise.

"Very good, sir!" he answered and touched his cap.

He must have thought me either a raving lunatic or an unabashed adventurer. A moment more and the car disappeared in the direction of the city. I was free! The girl made no attempt to conceal her amusement.

Behind the door was a gray felt hat. I took it down and looked at the size. It was within a quarter of my own.

"Look here," I suggested, holding out a five-dollar bill, "I want a wishing cap. Let me take this, will you?"

"The house is yours!" she laughed.

Over on the candy counter was a tray of corncob pipes. I helped myself to one, to a package of tobacco and a box of matches. I hung my derby on the vacant peg behind the door. Then I turned to my hostess.

"You're a good girl," I said. "Good luck to you!"

For a moment something softer came into her eyes.

"And good luck to you, sir!" she replied. As she stood in the doorway watching me go down the street she threw after me: "I hope you'll find—what you're looking for!"

In my old felt hat and smoking my corncob I trudged along the road in the mellow sunlight, almost happy. By and by I reached the trolley line; and for five cents, in company with a heterogeneous lot of country folks, Italian laborers and others, was transported an absurdly long distance across the state of New York to a wayside station.

There I sat on a truck on the platform and chatted with a husky, broad-shouldered youth, who said he was the "baggage smasher," until finally a little smoky train appeared and bore me southward. It was the best holiday I had had in years—and I was sorry when we pulled into Pleasantdale and I took to my legs again.

In the fading afternoon light it indeed seemed a pleasant, restful place. Comfortable cottages, each in its own yard, stood in neighborly rows along the shaded street. Small boys were playing football in a field adjoining a schoolhouse.

Presently the buildings became more scattered and I found myself following a real country road, though still less than half a mile from the station. Ahead it divided and in the resulting triangle, behind a well-clipped hedge, stood a pretty cottage with a red roof—Hastings', I was sure.

I tossed my pipe away and opened the gate. A rather pretty woman of about thirty-five was reading in a red hammock; there were half a dozen willow easy chairs and a teatable, with the kettle steaming. At my step on the gravel path Mrs. Hastings looked up and smiled a welcome.

"Jim has been playing golf over at the club—he didn't expect you until five," she said, coming to meet me.

"I don't care whether he comes or not," I returned gallantly. "I want to see you. Besides, I'm as hungry as a bear." She raised her eyebrows. "I had only an egg or so and a glass of milk for luncheon, and I have walked—miles!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. I could see she had had quite a different idea of her erstwhile employer; but my statement seemed to put us on a more friendly footing from the start. "I love walking too," she hastened to say. "We get weeks of such weather as this every autumn." She busied herself over the teacups and then, stepping inside the door for a moment, returned with a plate piled high with buttered toast, and another with sandwiches of grape jelly.

"Carmen is out this afternoon," she remarked; "otherwise you should be served in greater style."

"Carmen?"

"Carmen is our maid, butler and valet," she explained. "It's such a relief to get her out of the way once in a while and have the house all to oneself. That's one of the reasons I enjoy our two weeks' camping trip so much every summer."

"You like the woods?"

"Better than anything, I think—except just being at home here. And the children have the time of their lives—fishing and climbing trees, and watching for deer in the boguns."

The gate clicked at that moment and Hastings, golf bag on shoulders, came up the path. He looked lean, brown, hard and happy.

"Just like me to be late!" he apologized. "I had no idea it would take me so long to beat Colonel Bogey."

"Your excuses are quite unnecessary. Mrs. Hastings and I have discovered that we are natural affinities," said I.

The Hastings and Their Country Life

MY STENOGRAPHER, quite at ease, leaned his sticks in a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea and a couple of sandwiches, which in my opinion rivaled my eggs and milk of the early afternoon. My walk had made me comfortably tired; my lungs were distended with cool country air; my head was clear; and this domestic scene warmed the cockles of my heart.

"How is the Chicopee & Shamrock reorganization coming on?" asked Hastings, striving to be polite by suggesting a congenial subject for conversation.

"I don't know," I retorted. "I've forgotten all about it until Monday morning. On the other hand, how are your children coming on?"

"Sylvia is out gathering chestnuts," answered Mrs. Hastings, "and Tom is playing football. They'll be home directly. I wonder if you wouldn't like Jim to show you round our place?"

"Just the thing," I answered, for I guessed she had household duties to perform.

"Of course you'll stay to supper?" she pressed me.

I hesitated, though I knew I should stay, all the time.

"Well—if it really won't put you out," I replied. "I suppose there are evening trains?"

"One every hour. We'll get you home by ten o'clock."

"I'll have to telephone," I said, remembering my wife's weekly Saturday-night bridge party.

"That's easily managed," said Hastings. "You can speak to your own house right from my library."

Again I barefacedly excused myself to my butler on the ground of important business. As we strolled through the gateway we were met by a sturdy little boy with tousled hair. He had on a gray sweater and was hugging a pigskin.

"We beat 'em!" he shouted, unabashed by my obviously friendly presence. "Eighteen to nothing!"

"Tom is twelve," said Hastings with a shade of pride in his voice. "Yes, the schools here are good. I expect to have him ready for college in five years more."

"What are you going to make of him?" I asked.

"A civil engineer, I think," he answered. "You see, I'm a crank on fresh air and building things—and he seems to be like me. This cooped-up city life is pretty narrowing, don't you think?"

"It's fierce!" I returned heartily, with more warmth than elegance. "Sometimes I wish I could chuck the whole business and go to farming."

"Why not?" he asked as we climbed a small rise behind the house. "Here's my farm—fifteen acres. We raise most of our own truck."

Below the hill a cornfield, now yellow with

"I Meant I Wouldn't Change Places With Any Man in the Millionaire Class"

pumpkins, stretched to the farther road. Nearer the house was a kitchen garden, with an apple orchard beyond. A man in shirtsleeves was milking a cow behind a tiny barn.

"I bought this place three years ago for thirty-nine hundred dollars," said my stenographer. "They say it is worth nearer six thousand now. Anyhow it is worth a hundred thousand to me!"

A little girl, with bulging apron, appeared at the edge of the orchard and came running toward us.

"What have you got there?" called her father.

"Oh, daddy! Such lovely chestnuts!" cried the child. "And there are millions more of them!"

"We'll roast 'em after supper," said her father. "Toddle along now and wash up."

"I Hope You'll Find—What You're Looking For!"

She put up a rosy, beaming face to be kissed and dashed away toward the house. I tried to remember what either of my two girls had been like at her age, but for some strange reason I could not.

Across the road the fertile countryside sloped away into a distant valley, hemmed in by dim blue hills, below which the sun had already sunk, leaving only a gilded edge behind. The air was filled with a soft, smoky haze. A church bell in the village struck six o'clock.

"'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,'"

I murmured.

"For 'ploughman' read golfer," smiled my host. "By George, though—it is pretty good to be alive!" The air had turned crisp and we both instinctively took a couple of deep breaths. "Makes the city look like thirty cents!" he ejaculated. "Of course it isn't like New York."

"No, thank Heaven! It isn't!" I muttered as we wandered toward the house.

"I hope you don't mind an early supper," apologized Mrs. Hastings as we entered; "but Jim gets absolutely ravenous. You see, on weekdays his lunch is at best a movable feast."

Our promptly served meal consisted of soup, scrambled eggs and bacon, broiled chops, fried potatoes, peas, salad, apple pie, cheese, grapes plucked fresh from the garden wall, and black coffee distilled from a shining coffee machine. Mrs. Hastings brought the things hot from the kitchen and dished them herself. Tom and Sylvia, carefully spruced up, ate prodigiously and then helped clear away the dishes, while I produced my cigar case.

Riches on Fifty Dollars a Week

THEN Hastings led me across the hall to a room about twelve feet square, the walls of which were lined with books, where a wood fire was already crackling cozily. Motioning me to an old leather armchair, he sat down by the corner of the mantel and, leaning over, laid a regiment of chestnuts before the blazing logs.

I stretched out my legs and took a long pull on my cigar. It all seemed too good to be true. Only six hours before in my marble entrance hall I had listened disgustedly to the cackle of my wife's luncheon party behind the tapestry of my own dining room.

After all how easy it was to be happy! Here was Hastings, jolly as a clam and living like a prince on—what? I wondered.

"Hastings," I said, "do you mind telling me how much it costs you to live like this?"

"Not at all," he replied—"though I never figured it out exactly. Let's see: Five per cent on the cost of the place—say, two hundred dollars. Repairs and insurance a hundred. That's three hundred, isn't it? We pay the hired man thirty-five dollars and Carmen eighteen dollars a month, and give 'em their board—about six hundred and fifty more. So far nine hundred and fifty. Our vegetables and milk cost us practically nothing—meat and groceries about seventy-five a month—nine hundred a year.

"We have one horse; but in good weather I use my bicycle to go to the station. We cut our own ice in the pond back of the orchard. The schools are free. I cut quite a lot of wood myself, but my coal comes high—must cost me at least a hundred and fifty a year. I don't have many doctor's bills, living out here; but the dentist hits us for about twenty-five dollars every six months—that's fifty more. My wife spends about three hundred and the children as much more. Of course that's fairly liberal. One doesn't need ballgowns in our village.

"My own expenses are: railroad fare; lunches; tobacco—I smoke a pipe mostly—and clothes; probably about five hundred in all. We go on a big bat once a month and dine at a table-d'hôte restaurant, and take in the opera or the play. That costs some—about ten dollars a clip—say, eighty for the season; and, of course, I blow the kids to a camping trip every summer, which sets me back a good hundred and fifty. How does that come out?"

I had jotted the items down, as he went along, on the back of an envelope.

"Thirty-three hundred and eighty dollars," I said, adding them up.

"It seems a good deal," he commented, turning and gazing into the fire; "but I have usually managed to lay up about fifteen hundred every year—besides, of course, the little I give away."

Thirty-three hundred dollars!—I spent seventy-two thousand! —and the man lived as well as I did! What did I have that he had not? But Hastings was saying something.

"I suppose you thought I must be an ungrateful dog not to jump at the offer you made me this morning," he remarked in an embarrassed manner. "It's worried me a lot all day. I'm really tremendously gratified at your kindness. I couldn't very well explain myself, and I don't know what possessed me to say what I did about my not being willing to exchange places with you. But, you see, I'm over forty. That makes a heap of difference. I'm as good a stenographer as you can find, and so long as my health holds out I can be sure of at least fifty dollars a week, besides what I earn outside.

"I've never had any kink for the law. I don't think I'd be a success at it; and frankly, saving your presence, I don't like it. A lot of it is easy money and a lot of it is money earned in the meanest way there is—playing dirty tricks; putting in the wrong a fellow that's really right; aggravating misunderstandings and profiting by the quarrels people get into. You're a highclass, honorable man, and you don't see the things I see." I winced. "But I go round among the other law offices, and I tell you it's a demoralizing profession.

"It's all right to reorganize a railroad; but in general litigation it seems to me as if in the majority of cases the lawyers spend most of their time trying to make the judge and jury believe the witnesses are all criminals. Everything a man says on the stand or has ever done in his life is made the subject of a false inference—an innuendo. The law isn't constructive—it's destructive; and that's why I want my boy to be a civil engineer."

He paused, abashed at his own heat.

"Well," I interjected, "it's a harsh arraignment; but there's a great deal of truth in what you say. Shouldn't you like to make big money?"

"Big money! I do make big money—for a man of my class," he replied with a gentle smile. "I shouldn't know what to do with much more. I've got health and a comfortable home, the affection of an honest woman and two fine children. I work hard, sleep like a log, and get in half a dozen sets of tennis or a round of golf on Saturdays and Sundays. I have the satisfaction of knowing I give you your money's worth for the salary you pay me. My kids have as good teachers as there are anywhere. I bear a good reputation in the town and try to keep things going in the right direction. We have all the books and magazines we want to read. What's more, I don't worry about trying to be something I'm not."

"How do you mean?" I asked, feeling that this talk with my stenographer was money in my moral pocket.

"Oh, I've seen a heap of misery in New York due to just wanting to get ahead—I don't know where: fellows that are just crazy to make big money, as you call it, in order to ride in motors and get into some sort of society. All the clerks, office boys and stenographers seem to want to become stockbrokers. Personally I don't see what there is in it for them. I don't figure out that my boy would be any happier with two million dollars than without. If he had it he would be worrying all the time for fear he wasn't getting enough fun for his money. And as for my girl I want her to learn to do something! I want her to have the discipline that comes from knowing how to earn her own living. Of course that's one of the greatest satisfactions there is in life anyway—doing some one thing as well as it can be done."

"Wouldn't you like your daughter to marry?" I demanded.

"Certainly—if she can find a clean man who wants her. Why, it goes without saying, that is life's greatest happiness—that and having children."

"Certainly!" I echoed with an inward qualm.

What Girls Get Out of Being "In It"

"SUPPOSE she doesn't marry though? That's the point. She doesn't want to hang round a boarding house all her life when everybody is getting busy doing interesting things. I've got a theory that the reason rich people—especially rich women—get bored is because they don't know anything about real life. Put one of 'em in a law office, hitting a typewriter at fifteen dollars a week, and in a month she'd wake up to what was really going on—she'd be alive!"

"'The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!'"

said I. "What's Sylvia going to do?"

"Oh, she's quite a clever little artist." He handed me some charming sketches in pencil that were lying on the table. "I think she may make an illustrator. Heaven knows we need 'em! I'll give her a course at some art institute and then at the Academy of Design; and after that, if they think she is good enough, I'll send her to Paris."

"I wish I'd done the same thing with my girls!" I sighed. "But the trouble is—the trouble is —— You see, if I had they wouldn't have been doing what their friends were doing. They'd have been 'out of it.'"

"No; they wouldn't like that, of course," agreed Hastings respectfully. "They would want to be 'in it.'"

I looked at him quickly to see whether his remark had a *double entente*.

"I don't see very much of my daughters," I continued. "They've got away from me somehow."

"That's the tough part of it," he said thoughtfully. "I suppose rich people are so busy with all the things they have to do that they haven't much time for fooling round with their children. I have a good time with mine though. They're too young to get away anyhow. We read French history aloud every evening after supper. Sylvia is almost an expert on the Duke of Guise and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." *(Continued on Page 41)*

"I'm Sure You're Not Quite Yourself"

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

It Was a Depressing Fog, for No Air Stirred It

IX

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT IS possible that, before their return aboard the yacht, Dorothy Millar may have regretted her impulsive yielding of the situation she had taken with such strategy. De Bernay's manner toward her had changed. Instead of the friendly chaff and repartee that had been exchanged between the two on their way to the gully, the conversation now became serious and of a more personal character. De Bernay told Dorothy something of his life and she in turn told him of her own.

"You see, Mr. De Bernay," she said, "my position is rather different from that of the other girls aboard the yacht. Their families are old colonial ones and prominent in the best society we have—not the fast set, but the old Southern and Knickerbocker and early Beacon Street sort. Both have money of their own and Edna may come in for a big fortune some day. On the contrary, I have no distinguished connections and, worse yet in this day and age"—she gave a little laugh—"no rich ones. I've had to educate myself as best I could; what money I've had I've made in various ways, such as writing special articles for different publications, usually on the latest modes, and executing commissions in Europe for different people I know, trotting young girls round the Continent—and all that sort of thing.

"It's been pretty precarious at times; but I've seen a lot of the world and met and made friends with a good many nice people, such as Lady Audrey."

Another woman less clever than Dorothy might not have cared to make these frank statements of her condition to a man she so strongly desired to interest; but Dorothy had been quick to appreciate that De Bernay's nature was a powerfully protective one. Himself well born and connected, rich, simple of tastes to the point of frugality, entirely absorbed in his scientific work and regarding the idle members of society less with contempt than utter indifference, such a position as hers would be about the quickest to rouse his sympathy. And in this she was quite correct. De Bernay's Gallic nature was warm and responsive, and before they had reached the boat they were chatting as though they had known each other for months instead of hours.

It is probable that in his softened mood De Bernay might have acted on Dorothy's suggestion and found an early opportunity of telling Lady Audrey the circumstances of Dolly's sojourn on the island, had it not been for an unfortunate incident. Lady Audrey was on deck when they arrived at about noon and her bushy eyebrows slightly raised as they rested on the pair. It occurred to her that Dorothy might be lending herself a little too kindly to the duties of chaperon.

"Well," said she to De Bernay, "how did you find things?"

"All over the place," he answered cheerfully. "I am more than ever impressed with the tremendous power of my explosive when in some considerable bulk. I wonder if you could lend me your carpenter and a couple of hands this afternoon to help me make some repairs on the windmill?"

"Take 'em all if you like," said Lady Audrey. "They've nothing to do here aboard."

"You see," said De Bernay, "I get a good bit of auxiliary electric power from the windmill, and it has occurred to me that I might be able to talk to the St. John's boat, which passes here northward-bound the day after tomorrow. The captain is a friend of mine, and I might explain the situation and tell him to start my people back at once."

"Why not ask him to tell 'em to wait at St. John's?" suggested Lady Audrey. "Then, as soon as this muck clears a bit, we'll run up there."

De Bernay's face stiffened a little.

"I'm afraid the baby might be sent for while I am gone," he answered. "Finding the place in ruins and nobody here would cause a great deal of anxiety."

Now it happened most untimely that Lady Audrey was suffering that morning from one of her rare attacks of liver trouble. The events of the day before had taxed her nerves more than she would have been willing to admit. In consequence she had drunk twice her dinner allowance of port and passed a sleepless night. Ordinarily she would have risen early and worked off her spleen by a tramp over the moor, but the baby had required attention and Dorothy had taken the dogs ashore. Then, while getting its bath, the infant Dolly had gurgled and babbled so winsomely as to rouse all the latent motherhood, of which there was a rich fund in Lady Audrey's lonely heart. De Bernay's seeming callousness had awakened her righteous wrath. Wherefore she now retorted in a tone that even those accustomed to her blunt way of speaking would have found far from amiable:

"Humph! Glad to know there's somebody to feel anxiety about her. Beats me why babies are sent into the world to be knocked about from pillar to post! Humph!" This last was a snort rather than a grunt.

A very hard expression appeared round De Bernay's eyes. Had it not been for his talk with Dorothy, he would merely have smiled and explained the situation then and there. That he had not explained it the day before was due to the fact that he had felt the modest distaste to announce himself as a person of much heart and unselfishness. Lady Audrey observed his expression and noted the swarthy flush creeping up to the roots of his black hair. She had already learned that he had a quick temper; and, fearing that he might now be prompted to say something which would result in a disagreeable situation for all aboard, she remarked:

"Now don't let's fight about it! There's nothing to be said."

"I quite agree with you, Lady Audrey," De Bernay answered. "There's absolutely nothing to be said; but, for fear I might say something, I think it would be much better for me to take up my quarters ashore. The boathouse will do me very nicely until something turns up. If you would be so kind as to lend me a few things ——"

"Hoity-toity!" interrupted Lady Audrey. "There you go losin' your temper like a smacked schoolboy. Let's chuck it! Least said, soonest mended, say I."

Just what De Bernay's answer might have been would be hard to say; but at that moment there came an interruption.

A head of ruddy gold, followed by a well-developed bust snugly incased in a pale blue sweater, popped up through the companionway; and Cécile's piquant face was turned inquiringly toward the trio.

"What's the fight about?" she asked in a tone of polite interest. "I'd like to place a bet!"

Dorothy looked at her aghast. Here, at last, she thought, Cécile had put her foot in it. Dorothy had on one occasion seen Lady Audrey really angry. But now, to her intense surprise, Lady Audrey appeared to welcome the interruption with a certain air of relief. True, her heavy eyebrows were lowered for an instant as she glanced round at Cécile and a red spot appeared in each of her lean cheeks; but her voice was irritable rather than angry as she answered:

"Here's a nice kettle of fish! De Bernay flies off in a rage and wants to camp ashore because I say that I'm jolly glad somebody's anxious about his baby."

"His baby!" said Cécile sweetly. "Nonsense! Dolly's no more his baby than she is our baby."

"Cécile! Hold your tongue!" cried Lady Audrey.

"But she's not!" Cécile protested, and looked at De Bernay. "Is she?"

"Of course she's not," growled De Bernay.

Lady Audrey's pince-nez fell on the deck and was broken. Her prominent eyes fairly bulged—first at Cécile, then at De Bernay.

"What's all this? What's all this?" she snapped.

Dorothy picked up Lady Audrey's broken glasses and handed them to her. She was not even thanked. Cécile looked amilingly at De Bernay.

"Who does Dolly belong to—when she's living at home?" she asked interestedly.

"Some Newfoundland fisherfolk," he answered. "They left her with me on their way across to Cape Breton. How did you know?"

"I can tell a father when confronted with his child," said Cécile indifferently. "You're a sham!"

"A—what?"

"A sham!—not a pillow-sham like the one that was round the baby, but a sort of bolstered sham. Why did you want to pretend that the baby was yours anyhow? That's what I can't understand."

Lady Audrey sniffed.

"If there's anything you can't understand, my dear," said she, "I hope I may never learn it. Why didn't you tell me the man was deceiving us?"

"Dear Lady Audrey," said Cécile plaintively, "all men are deceivers. You know that as well as I do. But I must say that Mr. De Bernay deserves a medal. After all of the sympathy we wasted on him too!"

De Bernay seemed ready to choke.

"But, I say—look here!" he began wildly; but Cécile forestalled him.

"Please, Mr. De Bernay, spare us your apologies," said she. "We came off on this cruise to get away from men. We landed on your island, not knowing that it was a grand seigniory and private game preserve, stocked with grouse and rabbits and deer, and telephones, nitroglycerine and things. Our dog killed a rabbit. What's one rabbit? And what do you expect of sporty dogs cooped up on a yacht? You begin brutally to kick them off and naturally you get bitten. You should have known when to stop kickin' our dog round. Then we exchange abuse, and we concede the point and bury the dog and apologize—and are getting ready to depart in peace and shake the rain of your domain from our skirts forever—when you start in to give us a pathetic story of your baby dying of smallpox."

"Oh, come! Hold on!"

"I shall if you will be so kind as not to interrupt—I shall hold on to the bitter end. Let me tell you, Mr. De Bernay, that you have not acted precisely as one might expect of a man with a noble name and hereditary title, and a seigniory full of rabbits—and all those other things.

You deceived us and you know it; and one has only to look at your face to see that you know it too."

Her blue-gray eyes were fixed upon him accusingly. De Bernay panted for air, of which there was a great deal in rapid motion going absolutely to waste. Lady Audrey was clinging to the canvas cover of the wheel, while Dorothy watched Cécile a good deal as a student ambitious for operatic honors watches the prima donna. Cécile shook her head slowly and sighed.

"It is very discouraging," said she. "Trying to find any good in a man is like looking for pearls in an oyster cocktail. One has to dive after pearls, and even in the better class of dives they are usually artificial. It is quite needless to describe how we proposed to vaccinate the baby and the impostor whom we naturally supposed to be its father, and went to the cabin, and risked our complexions and the prospect of a two-weeks' quarantine, only to find that it was all a fraud and that the baby had been eating fiddler crabs or fishheads—or something of the sort. Then, thanks to a badly erected stove and a lot of birch-bark, the place went off in a blaze like a tar-barrel on election night while we were bathing what might have been a tar-baby for all the care it had received.

"And then came the explosion and the air filled with red-hot organettes and retorts, and tin roofing, pterodactyls and things—all on account of this hard-luck story about a baby with smallpox!" She looked accusingly at De Bernay, who had sunk back against the binnacle, goggle-eyed and fascinated, with a grin that he was fighting hard to obliterate. "Didn't you tell us you thought your baby had the smallpox?" Cécile asked.

"I—perhaps—I don't quite remember!"

Cécile's red lip curled scornfully.

"This isn't the trial of a trust magnate," she observed. "You don't need to strain yourself in trying to forget how to remember things. There were too many witnesses. You said you were afraid your baby had smallpox because a Portuguese sailor on your boat had had the smallpox and left some of his clothes lying about the house—or something of the sort."

"Oh, look here, Miss Bell ——"

"I would if there was anything there worth looking at," answered Cécile sweetly; "but all I can see is an ungrateful and rather bad-tempered person who, after having tried to palm himself off as a father, gets into a rage because we think he's a mighty poor one—or, at least, because Lady Audrey thought so. From the very start I doubted whether you were one at all. I thought the chances were that the baby belonged to a former cook—or something of the sort—whom you had frightened off the island in one of your fits of temper."

"Cécile!" moaned Lady Audrey, squinting at her young guest through the black spots and prismatic spots, and spots with holes in them, which were swimming before her eyes. Poor Lady Audrey! A bilious headache is bad enough—but a bilious headache in the case of a near-sighted person whose eyeglasses have just been broken is a horrid nightmare of distorted and shocking shapes!

Staring now at Cécile, Lady Audrey could see but one of the young girl's dancing eyes. When she tried to focus on the other Cécile's left ear disappeared as though smitten off by an invisible sword. Glancing at De Bernay, Lady Audrey saw two of him, the double on the right a little higher and slightly on the bias. This took all the fight out of Lady Audrey.

However, there was plenty of fight still left in Cécile—and even more fun. She saw that she had De Bernay "looking both ways for Sunday," as sailors say, and she wanted to lead him gently to the hour of prayer. As a matter of fact, De Bernay knew quite well where he was; but he was having too good a time, now that he had got his bearings, to think of spoiling the show. It is to be feared that he was enjoying Lady Audrey's discomfiture, which was not nice of him, considering the transient indisposition of that warlike spirit. Of course De Bernay knew nothing of this.

Cécile looked suddenly at Dorothy.

"Where was I at?" she asked, so sharply that Dorothy jumped. "Oh, yes—I was speaking about the baby and Mr. De Bernay's attempted deception. When I examined the baby last night I knew that it was no more his than mine."

"Cécile dear!" remonstrated Dorothy, who was angry at herself for having jumped.

"Quite so," said Cécile. "It's a healthy, rugged, squarely built baby enough, but laid down on quite different lines from Seignior De Bernay. To make sure, I asked Yan whose baby it was. I asked him in Danish."

"In what?" asked De Bernay.

"In Danish. I learned that tongue from Captain Christian Heldstrom, who was my father's sailing master and my nurse for about twenty-four years. 'Whose baby is that?' I asked of Yan." She looked at De Bernay. "When any of us want to know anything we ask Yan—the Finn. "I don't know,' he answered. 'Is it Lord De Bernay's?' I asked. 'Of course not,' he answered; 'this is a nice child, but it is not a noble.' 'Then why does he speak of it as if it were his?' I asked. 'Nobles always speak of all their people as theirs, your honor,' said he. So now," Cécile concluded, "it's all straightened out and there's nothing more to talk about. I'm going below. My hair's getting wet." And she made a dive for the companionway and disappeared in a manner strongly suggestive of a diving duck.

A little silence fell, broken only by the humming in the rigging and in Lady Audrey's ears. Presently De Bernay said:

"Do you mind if I ask Hopkins to mix me a whisky and soda?"

"Not in the least," said Lady Audrey pleasantly. "I'll join you in a little Carlsbad. What would you like, Dot?"

"I think I'll go and lie down," said Dorothy. "I'm a bit tired after my walk."

*

AN EPOCH of peace pervaded the Foxhound for the next two days. Divine service was held in the saloon, at which all hands assisted, even the Prime Minister, who sidling along a brass rod on the skylight rapped his beak during the prayer offered by the skipper and demanded in a raucous voice: "Hoity-toity! What are you doing here?"—adding in tones identical with those of the seafaring evangelist: "D—— n your eyes!" At which Hopkins modestly withdrew to duck the offender in a bucket of sea-water.

De Bernay Had Begun to Regard Cécile With Different Eyes

The rough northeast wind blew itself out, when, instead of hauling round to a more cheerful quarter, it backed sulkily into the southeast and filled the place with a warm, smoky fog, so thick that it made the Foxhound feel like goldfish in a globe in which nobody has thought to change the water for several days. It was a depressing fog, for no air stirred it and it hung dense and heavy, curling the hair of those who wished it straight and straightening the hair of those who preferred a curl. The rigging wept sad drops, which fell dolefully on the decks and seemed to say: *Memento mori!*

De Bernay was not depressed, because he was very busy; and, as everybody knows, it is impossible to be depressed when one is very busy with the thing at which one likes most to be busy. Besides, De Bernay knew that the weather was bound to change after a while, whereas the rest of the party were convinced that it never would. Lady Audrey managed pretty well, because she was accustomed to a cycle of action, shock, interlude of action; action, shock, and so on. Such had been her life.

Cécile managed to have a good time for reasons known strictly to herself. Dorothy and Edna were extremely bored—Edna because she wished that the whole silly cruise was over, and Dorothy because she could not determine precisely what she was going to do when the whole silly cruise was over. However, anything was better than nothing, and there certainly seemed to be nothing for her now that she had been relieved of her official duties as *tertium quid*. At least there was nothing she wanted to do, for Lady Audrey had taken a sudden and violent interest in De Bernay's telephone and Dorothy saw no chance for a tête-à-tête. In any case it seemed hardly worth while, she reasoned. The removal of the secret understanding between them had spoiled everything.

At luncheon on Monday De Bernay announced that he hoped his apparatus was in order and that he would start calling at three and continue to call at intervals of fifteen minutes until seven—if he did not receive a reply meantime. The steamer, he said, should be in communication for about an hour. Up to this time he had only succeeded in getting an audible transmission on one occasion, when he had prevailed upon the captain of the steamer to swing in twenty miles nearer to the island; but even then speech was blurred and the words indistinguishable. He had, however, increased his tension and made certain changes in his transmitters that he hoped would result in coherent communication.

It was in considerable excitement that Lady Audrey and her guests, and also Captain Hopper, set out for the boathouse. The worthy mariner put but slight faith in the success of the experiment.

"This 'ere wireless telegraph is one think, m'lady," said he to Lady Audrey, "but talkin' to a man wot's in a wessel 'ull down over the 'orizon and a-'earin' of 'is woice is quite another. 'Ow can a 'uman woice carry all they miles, I arsks?" He looked back at the Foxhound, which had the appearance of having lived all her long life where she now lay. "Pity us didn't bring the bosun. 'E's got a powerful woice—the bosun 'as."

The fog had thinned considerably and there was not a breath of wind, the sea stretching off in oily undulations to the near horizon. The boathouse was in a sheltered bight. De Bernay had charged his condensers and stopped the dynamos. At three o'clock he began to call, doing so at intervals of fifteen minutes. An hour passed; then two hours—but without result. His audience, growing a little restive under these continued disappointments, was beginning to think of tea, the wherewithal for which had been brought along, when suddenly it was electrified by hearing De Bernay say in his usual quiet bass, which, however, carried a certain vibrant note of excitement:

"Hello! Is that you, Saunders?"

There was a sudden flutter of excitement. "Sh-h-h!" hissed LadyAudrey, her finger on her lips. The silence became almost painful. Each member of the party seemed to freeze in whatever posture the command had found him or her. There was no sound save the deep breathing of Captain Hopper, standing in the doorway of the boathouse. It was evident that De Bernay was hearing something, for once or twice he nodded as if to himself. Lady Audrey quivered like a highstrung pointer on a covey.

"If he doesn't say something in a moment I'll scream!" whispered Cécile.

"Sh-h-h!" Lady Audrey let out her breath in a long, tremulous sibilation. But the tension was that instant relieved, for De Bernay said in the same suppressed voice:

"Hello! Yes; perfectly distinctly. What? Yes. Try lowering your tension—that's better. As distinct as though I were talking from New York to Brooklyn. Thanks—thanks! I say, Saunders, send somebody—the captain's there? Yes; I want to speak to him. Come up a little—it's not quite so clear now. Stopped the engines? Much obliged, I'm sure; but I don't think it's really necessary. What? What? Hello, captain—that you? Yes—recognized your voice at once. Thanks—thanks! Yes, it is a satisfaction, isn't it? Yes, thanks! And don't forget that your ship has the honor of the first really successful long-distance offshore communication. Same to you, captain!"

There followed a considerable pause, De Bernay working a small lever at the side of the bench. Then:

"Yes—certainly—only too glad to have it verified by others; but hold on a minute—there's something I want to say to you before anything happens to disconnect us. My place here is burned to the ground—what? Yes, whole blooming business—laboratory and all—what? No—nobody hurt. I'd sent my boat to St. John's the same morning after a doctor and nurse and some things for a sick baby here on the island. Would you mind hunting up the skipper—Joe Craven—and tell him to get back here as fast as he can? Never mind what he went for—the baby's all right. Proved to be nothing serious. What? What? Oh, yes; I'm all right. There's a yacht here—a British yacht belonging to Lord Charteris—what? What? Good Lord! You don't tell me! What? Yes; please do—tell him that his sister, Lady Audrey, is here beside me."

Lady Audrey was able to contain herself no longer.

"What's this?" she cried. "You don't mean to say that ——"

De Bernay made an imperative gesture commanding silence. Lady Audrey silenced herself.

"Yes," said De Bernay in a tone of exasperating calm; "Lady Audrey is here. Yes—yes—quite so. He's coming?

All right!" He got up from his seat and looked at Lady Audrey with a smile. "Lord Charteris wants to speak to you," he said.

Lady Audrey's face was crimson and her hand trembled as she took the transmitter. De Bernay glanced round the little group, his blue eyes nearly black from suppressed excitement. Cécile was rather pale; Edna was moistening her red lips, and Dorothy looked rather scared. As for Captain Hopper, that ancient mariner was breathing so loudly through his nose that De Bernay motioned him to step outside.

When she spoke Lady Audrey's voice shook with an agitation she found it impossible to control. It was moving enough to listen to a conversation being carried on in a perfectly normal voice with somebody far out on that pale leaden waste of fog and water on which her eyes were fastened as she sat before the instrument; but to be told that her own brother, whom she believed to be safe in England, had been raised up out of the gray void and desired to converse with her was distinctly upsetting. Wherefore the first word Lady Audrey spoke suggested in its quality of sound the preliminary gurgle of a steam whistle in which a certain quantity of the vapor has condensed.

"Are—h'm—h'm—Are you there?" she asked.

The answer was apparently convincing to Lady Audrey. Lord Charteris was undoubtedly there, wherever that might be.

"Yes—wonderful, upon my word!" Lady Audrey continued. "Most extraordinary—and all that sort of thing; but what the deuce are you doing out there, Chat? What? What? You don't tell me! Going to join us at St. John's—the devil you are! What—bringing a guest? A man—hold your tongue! Of course I didn't think it was a girl! What? No, not for some days probably. I've agreed to stop on here until Mr. De Bernay's people arrive. Yes—his boat."

De Bernay interrupted:

"Tell Lord Charteris he can run down here with my crowd," said he—"that is, if they haven't sailed when he arrives at St. John's."

"I say, Chat—Mr. De Bernay says for you to come here to the island on his boat, if she hasn't left—what? You will! I'm sure I don't know where I'm going to stow you—what? What? Why must—why am I stopping on? What am I doing here? Oh, we put in to exercise the dogs. What? Yes, all but Jock. He's dead. He bit Mr. De Bernay, who was obliged to knock him in the head with a spade. What? Served him right? Who? What? You brute! Jock was all right until he lost his head—what? No; it's quite impossible. I've got to stuck on here until De Bernay's boat comes back. Mr. De Bernay—what? He's got a baby! Oh, come, just chuck all that chaff—what? Fiddlesticks! No—certainly not. You see—I say, Chat!—you see I set his house on fire and blew up his laboratory—will you hush? Will you—I say, if you're going to talk like that—hold your tongue! I tell you I set the place afire by . . . I say, are you there? Are you there?" this last query with a note of desperation.

A curious humming and clicking became audible to the strained ears of the others. Lady Audrey turned her crimson face to De Bernay.

"Something's wrong with the beastly thing!" said she. "It's making sounds like a Zulu!"

"Let me see!" said De Bernay. Lady Audrey ceded him her place, searching for her handkerchief. De Bernay began to work his little lever. At the end of a few moments he turned to them with a bored expression on his face. "Somebody's cut in with a wireless message and boggled the thing all up," said he. "What a nuisance!"

"Nuisance!" echoed Lady Audrey in a tone of exasperation. "I should say it was a nuisance! Fancy shutting me off that way just as I was going on to explain! Charteris thinks now that I set your place afire purposely, and he's in a tearing rage!"

De Bernay smiled.

"That's what it is to have a reputation as a militant," said he.

Lady Audrey frowned, then laughed. She held out her hand to De Bernay.

"Anyhow," said she, "please accept my warmest congratulations, my dear De Bernay, for your wonderful invention. It has been a great honor to have been almost the first to put it to practical use. It is marvelous—you know; and I can't tell you how much I appreciate it."

General congratulations followed. De Bernay received them smilingly, a deep flush on his lean cheeks. Old Captain Hopper shook his head and breathed heavily.

"Never would 'a' believed it, sir," said he, "if I 'adn't 'eard it with my own ears. So 'is lordship is hactually out there, m'lady?"

"Didn't you hear me talking to him? He might just as well have been standing where you are now."

Captain Hopper shook his grizzled beard.

"'Ardly that, m'lady," he objected. "'Cos w'y? 'Cos if 'is lordship 'ad been astarnding where I am now us would 'ave 'eard 'im too."

Lady Audrey turned to De Bernay.

"You'll be knighted for this," she said.

De Bernay laughed. "Afraid, as I'm an American, I'll have to forego that honor," said he. "Let's try 'em again."

The ether was filled with disturbing tensions, however, and, though De Bernay continued to call at intervals for the next hour and a half, he was unable to get any communication.

Lord Charteris, Lady Audrey explained, had suddenly taken it into his head to run across and join her for a cruise on the North American coast. The day of his arrival in New York, having seen in the morning papers that the Foxhound had sailed from Halifax for St. John's, he had telegraphed to that port to say that he would join the yacht there and had then resumed his journey the afternoon of the same day. Of the identity of the guest he had mentioned Lady Audrey had no idea.

"Drat the man!" she exclaimed vexedly. "He had the cheek to say he thought I needed lookin' after, for fear I might try to burn up Niagara Falls—or something of the silly sort. Now he's fetchin' a guest. Well, you girls will have to double up, I'm afraid."

As a matter of fact, Cécile was nearly doubled up already from suppressed laughter. Lady Audrey's keen eyes noticed this and she chuckled.

"Here's a nice go!" said she. "We come off for a cruise to get away from men and here they come tumblin' all about us! If they were all like De Bernay it wouldn't be so bad; but Charteris is worse than a dose of Chagres fever. You girls will have to mind your p's and q's. He'll be huggin' the lot of you the minute my back's turned."

"Dear Lady Audrey," murmured Cécile, "you have such a pretty back!"

Lady Audrey tried to look austere, then chuckled again. She looked a little thoughtful too. His lordship was a rollicking bachelor of thirty-seven, sound of body and estate, and so far entirely unmarried—this last error was due to the largeness of his heart. He and a certain Russian ballerina, whose charms were much in the public eye—too much, in fact, for the satisfaction of the stern British dramatic censor—had frightened the family nearly to death until it had been discovered that the attentions of his lordship were not serious; and it occurred to Lady Audrey that her younger brother might do far worse than to wed some bright, attractive American girl, with a fortune of her own, who would not be awed into submission but could be counted upon to give him as good as he sent—such a girl, for instance, as Cécile. Lady Audrey rubbed her chin.

"Hoity-toity!" said she. "This is a deuced odd world. Fancy sitting here on a desert island and talkin' to one's brother somewhere out there in the fog!"

"It's downright huncanny!" Captain Hopper agreed. "I'm sure I don't know wot we're comin' to, m'lady."

"No use waiting here any longer," said De Bernay; "the ship has probably gone on and swung out of range by this time. Besides, these wireless chumps are keeping up a steady jabber—some incoming liner with a stack of messages for Cape Race. They're apt to chin away for the next three hours. It's like trying to talk to somebody on the other side of a crowded cabaret. We might as well go back aboard."

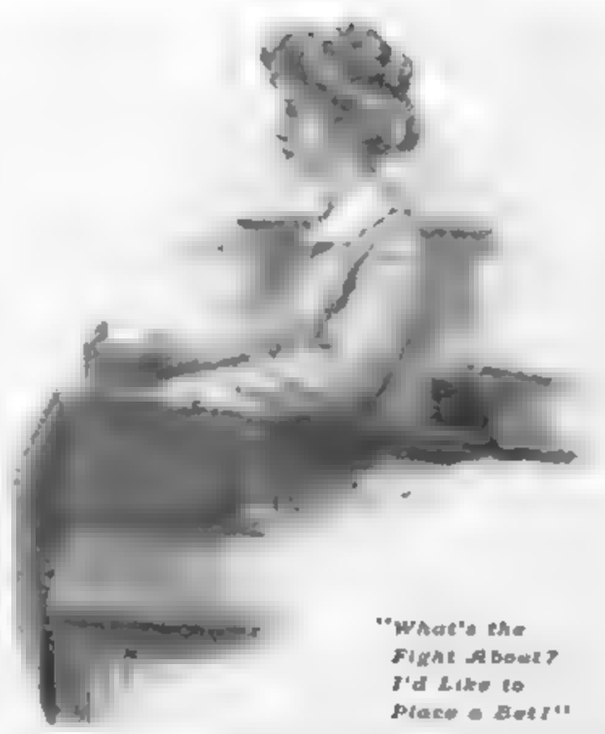
As there now seemed to be nothing to do but wait, the party aboard the Foxhound sat down to do so with as much resignation as possible. Fortunately the yacht had taken stores in abundance at North Sydney, and as there was game on the island and the sea abounded with fish, all that was lacking were fresh garden vegetables. The weather cleared, and the second day after the conversation with the St. John's boat Dolly's father arrived and took her back to the mainland. De Bernay assured the ladies that his boat, a small fishing schooner, might be expected at any hour.

Acquaintanceship grows rapidly within the narrow confines of a yacht or a desert island; and it quickly became evident to Lady Audrey that De Bernay was developing an interest other than that of his telephone which centered in a certain bright-haired young person of ready wit and tongue, who did not appear to find his society distasteful. From the moment of her mocking denunciation of his reticence in the matter of the baby, De Bernay had begun to regard Cécile with different eyes. It was as though he had discovered some new and baffling element that defied all attempts at a quantitative or qualitative analysis, and which, like radium, diffused continually its intensive properties with no loss of substance to itself.

There was nothing very strange in this. De Bernay's was an essentially masculine nature, whereas Cécile's was the epitome of all that is subtly and warmly feminine. If up to this time the inventor had never fallen a victim it was probably because he had always been absorbed in his work and had taken pains to avoid anything of a distracting character. Now that he was cornered, he did not struggle very hard—the more so as he felt his liberation to be hourly imminent. His boat must soon arrive, bringing the festive earl—when the yacht would sail away and he would occupy himself in the reconstruction of his ruined premises.

De Bernay rejoiced in his free life on the island; and, his means being practically unlimited—for he had inherited a large fortune—he decided to import a small colony of workmen, with the materials for the construction

(Continued on Page 61)



"What's the Fight About? I'd Like to Place a Bet!"

"How Long Do You Think it Takes a Man to Love the Only Woman He Ever Could Love?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 21, 1914

Preventive Charity

THE recent appointment by Governor Tener of the Boards of Managers of three new charitable institutions in Pennsylvania is a noteworthy exemplification of the new ideal in public charity which is manifesting itself throughout the Nation. The growing realization of society's debt to the social debtor is expressing itself in entirely new types of service in behalf of the socially inadequate. Functions which have long been regarded as the property of private charity exclusively are becoming accepted as the rigid responsibility of state or municipality. The establishment of municipal lodging houses and the growth of the idea of farm colonies for vagrants are of recent origin. The first public institution in the United States for the care of the tuberculous was erected only fifteen years ago. Special provision for inebriates and preventive measures against insanity are becoming generally recognized as public duties. The development of state care for dependent and neglected children is rapidly creating still another gap in the usefulness of the private relief society.

Most encouraging of all, the tendency of up-to-date public charity is toward the prevention as well as the alleviation of distress. Each of the three new charitable institutions established in Pennsylvania is designed as a preventive measure against some type of dependency. The Home for Inebriates, by substituting scientific treatment for repeated and futile jail sentences, aims to prevent chronic inebriety. The Industrial Home for Women, by removing the wayward girl from the hardening influence of jail or prison, aims to prevent confirmed delinquency. The Village for Feeble-Minded Women of Child-Bearing Age, by segregating this unfortunate class, aims to stop the procreation of idiots and imbeciles and thus to check one of the most prolific sources of poverty, degeneracy and crime.

This conspicuous upward trend in the nature of public humanitarian work may be directly credited to an awakened public conscience which has been in a measure both the cause and the effect of the organization of bodies of private citizens in a number of states for the purpose of encouraging and improving the efforts of public charity. A most successful example of such an organization is the State Charities Aid Association of New York, which has been a potent factor in bringing order out of chaos in the system of charity of that state. It has been largely due to the work of a similar organization—the State Public Charities Association—that the new charitable institutions herein described were established in Pennsylvania.

How the Money Goes

SPEAKING from ample experience on the subject of government extravagance, a senator pointed out two causes: "The desire of the departments to secure as large appropriations as possible, and the desire of the member of Congress to secure for his district or state as large a share of the pork barrel as possible. . . . The House has nearly four hundred members and the Senate ninety-six, most of whom seem to be interested in getting appropriations for their districts and states made from the permanent government appropriations. Perhaps no one thing has caused more criticism of Congress in the past than the pork-barrel bills, of which the rivers-and-harbors bill and the public building bill are notable examples."

The criticism has had no edge, however. Its utter futility is proved by the record. The Democrats came into power decrying Republican extravagance and promising economy—and almost at once they passed a pork-barrel building bill which was so rank that leading members of the party denounced it.

Now the Democrats would not have done that if they had thought the public took their economy talk seriously. They would not have done it if they had supposed they should be called to account for it. And as a matter of fact, the public, after some feeble expressions of disgust, shrugged its shoulders and laughed. It had gone against the old game once more and had been bitten in the old way. The little pea was not under the shell it had selected. What should one do, in that case, but laugh at one's gullibility?

People generally do not yet take the waste of public money seriously. There is hope that the direct income tax may help them to see the matter in a graver light. Congress will not be in earnest about economy until the voters are.

A Postal Tyranny

AS BAD a legislative proposal as we have seen lately is that to put stock exchanges under control of the postmaster-general. The bill seeks to prevent "manipulation of securities, all fictitious purchases and sales of securities, and all other dealings that are intended or the effect of which is to deceive or mislead the public."

We should be heartily glad to see those things prevented; but we should be very sorry to see the postmaster-general charged with responsibility for preventing them by excluding from the mails institutions in which any of them took place. We should like to see an end of all advertisements "that are intended or the effect of which is to deceive or mislead the public"; but we should decidedly object to having the postmaster-general vested with the power and charged with the responsibility of excluding from the mails any publication in which such an advertisement appeared.

To almost any business enterprise postal service is as vital as air to human lungs. Except only the very smallest local enterprises, there is probably not a business concern in the country that could live a week if denied communication by mail and wire. Exclusion from the mails is not warranted except on the clearest, most unequivocal grounds.

If a concern's business consists in using the mails to defraud then it should be excluded; but the worst cases of manipulation and fictitious sales in the past have gone hand in hand with an incomparably greater volume of legitimate transactions. And these cases of manipulation and fictitious sales do not involve a use of the mails—or at least in only a slight and incidental way.

There should be no exclusion from the mails except for fraud committed directly by their use. To shut a man or an institution from the mails because of fraud committed elsewhere is to pervert the Post Office Department from its legitimate uses into a vast police tyranny. No one would think of excluding even a murderer from use of the mails. His crime is reached and punished by other agencies of the Government. By other agencies of the Government whatever frauds may be committed in a genuine stock exchange should be reached.

This life-and-death power to exclude from the mails should be exercised with the greatest caution. Otherwise it would be easy to make the Post Office Department a huge engine of tyranny.

Civil Service

CIVIL-SERVICE laws are not attractive to ambitious men. We suppose every capable department head at Washington is more or less impatient of them. How much can you tell about any man's fitness for any job by putting him through a stereotyped written examination? Obviously not very much. Even where sheer knowledge is a prime requisite—as, for instance, in the case of a professor of mathematics or chemistry—we should not think of choosing a candidate by that method. The man who stood highest in the examination might be the worst teacher.

As to the great majority of government positions that are under civil-service rules, we should about as lief examine all candidates briefly as to certain fundamental qualifications of education and character, and then choose by lot. Civil-service laws do not get the best man for the job. They tend to deaden and ossify the whole service. They dampen ambition and check initiative in the head offices. An executive who has little authority over his subordinates, and little responsibility for them, naturally loses interest in them.

The ideal scheme is to choose a capable executive, give him a free hand and hold him completely responsible for results. Reformed civil service is almost the reverse of that. It has, however, a negative merit which for practical purposes far outweighs all its faults—that is, it takes appointments out of politics and thereby prevents Cabinet and Congress, which are supposed to be the Nation's special guardians, from looting the public service wholesale, as they would certainly do if their hands were not tied. Our civil-service laws are a strange commentary on our political morality.

If we had a law requiring that the secretary of the treasury be chained to his desk lest he loot the treasury vaults, disinterested observers would think it indicated an odd state of morals. Our civil-service laws are somewhat like that. The time will come when they will not be necessary, because debauching the public service for political ends will be considered as infamous as stealing public money.

Wireless for Trains

THAT stock tragedy of the dispatcher who discovers too late that he has ordered two trains to proceed in opposite directions over the same stretch of track at the same time will soon become unavailable for the amateur fictionist. Trains have already been experimentally operated by wireless telegraphy, and it has been demonstrated that by a comparatively simple apparatus signals may be set from a moving train. In a little while the absent-minded dispatcher will be able to call up his trains en route; and the sequel of the story will be merely a reprimand for the dispatcher instead of a wreck. That this will make travel by land safer, as wireless has already made it safer by sea, goes without saying.

During a recent storm that wrecked the telegraph and telephone lines all trains on a division in Pennsylvania were handled by wireless station messages. We have here a means of communication that is almost independent of physical means, that fire, flood or hurricane can hardly affect, something hardly more limited by physical objects than is thought itself.

And incidentally astute railroad managers are already figuring how much money they can save when a simple means of wireless communication with trains is generally used. For example, to stop and start a heavy long-distance freight train costs quite a bit. At present such trains must stop frequently, merely to receive orders. With wireless, they need not stop at all short of destination.

It is a beautiful idea, and promises to yield good cash dividends, as so many other beautiful ideas have done.

The Alaska Railroad

UNDOUBTEDLY the Government should build a railroad in Alaska for substantially the same reasons that fifty-odd years ago it lent its credit for the construction of the Union Pacific—the same reasons that have induced European governments at various times to construct or aid in the construction of railroads.

The road is necessary for the development of the territory, and private capital is not available for the enterprise on satisfactory terms. Certainly the Government should step in when a necessary or very important work is to be done and no other agency can do it equally well, all things considered.

The Government, as a railroad builder, however, is in a position essentially different from that of private capital. It can draw at will on practically unlimited resources, and with regard to an affair so relatively insignificant as an Alaskan railroad it matters little whether the venture is self-supporting for many years—that is, a deficit there would be only a drop in the bucket of Federal finances. Naturally, then, there is a temptation to build extravagantly—to erect a fine engineering monument rather than merely a line sufficient to care for present traffic and traffic that is reasonably within sight during the next decade.

Private capital would probably begin with a light-railed, light-ballasted, narrow-gauge shoestring, to be improved as traffic increased. The Government need not be so niggardly; but what the situation needs is a transportation agency rather than a monument.

Glory Enough for All

ONE of Anatole France's characters observes: "Since Homer began it, this glorifying the powers of fighting men has been an obsession with poets. When two generals, both blockheads, confront each other, one of them, of course, must be victorious." At least from Homer's time, glorification of grandstand patriotism has been another obsession of poets.

An impartial American traveler would not fight more than half an hour—and then only with soft gloves—for any Balkan country; and if he had to fight for one he would about as lief flip a coin to see which it should be.

European press reports of an official census of the territory acquired by Bulgaria say that in the Macedonian district the male population was reduced during the recent hostilities from a hundred and seventy-five thousand to forty-three thousand; in Thrace only two hundred and twenty thousand males remain out of nearly five hundred thousand at the beginning of the war; while the district of Mustafa Pasha, which contained thirty-three thousand males before the war, now numbers only three thousand.

Much glory, perhaps—certainly many graves!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

PHOTO. BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Hard Words Have Not Unbuttered His Parsnips

THERE was once a playwriter of genius. On contemplation this seems superfluous to say, for all playwriters are playwriters of genius—to themselves, at any rate. This one, however, really deserved the designation, for he evolved a new dramatic idea—which was not, as you may suppose, a play without the sex problem in it, but was an idea that had to do with the proper understanding of his play by the audience. Briefly the plan of this playwriter was to write a prologue for his play. You sniff at that, for there have been, you say, prologues for plays since the days of Aristophanes; but wait a minute! Granting that there have always been prologues for plays I ask you whether they have not been presented invariably at the beginning of the plays. Certainly!

Well, then, it is time for all sniffers to become covered with confusion, for the new idea of this genius of mine impinges there. He did not present his prologue at the beginning of his play. Instead he inserted it after the third act, arguing—wisely and brilliantly—that a lot of people come late to shows, and if the prologue is played after the third act the latecomers will have ample and comfortable opportunity to find out what the play is all about, instead of sitting in dull wonderment until the fall of the final curtain.

We have the highest literary authority for the stealing by literary persons of the thoughts of other literary persons. Plagiary, instead of being a literary crime, is held in many quarters to be a literary virtue—and probably it is, for most plagiarists steal far better stuff than they themselves could write. Consequently I herewith steal the idea of the playwriter I have referred to and modify it to the exigencies of the occasion.

Morals, which are a most necessary appanage of all virtuous writings, have always been carried heretofore in an appendixious manner. Reversing that, I herewith present the moral of this instructive and diverting tale right at the jump—said moral being as follows:

The smoke goes up the chimney just the same!

I am incited to point this sterling moral to adorn this excellent tale by a consideration of the Honorable John Skelton Williams, of F.-F.-V.-ville, Virginia—his activities and accomplishments; and am moved to supplement it with the further statement that regularity in politics is the hobgoblin of little minds—to wit: a slavish adherence to the tenets, tentacles and tendencies of a party may secure commendation from the persons who benefit thereby and who invariably are not the slaves. And, as our Democracy is planned and executed, it is well to be a Democrat, but not essential that a Democrat should work at the trade continuously.

It was Mr. Emerson who said, undoubtedly having the Democracy of Democrats in mind: "Speak what you think today in words as hard as cannonballs, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said today."

Emerson's Advice to Democrats

THAT, I should suppose, is the motto not alone of John Skelton Williams but of numerous other statesmen who are at present luxuriously within the fold of the triumphant but tosticated Democracy. It is not too much to say that the words of John Skelton concerning his party and the candidates thereof have been as hard as cannonballs. They have been as hard as flint—as the heart of a predaceous plute—as it is to understand the income tax. They have been very hard. And yet we observe that John Skelton is now leaping from crag of imminence to crag of eminence in these Democratic days.

John Skelton has not been a statesman always. Once he was a railroad president. It is a matter of wide knowledge that a railroad president may be primitive in his understanding of railroads, but he must have wide cognizance of stocks and bonds, which appertain thereto. Stocks and bonds derive their sustenance from the confidence of the people; and the confidence of the people is based on a firm faith in the stability of the finances of the Government.

What boots it to a railroad president—or any other sort of president—to desire absorption for his stocks and bonds when the absorbent—that is, the people—is harried to hurry after strange financial gods? All railroad presidents eagerly desire and as eagerly demand the old, established order of things. Naturally they demand and desire this, for they have done mighty well for themselves thereunder.

So when Mr. Bryan came along with his casual references to the necessity of free silver, all railroad presidents were at once up in arms; and no person was further up or more fiercely armed than John Skelton Williams. Indeed, if report be true, John Skelton went up so far and arrayed himself in so comprehensive an armament that he did not come down until quite recently. He remained a Virginia Democrat, you understand; but he was not *en rapport* with his party. So far as that goes he was en rapper—the busiest little rapper you can imagine!

However, there are others! You recall that Mr. Wilson once said something about knocking somebody into a cocked hat; and, instead, after he became president he knocked that somebody into a plug hat, as Tommie Logan puts it. So it falls out that John Skelton is now the comptroller of the currency; and as such he is not only the chief guardian of the national banks but also one of the essential persons in the organizations proposed under our new currency law.

As his friends assert, he never changed in his Democracy albeit he may have voted the Republican ticket a few times—may have!—in 1896 and 1900 and 1904 and 1908 for example; but the Democracy, after making a wide detour, came back to the identical spot where he was standing and upholding the faith of his fathers. So all is well and he has his new and big job, which shows that some things may be done as well as some others.

Still, hard words do not butter parsnips; neither do they unbutter them; and John Skelton is now in full enjoyment of his heaping trencher. He was a banker in Richmond when he went into railroading, and the net result of that venture was what is now the Seaboard Air Line, which is a road he partly built and partly glued together.

He is a forceful and an agile citizen, and he did somewhat for the South—but not so much for himself, as it turned out; for after he had his road built it chanced to come under the eye of certain acquisative persons who were engaged in making collections of railroads, and they added his road to their accumulations—not, however, until he had given them a fight that was long continued and marked by considerable resource on his part.

He is rich; is akin to about everybody ever born in Virginia worth being akin to; has courage and a wholesome amount of ability. He is a man of imagination and of ideas—and the nerve to fight for them. Inasmuch as he is a positive sort of person, his powers as a financier are derided by some and exalted by others; but he seems to have made sufficient impression on the Administration to be considered of much usefulness in working out the new problems of the Treasury Department; for there was no hesitation on the part of the President either in naming him as an assistant secretary or in promoting him to his present highly responsible position.

Bygones, therefore, may be considered bygones. What is past is over! John Skelton is as Democratic as Mr. Bryan, and both are as Democratic as Mr. Wilson—and, as sapiently remarked, the smoke goes up the chimney just the same!

The Olive Branch

AN IDLE MILLION

It Goes to Work at Last—By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"I Presume These Gentlemen are the Remaining Members of the Committee of Five"

"IT'S a lie!" hotly charged Big Tom Brake. "Graft's a good thing for a city!"

"I refuse to discuss such an absurd statement!" declared Mayor Martin Arnold, whose face was as colorless just now as the china in his wholesale crockery establishment.

"You don't need to discuss—you just listen!" ordered Brake, with his bristled hands on his knees and pushing his huge face aggressively close to the mayor's. "You called me names till you got the tongue-ache, you pin-headed pieface! I'm a crook and a grafter, am I? You short-whiskered squash!"

"The interview is over!" hinted the exasperated mayor, holding his nerves with a desperate grip.

"It ain't started!" corrected Big Tom who, having acquired momentum, was now picking up speed. "You've got to listen! A city only gets big public improvements because somebody wants to spend the money so they can cop part of it. My crowd built a ten-million-dollar city waterworks so we could snag out three millions for ourselves; but we've got the best waterworks system in the West.

"You can't find a spot to plant a public building. There's a sewer in every street and alley—and some of 'em's got two. There's electric lights every place we could find room for a pole. Our asphalt pavement runs to the edge of the city limits, and we even stretched the city map to make more of it. Graft done all this and some of us got rich at it. That's why we made this the best-improved town in the Middle West.

"Listen to this—and shut up! The tailors, saloonkeepers, factory hands, and all the other quiet little voters are making more money than they did ten years ago."

"I wish I had witnesses to this confession!"

"Then you wouldn't hear it, you fool! Now let's get down to business. I put you where you are—and what have you done for the party?"

"I've forced it to be decent!" This with a glow of pride. "There was a million dollars in the city treasury when I took my oath of office and, in spite of all your attempts to steal it, the money is still there!"

"Just decayin'!" sorrowed Big Tom. "No million dollars has got a right to loaf! If you had left it to me Bossville'd have had an art gallery, or a piano factory, or a boulevard system—or something big and showy and progressive; and the town would have called you a live mayor instead of a lemon custard!"

"And you'd have stolen half of the million!" amended the mayor, rising superior to the insult.

"Suppose I had!" exclaimed Big Tom, his heavy-lidded eyes gazing into the mayor's pale ones with contempt. "The town would have had its art gallery, or its piano factory, or its boulevard system—or whatever it was—wouldn't it? Now, what's it got through you? Nothin'!"

"It has a million dollars in the treasury," complacently observed the mayor.

"Well, it's coming out to look round!" prophesied Big Tom. "I've been under cover with you long enough. Now I'm in the open! Seven out of the twelve members of the city council belong to me, and we're goin' to take that million dollars out for a trot."

The mayor looked scornful.

"Would you mind telling me how you propose to do this?" he suggested.

Big Tom rose and knocked the ashes from his vest.

"Oh, some regular way," he replied. "I ain't made a choice yet; but there won't be any slick work about it."

II

LITTLE Jimmy Hoban, with due pride in the responsibility that had been intrusted to him, rose to his feet to introduce the University Donation Ordinance, instead of remaining in his chair with his feet on his desk as was the friendly custom.

A sense of duty impelled the five anti-Brake aldermen to interrupt him with every verbal violence possible; but Acting Chairman Billy Stelling, who was a beefsteak-faced man, with muscle enough to make a gavel heard occasionally, managed to secure sufficient order to allow the reporters to gather an inkling of what it was all about.

The bill, in brief, was a princely gift from the progressive city of Bossville to the cause of education. It proposed to bestow on the earnest young University of Bossville the magnificent sum of one million dollars for the purpose of building and equipping a manual-training department.

As soon as Jimmy Hoban had closed his mouth on the last sentence, Charlie Griffeny, who was a flat-haired man and the leader of the opposition, proposed six successive amendments, each one calculated to cripple, thwart and nullify the entire intent of the original bill; but these amendments, having been successively voted down by the six Brake aldermen then present, and Frank Sayers' fingers having been forcibly unclasped from Clarence Fuller's yellow necktie, Jimmy Hoban wiped the blood from his knuckle and considered that it was pleasant, after all, to enroll himself as one of the city's philanthropists, for the bill would bear his name forever!

Mayor Martin Arnold, having thoroughly posted himself on the ordinance from three newspapers on the way downtown, was somewhat in doubt as to its exact significance, though firmly convinced as to its sweeping extent; consequently he laid aside, with a sigh, the thought of his morning mail at the offices of Martin Arnold & Company and drove instead to the mayor's suite in the City Hall, where he found a copy of the ordinance on his desk.

He read it twice and, not trusting himself to telephone, made straight for the haunt where Big Tom Brake was usually to be found at this hour gleaning his impressions of the general attitude of the people from a popular barber and, at the same time, improving his personal appearance.

"Well, I see you've started!" bounced the mayor, paying no attention to the barber, who was a safe man, because nobody believed his accounts of anything.

Brake, with half of his face white and half of it pink, rolled a somber eye at Mayor Martin Arnold and said:

"Uh-huh!"

"I dislike to worry you, but it's a clumsy attempt," stated the mayor, with more sarcasm in his tone than in his hastily chosen words. "This ordinance is supposed to convey the impression that the city is giving a million dollars to the University of Bossville."

"Uh-huh!" grunted Big Tom.

"The joker's too plain," kindly explained the mayor. "It gives the spending of the money to a committee appointed by the council, in place of the University."

"Cut the hot towels, Louie!" replied Brake.

"That means that the committee, which is merely your collector, would keep at least half of that million. You should try something better than that if you want to fool me."

For the first time Big Tom deigned to turn his head.

"Who's trying to fool you?" he growled. "Go 'way!"

III

CHARLIE GRIFFENY, the leader of the anti-Brake forces, plastered his black hair close down to his eyebrows and went to see Big Tom Brake at night.

"Don't get sore at me, Tom," he began, shifting his eyes.

"It's a cinch I will if you have to start that way," judged Big Tom coldly. "Get it over!"

"I got to look out for myself!" And Charlie Griffeny's cheekbones seemed to glisten with the idea. "What's to be my bit out of the university thing?"

Brake gazed at him with a shocked displeasure, which revealed itself by the barest flicker of his heavy-lidded eyes.

"We ain't got it to split yet."

"I knew you'd be sore," worried Charlie; "but, honest, a tenspot looks to me like it had seven ciphers just now. I have to figure where I'm comin' out."

"Oh, the regular thing!" said Big Tom, forgiving the man's necessities.

"We ain't split anything for so long I've forgot what my share is," complained Charlie. "I've set in that chair at the board meetings, representing the opposition for a solid year, waiting to pass the cake; but nobody yelled Charlie!"

"We stopped yellin' when we elected Arnold," regretted the Old Man. "We've been whispering since then; but I'll tell you how it goes: When we get that million we'll split out our half and set aside the rest of it to build and fit up this university thing; and the man who lays his finger on a cent of that money gets soaked the limit—if we have to send him to jail!"

"What's my bit?" persisted the practical Charlie.

Brake frowned as he felt himself driven to a calculation of minor importance.

"About three thousand, I guess."

"I couldn't use it," bargained Charlie. "I'm a man of a family, Tom."

"They've all got 'em. Maybe we can make it five thousand."

"Is that the best you can do!" And Charlie looked genuinely aggrieved.

"Do you think there's only two of us in this?" impatiently remonstrated Brake. "Who do you think you are?" His rising wrath was so apparent that Charlie Griffeny saw the end of the lane.

"Oh, all right!" he gave in, with an air of weary resignation. "I suppose I can stop smokin' cigarettes."

"Now it's four thousand, you!" decided Brake. "If you're here the next time I look round it'll be three!"

The next night Charlie Griffeny came back.

"Now don't get sore, Tom," he began. "I got a little favor to ask of you."

"Shoot!" consented Brake.

"It's for one of my constituents—Joe Maguire."

"Joe's all right," considered Brake. "If they want to commit murder in Joe's place they have to go outside. What does he want?"

"The electric light moved from the corner to down in front of his saloon!"

"That's easy," returned Brake carelessly. "It's up to the lighting committee. Tell Harbin I said to fix it."

"I'm afraid it'll take an ordinance for this," hesitated Charlie. "Joe's fussy. He wants one of these new boulevard system lamp-posts—three round globes, with a red one in the center."

"Uh-huh! I've seen 'em," nodded Brake. "They don't all have red ones in the center though."

"I guess the red ones are intended to go in front of saloons," considered Charlie. "Does Joe get it?"

Brake hesitated.

"If he does, all the rest will want one."

"I ought to get something!" complained Charlie. "I've been for you—on the opposition—all this term, and I ain't turned a trick. My constituents won't think I got a drag!"

"All right—you get it!" gave in Brake. "I'll tell Billy Stelling to let you get by with your ordinance."

"Thanks!" accepted Charlie with a relief he tried to conceal. "I wonder if it wouldn't be a good scheme to authorize two or three more, so as to have 'em on hand?"

"Sure!" readily agreed Brake, who invariably prepared for such emergencies. "Don't promise any more, though, without you see me."

IV

LITTLE Jimmy Hoban made the speech of his life in support of the University Donation Ordinance. He felt that the eyes of the public were on him, by proxy of the interested reporters then present; and he stepped into the middle of the floor, where he could swing his arms.

For fifteen solid minutes he told of the benefits of the modern manual-training system, which embraced practical employment in local commercial establishments while learning in the university workshops. He pointed out that this noble philanthropy—he called it that—was favored by press, public and business men; and that it would redound everlastingly to the glory and credit of progressive Bossville—whereby the champions of the people then and there assembled knew that Squint Fletcher had written the speech.

Charlie Griffeny, with his black hair plastered down until it reflected every electric light in the ceiling, was on his feet in an instant.

"I'm against the bill," he informed the board.

"Address the chair or you don't speak!" yelled Acting Chairman Billy Stelling, who was particular—with the opposition—about points of parliamentary etiquette.

"Mr Chairman, then," agreed Charlie sullenly.

"The alderman from the Sixth Ward has the floor," announced the chair. "And make it short, Griffeny."

"I'm against the bill," repeated the alderman from the Sixth Ward. "It's rotten!" and he sat down.

"You're a liar!" yelled Jimmy Hoban.

"Same to you!" countered Charlie Griffeny. "The mayor says there'll be a grafting committee appointed; and the mayor's right!"

"Question!" yelled Frank Sayers.

"Mr. Chairman!" called Clarence Fuller, rising.

"Bob Adams has the floor!" called Billy Stelling, recognizing an alderman of his party who had made no movement to rise.

"It's a good bill!" complimented Bob Adams, meeting the emergency. "It's a public-spirited movement! It's for the good of the people! I'm for it!"

"Mr. Chairman!" yelled Clarence Fuller.

"Question!" demanded Frank Sayers.

"Don't I get a chance to speak?" shouted Clarence Fuller.

"Don't let 'em gag you, Fuller!" encouraged Charlie Griffeny.

"Question!" howled Frank Sayers.

"Are you ready for the vote on the ordinance?" inquired Billy Stelling.

There was an instant chorus of No! from Charlie Griffeny and the four other anti-Brake aldermen, mingled with rhythmic repetitions of the word Yes! from the Brake men.

"I've got a right to be heard!" insisted Clarence Fuller.

"You ain't got any of it left!" advised Jimmy Hoban. "You've got your yap open all the time!"

"Kickin'!" retorted Charlie Griffeny. "There ain't a chance for our side! We get a raw deal every time the board meets!"

"What else have you got comin' to you?" inquired Jimmy Hoban. "You ought to keep still! You know you can't do anything; so why do you muss in?"

"Question!" yelled Frank Sayers.

"I'll allow ten more minutes for debate," announced Billy Stelling.

"That settles it!" howled Clarence Fuller, coming down the center aisle. "I've got a speech to make against this bill and I'm goin' to make it, chair or no chair! The bill's a Brake graft and nobody else gets a look-in! The graft's in article ——"

"You're a liar!" interrupted Jimmy Hoban.

"I dare you to say that outside!" instantly responded Clarence Fuller, walking over in front of Jimmy's desk. He was fully a head taller than Jimmy and he had a longer reach.

"You're out of order!" bellowed the beefsteak-faced chairman, who was now two shades redder. "You shut up or I'll have you put out!"

"There ain't a man here can do it!" announced Clarence, slamming his fist on Jimmy Hoban's desk.

"You're a liar!" stated Jimmy Hoban, and got up.

"I'll feed that to you, you Second Ward shrimp!" And, with these few unendurable words, he swung his fist in the general direction of Jimmy Hoban's jaw.

Jimmy Hoban's jaw was not there. It had ducked six inches to the right when the fist shot by; but, before Jimmy could get round the corner of his desk, Frank Sayers, who had never cared much for Clarence anyhow, avenged Jimmy.

"You keep out of this! It's none of your scrap!" advised Charlie Griffeny, grabbing Frank Sayers by the shoulder.

At the end of ten minutes Billy Stelling, who had twice been in the fracas himself—as partial peacemaker and partial combatant—pounded continuously for order and closed the debate on the University Donation Bill; and the city lawmakers, having thoroughly thrashed out the question at issue and sifted it to the bottom, and weighed carefully the advantages to the public, reluctantly resumed their places and voted as they would have voted at any minute since the ordinance was first mentioned—six for and five against!

The University Donation Bill thereby became a fact and a law, setting aside the sum of one million dollars, out of the surplus funds then in the city treasury, for the purpose of establishing a department of manual training in the University of Bossville, and authorizing the council to appoint a committee to spend the money!

The deed was done! Tom Brake's crowd had performed their part to relieve that million dollars from its tedium. Naturally there was a somewhat listless reaction from the strain of this philanthropic effort, and in the midst of it Charlie Griffeny rose and addressed the chair.

"What's it about?" inquired Billy Stelling.

"It's a bill for the establishment of an electric light——"

"Oh, yes," remembered Billy. "It's that lamp-post for Joe Maguire. Well, sing it out and pass in the ordinance for the next reading."

"Honest, a Tenspot Looks to Me Like It Had Seven Ciphers Now"

It was thus that Charlie Griffeny's little lamp-post item swung into the hopper in the midst of the excitement attending much larger concerns. It wasn't every day they cut up a million dollars! The council, concentrated on the fact that the mayor would probably veto the bill anyhow, disposed, at the first reading, of twelve minor ordinances in about twelve minutes.

The newspapers had no space to spare for anything but the university measure! It was a great thing for the city, and every paper worked three words into the headlines. Those words were: One Million Dollars!

V

MAYOR MARTIN ARNOLD proved himself a man! He took as long as he pleased to consider the University Donation Bill. The press, the public and private interests clamored to him for definite action, but it made no difference; he took his own time! He studied that bill by night and by day, to find some flaw in it—some technical slip—some way to thwart it effectually and permanently; but it was one of Squint Fletcher's best and it looked as if it would have to stay unthwarted!

On the day he reached this sad decision he met Big Tom in the Brake Club, and sought to save a portion at least of his beloved city's funds.

"I've been considering that University Donation Bill, Brake," he stated, determined that the personal coldness between them—or, rather, the personal heat—should not influence him in the discharge of his duty. "Of whom is your committee to consist?"

"How do I know?" replied Big Tom. "The committee won't be appointed till the ordinance is a regular law."

"You know every member."

"No," denied Big Tom. "Some guy that's slated might drop dead."

As usual when Mayor Arnold talked with Brake he began to lose his temper.

He had a thinner skin, and his nerves were closer to the surface.

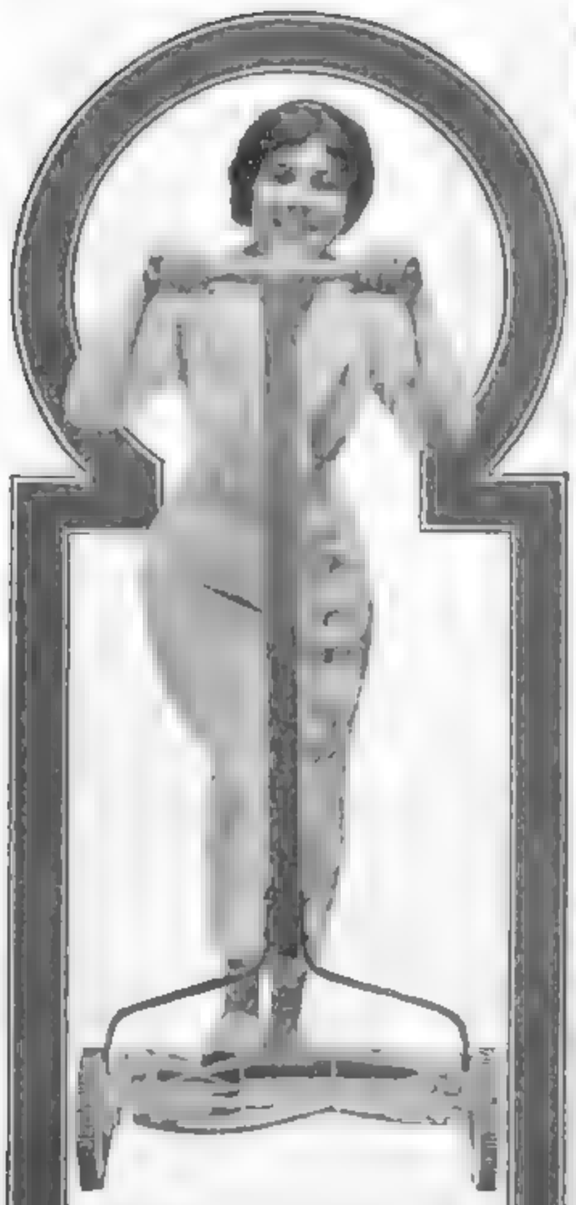
"You're equivocating," he charged. "It's important to both of us for me to know who's to be on that committee."

"Oh, it is!" and Big Tom grinned. "You guess again. If it was important to me I'd tell you."

"You've answered me," decided the mayor. "The committee will consist of the 'big six'—yourself, Squint Fletcher, Dan Dorsey, Dick Foley, Gus Swissman and Sam Phelps!"

"Six is a plenty," estimated Brake, with what was for him a pleasantly calculating look beneath his heavy eyelids.

The Number of Loosened Teeth Was to be Estimated Only by an Honest Dentist!



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"There's one more question I'd like to ask you," went on the mayor, holding his patience. "I've charged you with what I believe to be the truth—that this university appropriation is only a plan for you to steal at least half of the city's million dollars."

"A lot of people believe that, but you're the only one that's making a fuss about it," observed Brake. "Let me give you a tip, mayor: A politician who cares what the people believe about him never gets a chance to do anything."

The mayor involuntarily thrust his hand up under his chin and pushed his short beard between his fingers.

"You're evading me again," he charged, more indignant than before, because Brake bore such an impenetrable air of indifference. "I'll ask you pointblank and in your own language—I'll give you one chance to catalogue yourself on the right side: Is this university appropriation on the level?"

"It certainly is," stated Brake with convincing sincerity. "The university gets its manual-training department—the best we can put together for the money."

Mayor Arnold, who had endured much experience with persistent men, studied Brake closely, but learned nothing new. He was forced to take Brake's statement at its face valuation. He reflected, with a degree of comfort, that in Brake's reputation there was one widely heralded virtue—Brake preferred not to lie.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," and Arnold tried to look entirely satisfied. "If your intentions are on the level you'll agree to a proposition that will remove all my scruples in regard to the bill."

Brake rested his bristled hands on his knees, and leaned forward.

"I'll listen to a proposition from anybody at any time—night or day."

"Good!" returned the mayor, beginning to hope in spite of himself. "I don't want to be a block in the way of any actual improvement for the city. What I propose is this: Extend your committee to seven in place of six. You pick three, I'll pick three, and let those six elect a seventh."

"Oh, hush!" And Big Tom indulged in one of his rarely available laughs. "We'd have to pick our men by weight. I'm not strong for promoting an amateur slugging match."

Hope died in the mayor's eyes, but tenacity remained.

"I want half that committee!" he insisted.

"Nobody gets everything he wants," comforted Big Tom. "You'll have to do without your share of that committee. Why should men get in who didn't do the work?"

"Now I'm satisfied!" snapped the exasperated mayor, and shook his finger at Big Tom who, however, did not quail before it. "You have made me certain of what I have all along contended—that this ordinance is a plain graft; and I shall veto it!" To emphasize which statement he smacked his fist in his palm.

"Well, why do you beef round about it so long?" demanded Big Tom, himself aggravated. "Why don't you veto it? That's what we're waiting for!"

VI

IF THERE had been some slight trace of friction on the original passing of the university appropriation there was a condition approaching excitement on the question of passing it again, over the mayor's veto. Jimmy Hoban nearly lost an ear, and the number of loosened teeth in the board of aldermen was to be estimated only by an honest dentist!

The cause of the flurry was that one of the Brake supporters, overimpressed with the awe pertaining to a mayor's veto, had wabbled; and another, whose wife had recently joined the Political Economy Club, wavered—not because he was convinced that there was any question of ethics in the matter at issue, but because he desired a happy home!

At one time, just after Frank Sayers and Clarence Fuller had been hauled from under a desk, the condition rose so near to turbulence that Acting Chairman Billy Stelling called a thirty-minute lay-over in the consideration of the University Bill and took up minor ordinances for the purpose of calming the troubled waters.

"Mr. Chairman!" suggested Charlie Griffeny, mindful of his parliamentary etiquette.

"If it's any more from you about the University Bill you're out of order!" Billy Stelling angrily informed him, at the same time stroking tenderly an aching wrist.

"It's Joe Maguire's electric-light pole."

"Oh!" returned Billy, much relieved. "We need some settled business."

"If you show the white feather now you might as well jump off the bridge!" Frank Sayers said earnestly to the member who had wabbled.

"You can bluff your wife!" Jimmy Hoban was urging the alderman who had wavered, and he urged so persuasively that he almost made the man believe it.

"Boys, this is the third and final reading of the Joe Maguire Special Electric-Light Ordinance," announced Acting Chairman Stelling. "It's meant."

The Joe Maguire ordinance was merged into one continuous word and recited as a sausage-grinder might do it. It was put to a vote. Aldermen, looking up from their private arguments when their names were called, and remembering that Brake was willing for Joe Maguire to have a lamp-post in front of his saloon, mechanically voted Aye! and went back to their labors of local patriotism—practically unanimous.

Jimmy Hoban voted No! because he wanted to go on record as against anything Charlie Griffeny might propose; but even he was sure that Charlie would have a safe majority, or he would have swallowed his individual grudge—a feat that came naturally and easily to any Bossville alderman.

Six other ordinances of no greater importance were put through in the same reposeful way; and then the board returned refreshed to the main business of the evening, and defied Mayor Martin Arnold by passing the University Donation Ordinance over his veto.

Next morning Mayor Arnold, with this brazen defiance rankling in his system, cleaned up all minor business before he turned to the main aggravation of his existence! There were several small ordinances awaiting his signature; and he read them through conscientiously, with his mind on the atrocity of that vote.

There was nothing much in these ordinances—permits for electric-wire extensions; permits for market rights; authorizations for the placing or shifting of certain electric-light poles, and so on. So he signed the batch of them, the Joe Maguire bill among them; and he took up that veto matter in earnest!

VII

CHARLIE GRIFFENY, followed closely by a quartet of sternly intent men, walked into the lobby of the Bossville Grand Hotel, up to room forty-one, and knocked. He took off his hat before the door was opened, and his hair was plastered so sleekly this afternoon that it looked as if it had been put on with a paintbrush.

A keen-eyed man, with an unnaturally brown and shiny mustache, opened the door and, without a word, Charlie Griffeny popped in edgewise, followed, in similar fashion, by the sternly intent quartet. The last man swung the door shut swiftly but noiselessly, and hung his hat on the knob to keep the draft from coming through the keyhole.

"Well, Mr. Marrow, we put it across!" stated Charlie with an exultation tempered by awe, and also by a shade of disbelief.

"So I see," returned Mr. Marrow crisply, inspecting the solemn quartet one at a time. "I read in the paper that the mayor had signed the ordinance."

"Never batted an eye; just signed it!" stated Charlie, still in a daze of disbelief. "Signed her just as she was put up to him: 'One Marrow Boulevard System, type A, electric street-lamp fixture on Kelsing Street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth; and one or more additional fixtures, as the committee may deem advisable.' Committee named in the ordinance empowered to contract."

"I'm thoroughly familiar with the ordinance," returned Mr. Marrow with a little smile; and again he studied the quartet in detail, much as if they had been wooden figures. "I presume these gentlemen are the remaining members of the committee of five."

"Come over here, boys!" invited Charlie to the sternly intent row along the wall. "Mr. Fuller, Mr. Marrow; Mr. Fisher, Mr. Marrow; Mr. Kraus, Mr. Marrow; Mr. Dowd, Mr. Marrow."

"Pleased to meet you, gentlemen," smiled the preternaturally brown-mustached man. "Here is your contract." And, handing a neatly typewritten document to Chairman Charlie Griffeny, he opened the door of an adjoining room, from which came a tall man

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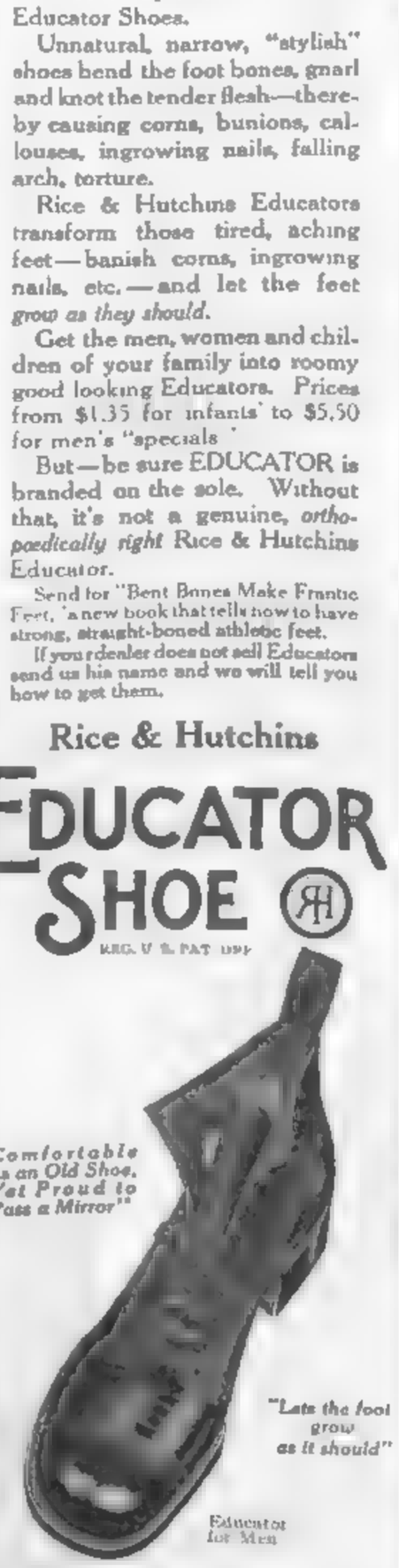

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who looked like a lawyer and was, and a short man who would keep one guessing. "These are my witnesses," Mr. Marrow mentioned.

In turns and in slow solemnity the five members of the committee waded through that lengthy paper, and stood numbly waiting, staring at nothing in particular—except when they exchanged sheepish grins to show that they were thoroughly at ease.

"As party of the first part I shall sign here," stated Mr. Marrow, with the pleasantness of a man signing his cigarette check at the club; and he did so on three copies of the document. "You gentlemen will kindly sign here—the chairman first." And he indicated five spaces.

Charlie Griffeny signed with his head on one side. Clarence Fuller, who had a muscular face, helped form the letters with his tongue. Al Fisher, so thin-nosed that his face looked dangerous, held a cigarette where it made his eyes water while he wrote. Herman Kraus, whose neck ran straight up to the back of his head, signed with his left hand and made his pen splutter at every upward stroke. Mat Dowd had the greatest difficulty of all, for his hands were not used to anything more delicate than a pick; but his name was good anywhere if one could make it out.

Last of all, the two strangers from the next room, who looked insultingly like New Yorkers, witnessed the contract—and a solemn moment arrived!

Mr. Marrow picked up an ordinary brown suitcase from the floor and set it on the table. The five members of the committee looked at it incredulously. It had been right there before their eyes all the time! Mr. Marrow opened the clasps. The thing had not even been locked! He threw open the suitcase and revealed a large number of flat packets of pale yellow paper. The eyes of the five members of the committee began gradually to distend and Al Fisher's mouth slowly dropped open!

"To which one of you shall I deliver this?" inquired Mr. Marrow, still pleasantly and calmly.

This was an unexpected obstacle. The five members of the committee gazed at one another with dawning suspicion; but the chairman had brains.

"If you'll lend us the room a minute we'll split it right here," he suggested.

"With pleasure," laughed Mr. Marrow, and departed into the next room with his witnesses.

There was an instant change in the bearing of the five men! Instinctively they drew up chairs and sat round the table, with the open suitcase in front of them!

"Well, I'm chairman of the committee!" announced Charlie Griffeny; and, with determination, he took out one of the yellow packets, which had been put into the suitcase edgewise.

"Thousand-dollar bills!" gasped thin-nosed Al Fisher; and he repeated it with the accent on the first syllable.

"Two hundred thousand bucks!" figured Clarence Fuller. "There had ought to be two hundred of 'em."

"I guess we'll count 'em," suggested Herman Kraus.

"No," differed the chairman, who was a man of practical ideas; "we'll deal 'em."

VIII

"YOU may think you're out of the woods, but you're not!" snapped Martin Arnold. "I'll make you know who I am!"

"You're only the cause of the delay," returned Big Tom Brake, sitting comfortably in the big armchair at the side of the mayor's desk.

"I mean to be the cause of a perpetual delay!" retorted the mayor. "You have tried to put a scandal on my term of office, and I will leave no stone unturned to prevent it!"

"That's right!" taunted Brake. "Go as far as you like, but don't come back."

"I've had enough of this sort of conversation!" futilely stormed the mayor, rising in wrath. "You've passed your bill, and you've appointed your committee; and you've bought your land to resell for the manual-training site—but you haven't any treasury warrants for that million dollars!"

"Oh, poof!" drawled Brake. "You're legally bound to sign those papers. If you refuse we can pass 'em over your head. It's been done before."

"I can delay you long enough to block you," returned the mayor, sincerely believing in the keenness of himself and his lawyer. "I'll stick to it till the cows come home! I'll use injunctions! I'll ——"

Squint Fletcher came springing into the office with his wide, thin lips working, while his one eye bulged.

"We're done!" he told Brake, ignoring the mayor completely. "Charlie Griffeny's put one over on us!" And he threw on the desk a folded and much-grimed typewritten document. "He's bought one million dollars' worth of Boulevard Lighting System on a contract based on the permit for Joe Maguire's lamp-post! Six carloads of the posts are here and there are more on the way! The contract's perfectly good and an absolutely collectable city debt!"

Brake and the mayor looked at each other like dumb images; then the mayor grabbed for the contract—but Brake beat him to its possession, reading it slowly and carefully, so that he might get the understanding of every word.

The mayor watched him in frantic annoyance for a while, and then he began to comprehend all that had happened to him.

"The million's gone!" he finally blurted, and presently found the only crumb of comfort that remained to him: "But you didn't get it!"

"Is that so?" grunted Brake. "That million for the university was like any other big appropriation. We'll have to bond the city to raise the money."

"You can't do it, by the terms of your own ordinance!" triumphantly declared the mayor, who knew every comma in that ordinance, and whether it was a long-tailed or a short-tailed one. "The appropriation reads: 'From surplus funds now in the city treasury'; and if there's a collectable debt of a million dollars against us we have no surplus funds!"

Squint Fletcher, who knew technicalities forward and backward, batted his eye.

"He's right, Tom!" he stated in hushed tones, as one speaking of the dead.

Big Tom Brake, who could take a blow as well as any man, scratched his head in genuine perplexity; then he looked across at the mayor.

"Who wins?" he wondered.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three stories by George Randolph Chester.

Mercury Engines

BOILING-MERCURY engines have been suggested by an eminent American engineer as an improvement on steam engines, and he has built one that is successfully using mercury vapor in the same way that steam is used ordinarily. His idea is yet in the experimental stages, though far enough advanced to show that the engine will work.

Theoretically such engines would be more efficient than steam engines; so the development of the idea will be an effort to use in a practical manner all this theoretical advantage. The purpose of boiling mercury to obtain mercury vapor is to utilize high temperatures. The higher the temperature of water vapor, the higher the pressure of the steam, so that when high temperatures are used there are difficulties in handling these high pressures.

Water boils at 212 degrees, and the pressures come in the temperature range above that. Mercury boils at 675 degrees, or at a lower degree in a partial vacuum, which enters into the inventor's plan. His idea is to have an engine that efficiently uses all the ranges of temperature by having mercury vapor for the higher range and steam for the lower range. Mercury is boiled by a gas or coal furnace and is then sent, at a pressure very little above that of air, to a turbine, where it turns out some power.

This hot mercury vapor then goes to another boiler, where it heats water into steam—or, rather, into water vapor of a high degree of heat—and, in turn, this steam goes to another turbine and turns out power. He thus has a mercury-vapor engine and a steam engine working together. It is estimated that forty cents' worth of mercury will be enough for one horse power, and that the mercury may be used over and over again without any waste.

There is some difficulty about confining the mercury securely, and any escaping mercury would seriously poison the air; but, on the other hand, a number of advantages would result besides the theoretical efficiency: The amount of mercury used would not need to be large and the machinery would not have to be bulky—on the mercury end, for instance; and the mercury would not give trouble in the boiler and in the turbine by boiler scale and by eating away turbine blades.

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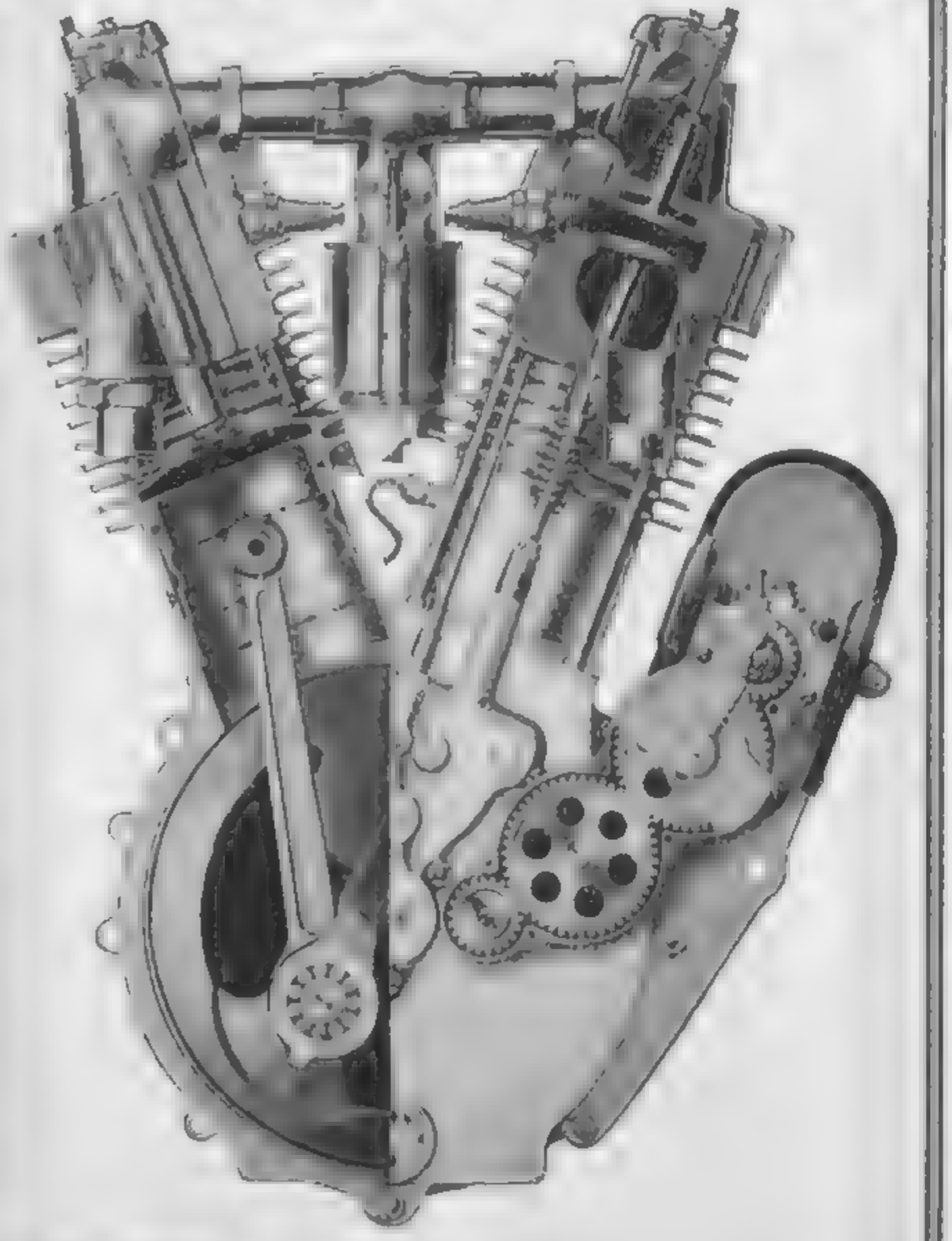

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THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Some of those captains of high finance who do their captaining in the lower part of the city of New York certainly are gluttons for punishment. It hasn't seeped into their highly commercialized heads as yet that they are prunes instead of powers, so far as influence on governmental affairs is concerned.

And that shows the remarkable resisting power of said heads, for in the past year or so various operations that one naturally should suppose would admit of a considerable amount of seepage have been performed on their skulls with the aid of axes and other sharp instruments in the hands of the President of these United States—to say nothing of the people thereof, who have taken a few hacks themselves.

Likewise, once again certain of our grave and dignified senators have learned that they are subsidiary to the White House and not sovereign therewith, as set forth in that pleasing constitutional fiction about the three coordinate branches of our Government, each with equal powers, and so on.

This time these truths were made evident by the protest against the nomination of John Skelton Williams as comptroller of the currency—his immediate nomination by the President, the ineffectual and almost childish effort to defeat that nomination, and the subsequent and practically unanimous ratification thereof.

You see, Jim, this agile Virginian, John Skelton Williams, was in the railroad business, and had incurred the displeasure of a certain wing of the high financial powers in New York. The merits of that contention have nothing to do with the case. They don't like John Skelton, and it is a cinch John Skelton does not like them.

Secretary McAdoo made Williams an assistant secretary of the treasury; and when the currency law was passed, which named the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of agriculture and the comptroller of the currency as the organizing board for the regional bank system, it was announced that Williams would be made comptroller and thus be put on the organization board.

There were grumbles and threats when he was selected as assistant secretary, but there was no serious outbreak. When it became known that the President intended to name Williams as comptroller of the currency two things happened: The first was a loud shout of protest from a certain portion of the captains of high finance; and the second was a loud echo of that shout in the Senate of the United States from various good journeyman echoers there.

Fade-Away Opposition

As we outsiders had it, this nomination by Wilson was to be fought to the bitter end. It was to be held up and otherwise maltreated. As regards John Skelton himself, he was to be dropped down the elevator shaft four minutes after he showed up as a favorite for the place. One would suppose—if one was not wise—that this frightful uproar about what would be done to Williams would have a deterrent effect on a president with the power of nomination. The papers were full of it. Dire deeds were to be done if the President dared—dared!—to send in the name of Williams.

So at the very first opportunity he had the President sent in the name. And, by the same token, almost at its first opportunity, the Senate of the United States confirmed said nomination, and Mr. Williams hopped a train to join Secretary McAdoo and Secretary Houston and help with the organization work.

It was a perfect exemplification of the sterling truths I have enunciated time and again in this correspondence. The captains of high finance opposed to Mr. Williams, for reasons best known to themselves, arrogantly decreed that he should not be nominated, but if perchance he was nominated, which they had no idea would be the case, owing to their full personal knowledge of their own power and importance, and which, as they view it, is far-reaching—if the President should be so foolish as to nominate Williams he would be defeated, and various senators said this was the fact.

They opposed him, Jim, and thus made it certain he would be nominated and that he would be confirmed. Will they never learn that, so far as this Government is concerned, the influence and power of the captains of high finance work with the reverse English? They opposed him. Oh, simple, conceited, purblind financiers! They didn't know enough to be enthusiastically for him, which would have closed the door on John Skelton once and for all.

And these senators—those protesting senators—they did all their protesting before the event. Once the nomination was in, duly signed and set forth, they made a face-saving sort of delay for a few days, and then marched into executive session and took their medicine—just as the President knew they would and just as they knew they would before they began yapping about the matter at all.

The Congress of the United States—not only in the upper but in the lower branch—is so afraid of the present President that it has both individual and collective chills every time his name is mentioned. And the President isn't a brutal taskmaster. He is no presidential Simon Legree. He is a soft-spoken, agreeable, affable, almost deferential person; but there is a finality about him and his actions and determinations that makes him seem like old Colonel Fatimus F. Fate himself.

The statesmen do not understand him, except in one regard—they do understand that he is quite keen about having his own way in these matters, and they haven't found any means of stopping him.

Why Congress Is Serene

The trouble with our statesmen, Jim, is that they started in to work with President Wilson and to work him with the old stuff. He is a new kind of president and they haven't any new stuff. Bourbonish in their ideas and in their execution, they can do nothing with him, because the tactics that used to be efficacious do not do the business; and they haven't brought their line of intimidatory goods down to date.

They are all balled up. In private they groan and curse and threaten and boast; but when it comes to performing in public they remind you of a troupe of trained poodles, and jump through the hoops, roll over and play dead, and walk on their hind legs at the crack of the whip.

The curious part of it all is that if this circumstance were mentioned to the President he would at once deprecate it. He would say it is not at all the fact, for he is working harmoniously with the Congress and the Congress is working harmoniously with him, and all is serene as a summer morning. That is true too; but the reason all is serene is because this President of ours has the Congress of these United States buffaloed to such an extent that serenity is the only thing the statesmen can think of as being within the purview of their powers.

It isn't a display of force that does it, or a display of any other executive prerogative. It is simply the appalling determinedness of the man who, having selected a destination, proceeds directly there, and will not be deterred—the determinedness of the man, combined with a superior intellectuality and an exact knowledge of what he desires to do.

Take that trust message of his: There is no doubt that the constantly recurring stories of hard times coming and present began to frighten the Democrats a time ago. There is no doubt, either, that a period of hard times will have a depressing effect on the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives at the elections next fall—if hard times should come and continue into the summer.

The White House was concerned. It has no desire, nor any intention, to antagonize the legitimate business interests of this country, and has so shown by its dealings with the New Haven Railroad, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the negotiations with the Sugar Trust, and so on; and it was pointed out that if the President should read a conciliatory message on the subject of trusts he would do much to help along the political prospects of his party.

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Now Ready

Write for it TODAY

ALL the New Styles for Spring and Summer

Ask for Catalog No. 62G

Stunning Spring Styles

4016 Porch Dress of washable Ratine and white all over embroidered Voile. The fetching effect of Red waistband, frill and lower part of waist are of white embroidered voile. $2.98

6G17 $4.98

4G15 $2.98

F6016. Stylish Minaret Frock

35G16 $7.98

6G17 Stylish Hat. $4.98

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges

$7.98

We Satisfy You or Refund Your Money

BELLAS HESS & CO

WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

The President has no wild foraying against business in his mind or in his program. He wants commercial peace and commercial prosperity. However, there are certain things that, as he views the situation, are essential for the future of legitimate business; and, though his message was optimistic in tone and conciliatory, he held strictly to his ideas as to what must be done to clear the atmosphere.

A weaker president would have contented himself with a general message of good cheer. He put in the good cheer; but he also, notwithstanding all pleas from the politicians, enumerated the reforms he deems necessary—and the reforms, by the way, which the Congress will deem necessary and enact into law under his steady pressure.

A great many persons of much aggregate influence besought him to use the soft pedal, and he was not averse to that; but, as he is chief organist of this nation, he put the soft pedal on when, in his opinion, the harmony of the selection was best enhanced, and used his own judgment as to the moments when he should strike a few loud chords to show he understands the theory of political music.

He can be as pianissimo as the most solicitous soft-pedaler might desire if he wishes; but it isn't in his scheme to play lullabies exclusively when there is a demand, as he sees it, for a few forte passages.

The social season is now in full swing. The vice-president has burgeoned numerously at his hotel. The cabinet dinners are being given, and the private dinners are so numerous that a person who has a suit of evening clothes and any sort of an acquaintance at all need buy only breakfasts for himself, and can subsist comfortably on afternoon-tea provender for luncheon and go out to dinner every night.

Bargains in Evening Clothes

There are many new people at the big functions naturally, and the demand for dress suits exceeds the supply. However, a person fresh to Washington, and needing as many do—the correct evening habiliments, has only to scan the For Sale columns of the Washington papers to find that he can be equipped at a nominal cost.

The thrifty folks of the Capital rarely give away worn clothes and never throw them away. Instead, when the period of usefulness is over, or the owner has passed on to his reward, or has grown fat and passed on to his punishment, the careful housewives advertise these various garments. When a Washington husband dies the widow seeks to repay herself for some of the discomforts she endured while living with him by disposing of his clothes through this medium of barter and sale; and buyers are always found—especially when a new administration comes in.

Naturally the bereaved ladies desire no publicity over the matter, and they give only their telephone numbers in their advertisements, enumerating the garments as: "One Tuxedo," "One dress suit," and so on. They politely urge the inquirer over the telephone to call at his convenience. They always ask twenty dollars for each suit, expect to get ten dollars, and usually manage to extract about twelve dollars.

I note, too, with great satisfaction that the fashionable ladies of the Capital have decided to curtail some of their social activities and take up the serious study of various subjects. This, as we are informed, will necessitate the rearrangement of many social affairs and the postponement of some; but the thirst for knowledge is insatiable.

To this end, a large number of our social leaders have plunged undaunted into the contemplation of ethics and philosophy. They intend to study ethics for one hour a week, between two-thirty and three-thirty, and philosophy for another hour each week.

I tremble for the future social season of the town. Imagine how ethical and philosophical these ladies will become after taking a course that embraces an hour a week each for six weeks!

The wails of the Washingtonian continue. This is held to be a tightwad administration. And it may be so—it may be so! One very distinguished lady recently drove up to a fruit store in a government automobile and ordered five cents' worth of cherries sent to her hotel; and a high but new official sent down a dollar bill to be divided among six elevator boys and two doormen in his apartment on New Year's Day.

However, thrift is the mainstay of the nation! Yours prudently,

BILL.

27 Delightful Ways to Serve "Sunkist" Oranges

Described in Our 40-Page Recipe Book. Sent Free

"Sunkist" oranges are the choicest fruit 6,000 California growers can offer you.

The pick of the great California orange crop—extra-select, thin-skinned, seedless Navel oranges, with the true tang and flavor of perfectly ripened fruit.

Nowhere else in the world do Navel oranges attain such excellence as in California. Here the trees receive scientific soil cultivation—they are supplied with just enough water, at just the right time—the sheltering mountains, the warm sunshine and the balmy Pacific, all combine to yield an orange of royal excellence.

Not a Seed in "Sunkist" Navel Oranges

You can eat "Sunkist" Navel oranges freely. No danger from seeds. "Sunkist" oranges are perfect golden globes, brimming with luscious juice and a captivating flavor that makes your mouth water for more and more. You'll enjoy them most right now, for they're in their very prime. Buy "Sunkist" of your dealer today.

Pickers Wear Soft Cotton Gloves

"Sunkist" oranges are the cleanest of fruits—never touched by bare hands. Each picker and packer wears white cotton gloves. This saves the fruit from bruises, too. And "Sunkist" oranges are doubly inspected. You get only perfect fruit, free from blemish.

Buy Them by the Box

"Sunkist" oranges are much cheaper by the box or half-box than by the dozen. They are so solid and firm, so perfect they keep for weeks. In this way you have a ready supply always on hand. Feed them freely to the children. Dr. Wiley says: "The eating of oranges will save many a doctor bill. Eat them for breakfast, for lunch, for dinner and in between times." A little "Sunkist" orange juice is an excellent corrective for babies.

All Dealers Have "Sunkist"

They are shipped, ripe, juicy, luscious, in refrigerator cars, to reach you in prime condition. Their original freshness comes to you unimpaired. Ask your merchant for "Sunkist" lemons, too—so full of juice they go farther than ordinary lemons. Save your "Sunkist" wrappers and get handsome silver premiums.

Send for Free Recipe Book

Mail us the coupon and we'll send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 110 ways of using "Sunkist" oranges and lemons. You will also receive our illustrated list of 27 Wm. Rogers & Son's Silverware Premiums for your table, with instructions how to trade "Sunkist" wrappers for beautiful silver. Write for these booklets today.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Eastern Office, 135 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me 40-Page Recipe Book, and list of "Sunkist" Silver Premiums.

Name

Address

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

(216)

Thank the Premier Burley Soil

—for the finest smoke you know

—For the finest Burley smoke ever sold in a 10-cent tin—City Club.

Thank the famous Blue-grass sod of Kentucky, *rich in limestone*, and washed by those crystal-like rivers and brooks from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

For this is the soil that grows The Precious White Burley that goes into City Club.

It is known as *The Premier Burley Soil*, because no other earth grows another tobacco like it.

There's an extensive range of quality in Burleys. Try the KING LEAF from the Premier Soil and see if you've smoked the best.

Make This Test

Compare "CITY CLUB" with your favorite brand. Observe its individual aroma. Note its rare mildness and its rich, full-bodied flavor. See what pleasure it gives you—you who love a mild but satisfying smoke.

City Club

The Premier Quality Smoke

We who grow this famous Burley form the company that manufactures it for you. The pride of ownership is in it.

We own the land. We grow the tobacco. We have the finest Kentucky Blue-grass Burley tobacco to select from. Nothing but the KING LEAF goes into CITY CLUB. The KING LEAF has no bite. ***Quality is the reason.***

If your dealer has not received his supply, send your name and address and your dealer's, enclosing 16 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and packing, and get *two* 10-cent tins—20 cents' worth—try it. Dealers are authorized to refund money to any smoker not satisfied that "CITY CLUB" IS BETTER.

5c and 10c Tins

One Tin Makes You a Life Member

Address 26 Caldwell Street

Burley Tobacco Company, Inc.

GROWERS & MANUFACTURERS OF CITY CLUB
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World (24)

WHERE TO BORROW

Suggestions to the Young Business Man Selecting a Bank

By ROGER W. BABSON

OUR Secretary of State, Honorable William Jennings Bryan, is reported to have said recently, at a banking convention in Richmond, Virginia: "People put money into banks for only one purpose—namely, to get it out again." Though there is a good deal of homely truth in this remark of Mr. Bryan's it shows very clearly that he is a man of considerable means and takes the point of view of the man of wealth rather than that of the young business man. It is probably true that Mr. Bryan deposits money in certain banks for the sole purpose of getting it out again; and in selecting a bank in which to deposit he considers only the financial strength of the institution.

Unfortunately the young business men who elected the present Democratic Administration, of which Mr. Wilson is president and Mr. Bryan general manager, do not deposit money in banks for this purpose; in fact the young business man deposits money in banks rather for the primary purpose of being able to borrow money from said banks. This may seem a strange statement to many readers; but it is the actual fact and it is well to acknowledge it frankly.

In other words, instead of considering simply financial strength when selecting a bank—as can Mr. Bryan or any other man who is not compelled to borrow—the young business man must consider the liberality of the respective institutions in his community, and—other things being fairly equal—choose for his bank that institution from which he is most likely to be able to borrow money.

A little thought will show any one that there is much more difference between Mr. Bryan's requirements and the requirements of the young business man than appears on the surface. Financial strength demands the greatest scrutiny and care about the bank's loans; consequently the strongest, most conservative institutions are, in the case of the young business man, the hardest from which to borrow. I naturally think that the bank in New York which Mr. Bryan would select in which to deposit his money—simply to have it safe and to be able to withdraw it at any time—would not consider a loan to a young business man without capital. Such a bank would insist that its funds be loaned only on stock-exchange collateral.

Too Safe to Do Business With

Certainly such a bank would not loan on real estate, as real-estate loans, though safe as permanent investments, are not at all liquid. Moreover such an institution could not loan on ordinary commercial paper as it is issued today in this country by the average business man, who is entirely dependent on its renewal. The bank Mr. Bryan would apparently select for his funds would consider only the highest-grade railroad bonds, the receivables or other business paper of the big corporations and so-called trusts, and the loans of brokers on stock-exchange collateral.

In other words, when any one selects a bank on the basis of financial strength he will select the institutions in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities that are financing the great corporations, loaning on stock-exchange collateral, and banks which are hand and glove with the entire financial fabric.

On the other hand, the bank the young business man would naturally select—namely, the bank from which he can freely borrow—is not a strong financial institution according to cold financial standards. The institution the young business man must select is one that assumes risks and will loan at six per cent to a local storekeeper when it can obtain the same rate from a great railroad corporation; in fact the best bank for the young business man often is the bank that is operated by men who are unfamiliar with bonds and other listed securities, and who have no facilities for buying the high-grade commercial paper of the great industrial trusts.

I realize that these statements are not orthodox and will not be admitted by the average banker; but they, nevertheless, are facts and should be thoroughly recognized by every young business man of this country.

Therefore do not select your bank for the purpose of drawing your money out again. Practically all banks are safe enough so far as that purpose goes. Of course in times of panic the small institution may, for a week or two, be unable to give the currency needed for your payroll, or may not be able to cash your checks; but this same institution will not compel you to pay up your loans or embarrass you in your business.

On the other hand, the great and strong financial institutions, such as would be able to supply you currency at all times, would compel you to pay your loan the moment it is due, even if it matured in the midst of a great financial crisis. In other words, select the bank with a heart and a soul, and not the financial institution that considers simply its own strength.

Analyzing a Bank Statement

The young business man should, however, pay some attention to the statements published by his local banks. A typical statement is as follows:

RESOURCES	
Bonds and stocks	$1,283,902.97
Loans and discounts	1,847,225.87
Loans on real estate	495,772.50
Real estate	50,000.00
Other real estate	1,169.98
Vault, and so on	6,000.00
Due from banks	173,478.36
Cash	183,325.34
Total	$4,190,945.02

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock	$ 200,000.00
Surplus	200,000.00
Undivided profits	144,050.77
Deposits, commercial department	3,060,755.33
Deposits, savings department	586,138.92
Total	$4,190,945.02

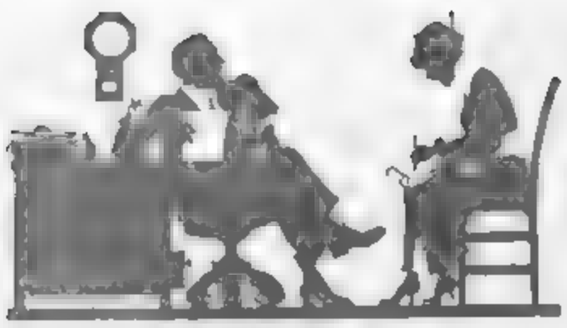
Now there have been entire books written on the subject of interpreting statements like the above; but, in my mind, there are only two important calculations that you or any other young business man need consider—namely: 1—Add the capital stock, surplus and undivided profits, which in the case of the statement above amounts to $544,050.77; 2—Ascertain the proportion this bears to the total assets, which proportion shows the practical equity the depositors have.

Technically speaking, in the case of national and other banks, where the stockholders have a double liability, the capital stock should be doubled before combining with the surplus and undivided profits. That is the situation in Massachusetts; hence the depositors of the institution mentioned above—which is located in that state—have a factor of safety of nearly eighteen per cent when the capital stock is multiplied by two, which means that the bank must lose eighteen per cent of its assets before the depositors need lose a dollar.

It is very evident that there are two features determining this factor of safety. With the same deposits, a bank becomes stronger as its capital stock, surplus or undivided profits is increased; or, with a constant capital, surplus and undivided profits, a bank theoretically becomes stronger as its deposits decrease—though every bank is continually striving to increase its deposits.

This is another fact the average banker does not like to admit. It is talked over at secret sessions and sometimes at bankers' conventions; but the public has been taught to think that the bank with the greatest deposits is the strongest institution.

All banking publicity seems to be based on the idea of showing the public how the deposits have grown, as nearly every bank advertisement seems to make a great point of this one feature. Not only do banks tabulate the growth in deposits from year to year in their advertisements, but they often increase the size of type in which the deposits are printed as the years go on.



You dictate all day today.

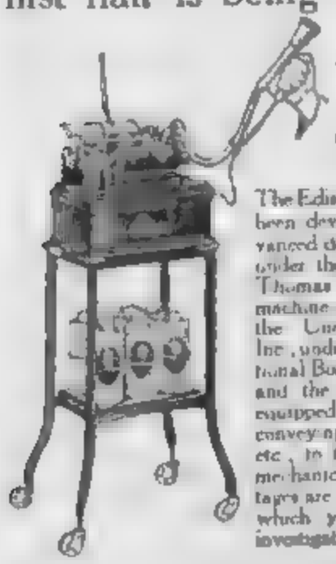
At 9 o'clock tomorrow you find your stenographer is ill and won't be down to work.

And no one else can read her shorthand notes!

EDISON DICTATING MACHINE

(Prevent Substitution, Specify "Made by Edison")

can be understood as easily by one person as another. There is no delay, no lost motion, no tie-up in office routine, no chance of inaccuracies. While you dictate the last half of your mail, the first half is being written. It's *all* ready to be signed at quitting time.



The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is the machine approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and the *only* dictating machine equipped with an Audo Index for conveying corrections, instructions, etc., to the transcriber. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklets, which you should read before investigating.

Service Everywhere, including the principal Canadian Cities

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED

229 Lakeside Avenue Orange, N. J.

SEND IN THIS COUPON

Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
229 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Please send me your 24-page brochure, "*The Goose, the Typewriter and the Wizard*," describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work, and your booklets on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

For instance I have before me the advertisement of an institution where the deposits of five years ago are given in very small type followed by the deposits of the next year in a little larger type, and at the end of the column are the deposits of the present year in bold black-faced type. Other banks make a specialty of showing the increase in their net resources, which simply means a sum of the deposits, capital stock, surplus and undivided profits.

An honest advertisement of these institutions, where the capital, surplus and undivided profits has remained the same, should contain a comparative statement of the respective factors of safety each year, which figures would show in most cases a continual decline. In other words, unless the capital, surplus and undivided profits have increased as the deposits have increased, an increase in deposits shows a theoretical weakening of an institution, and the depositor's money is less secure in the direct proportion that these deposits have increased.

Readers must not for a moment think that this means that their money is not safe, for practically all banks in this country are safe enough for any business man. Only about one in a thousand of our banks each year causes any loss to depositors, and then the loss is usually slight. There are no stronger banks in the world than the banks of our United States of America. The point I desire to make is that the average young business man and most of the depositors in this country are ignorant regarding the fundamentals of banking, as is clearly demonstrated by the form of advertising in which our banks indulge.

The Factor of Safety

In foreign countries the bankers talk of factors of safety rather than simply deposits; but in this country, owing to the ignorance of most business men concerning banking methods, the people can be fooled by a comparative statement of deposits, though the depositors' interests are in most cases less secure as the deposits have increased.

Therefore the first and most important feature to note in the study of a bank statement is the factor of safety, which is the proportion the sum of the capital, surplus and undivided profits bears to the total resources of the institution.

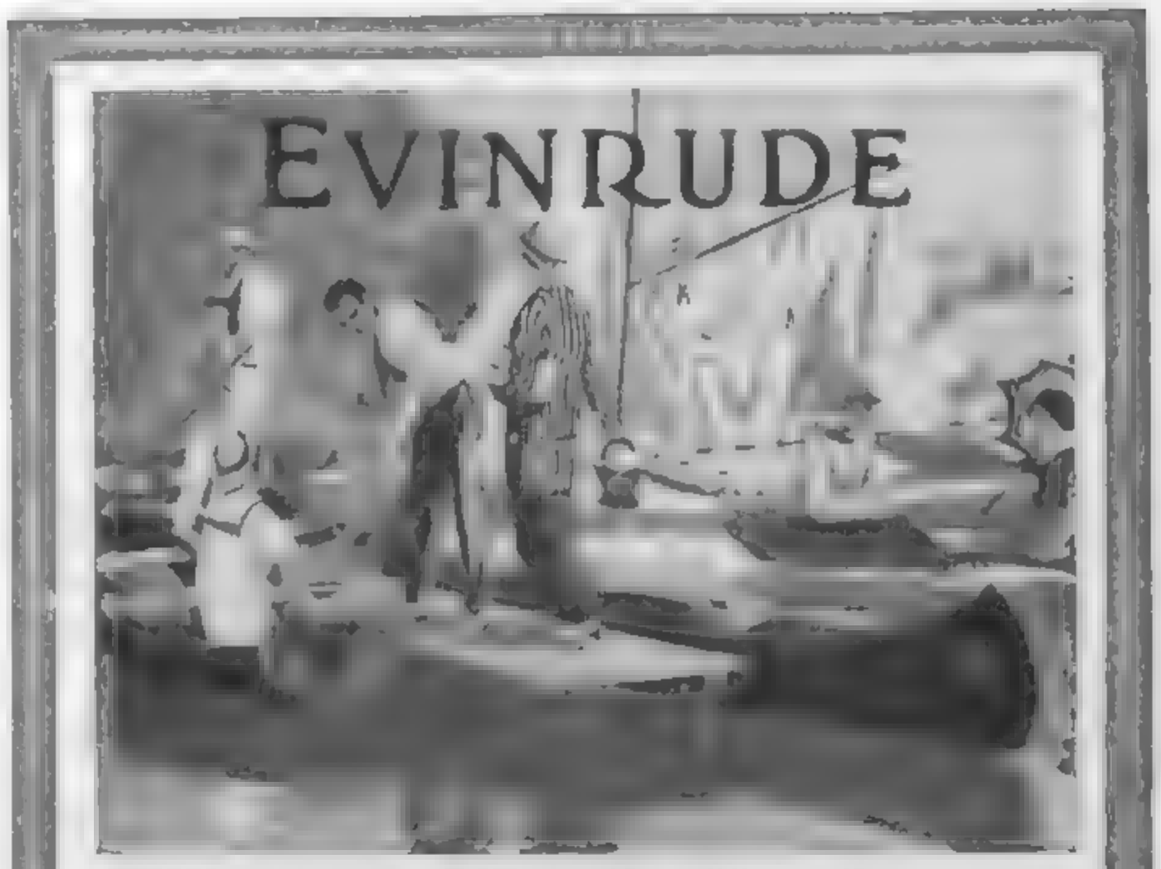
A growth in deposits may signify that a bank is alive and is apparently of an accommodating nature, while a decrease in deposits often shows lack of confidence or signifies a disagreeable management. Therefore deposits are a factor to consider. There are also other items to consider, such as the proportion of deposits, the rate of interest paid, the amount of real estate and other liquid assets held, and so on.

A very simple test of the policy of an institution is shown by the value at which the building, vault and fixtures are carried on the books. The bank that carries these items at cost, or at a figure above that for which they could be sold, is usually in need of everything it can get to square its accounts; and that is not a good sign. On the other hand, it is a very good sign when banks make no mention of their vault and fixtures, and carry their building at a very low figure.

In other words, banks that show their vault and fixtures in their statements may have concealed losses, while the institutions that have charged these off have probably concealed profits. There is a great difference between concealed losses and concealed profits, though the public today has difficulty in distinguishing between the two.

Some day a law will be passed making public all bank loans, and any depositor in a bank will be able to know, from a public book or file at the bank, whose notes the bank holds and the amount of each note. This is a simple remedy and would be perfectly fair if practiced by all institutions, and would at once place banking on an infinitely higher, fairer and stronger plane. Moreover, such a plan would give the small business man a more equal opportunity to cope with big business than he has under the present system of secret bank loans.

There is another feature about the advertisements of banks that greatly amuses me—namely, the reference to the year in which the institution was founded, as if it were a great honor to have been in business a great many years. For instance, I have before me the advertisement of a bank which asserts that it was established a very long time ago. It makes a great feature



Doubling Your Summer Pleasures

EVERYONE wants to enjoy a vacation to its fullest extent, and to those who are fond of the water there is a means of doubling their Summer pleasures. Picture to yourself a powerful, finely-built motor which can be attached in less than one minute to any rowboat. Picture it driving a rowboat eight miles an hour, a canoe nearly twelve miles, and entirely eliminating the necessity of oars or paddles. Picture any rowboat turned into a rapid motor-boat and you will see the

The motor weighs about fifty pounds and may be carried about like a satchel. It possesses features that no other marine motor can have, because its features are exclusive ones. There are no batteries to carry about because the "Evinrude" is equipped with a

Built In-Reversible Magneto

This magneto is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. It has only one moving part and starts the motor with a one-twelfth revolution of the fly-wheel. The motor is constructed in the same manner as the finest automobile engine made and has won so many prizes for economy and endurance that twelve governments, including the United States, have officially adopted it. **It is built by the largest manufacturers of rowboat motors** in the world, and their **capacity is 60,000 "Evinrudes"** per year. Every motor is absolutely guaranteed. Making a motor-boat of any rowboat has enabled thousands upon thousands of people to enjoy the pleasures of motor-boating at a minimum expense. "Evinrudes" are on sale at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers throughout the United States.

Large Illustrated Catalogue will be sent Free upon request.

Evinrude Motor Co.
460 F St., Milwaukee, Wis.

BRANCH OFFICES

New York . . .	89 Cortlandt St.
San Francisco . .	423 Market St.
Boston . .	218 State St.
Portland, Ore.	106 Fourth St.
Jacksonville, Florida, Foot of Main	

The Flower of the Vineyard

A mark of merit—a sign of superiority—that's the meaning of the Indian Girl on the label of every bottle of
RED WING
the
GRAPE JUICE
With the Better Flavor
Just the first crush of pure, sweet juice from the hearts of the choicest select grapes.
Unadulterated, unfermented, unchanged.
RED WING
GRAPE JUICE

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will send you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Missouri River, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four ounce bottle.

Manufactured by
PURITAN FOOD PRODUCTS CO., Inc.
Fredonia, N.Y.

of that fact in its advertising, as the other banks in the community are younger banks.

A stranger coming to town is naturally attracted by the advertisement of this long-established institution. A study of the facts, however, will show two things: 1—That the stock of this institution sells considerably below par and at the lowest price of any of the bank stocks of the vicinity; and 2—That the deposits are also the smallest of any of the banks in that city; in fact, the stock of the youngest bank in that city is today selling way over par.

My only reason for mentioning this is because of the lesson the young business man should derive therefrom—namely, that the older institutions are often unable to give young business men the accommodation it is possible to obtain from younger institutions.

This is often owing to two reasons: 1—Because the older institutions often have among their loans a large amount of deadwood that has accumulated through the great number of years they have been in business; and 2—Because their friendships have already been formed and it is usually difficult for a new young man to break through and really become one of the inner circle.

When a bank is carrying a large amount of deadwood in the form of real estate, notes, or other securities that are not bad enough to charge off, and yet not good enough to realize on in an emergency, it is compelled to accept only the choicest loans for the balance. Moreover, as above suggested, the old institutions are often operated by older men who have already formed their circle of acquaintances.

Hence, though such institutions are glad to receive the deposits of the young business man, yet when he calls to get a loan he often gets a frost instead. The average old conservative banking institution that has been established a great many years is apt to be a pretty frosty proposition. Certainly I found it so.

I well remember when, at my first job, which was selling bonds for a banking house, I felt that a certain bond issue was bound to sell higher. This, by the way, was in 1898, directly after the panic of 1897. All bonds were then selling very low, as they are today; money was tight, currency and tariff legislation were being agitated; and, in fact, conditions were very similar to those existing at the present time. We were having trouble with Cuba, somewhat like our present difficulties with Mexico, and affairs abroad were likewise disturbed.

"He Who Goes Aborrowing"

Well, I had about fifteen hundred dollars in cash, part of which had been given me by a good grandmother; the balance I had earned by peddling vegetables. As I remember, most of this money was on deposit in a local savings bank; and let me say right here that for security probably no form of institution excels the savings banks of Massachusetts.

As I have stated, it looked to me as though the bonds I was selling—or, to speak more correctly, was trying to sell—were sure to advance in price as soon as conditions righted. This I determined from a knowledge of the property securing the bonds and a study of the prices for which the bonds were then selling compared with previous prices.

I knew from the public reports that the railroad issuing these bonds was stronger than ever before, though the bonds were then selling at a lower price than ever before. In view of these two facts, and being a believer in the United States of America, I decided to buy five thousand dollars' worth of these bonds for my own account, though I had only fifteen hundred dollars.

Knowing that such bonds were then considered by the banks as choice collateral, and knowing that a great many other people in Boston were borrowing on these same bonds, I started out to negotiate a loan of thirty-five hundred dollars on the five bonds. It seems like a dream as I now look back on the days I spent and the calls I made to negotiate this loan. The large institutions in Boston would not even give me a hearing, and I remember how I trotted over to a little trust company in South Boston and a small bank in Roxbury. But wherever I went I received no encouragement and in many instances I was treated with distinct discourtesy.

At last I found a small trust company that had just opened in a basement near Court Street, and there I was invited to talk it over. Mind you, in none of these other institutions had I been given even a hearing—let alone being invited in to talk it over. This little trust company was to me like a beacon to a discouraged mariner; and after hearing my story they courteously offered me a loan, though not so large as I had originally hoped for.

I do not claim that the officers of this little trust company had any bigger hearts than the officers of the older and larger institutions which so abruptly turned me down. The facts of the case probably were that this institution was young and just starting. Consequently it had: 1—A surplus of funds to loan; and 2—A dearth of friends. These may have been the governing factors. However, the result was good; and consequently I say to young business men: Select a bank long of funds and short of friends rather than an institution short of funds and long of friends.

This often means that the younger institution—especially one just opening its doors—offers a much better opportunity to the young business man for getting accommodation than the old institutions that have been established a great many years.

In addition to the study of the statement of an institution and a consideration of when it was established, it is very important to become familiar with the character and business interests of the directors. To begin with, the young business man should have nothing to do with an institution the directors of which are not men of character and integrity.

Banking Based on Character

Though the late J. P. Morgan amused his hearers by his remarks before the Pujo Investigation Committee, stating that "Character is the fundamental of banking," he was absolutely correct. Directors of a bank should be men of the highest type in the community; and no man who is not honest, clean, temperate and just should be allowed to become a member of a board of directors.

Of course there are some instances where banks are practically run by an executive committee—where such men are unfortunately members of a board of directors but are not members of such a committee. In such a case I suppose the bank should be judged by its executive committee rather than by the one or two black sheep on its board of directors.

Practically speaking, however, one can most easily and correctly judge a bank by noting the kind of men who operate it. Birds of a feather flock together—whether in stealing money or in stealing corn; and the young business man should always bear this in mind.

On the other hand, the directors should present something more than character. The young business man should select an institution where the directors are young and active enough to be progressive and interested in young men and, at the same time, old enough to be beyond the borrowing period.

To state it another way, the young business man should select a bank where the directors are poor enough to appreciate what a loan of a few thousand dollars, or perhaps one of only a few hundreds, means to the average reader of this weekly, but also rich enough not to need to borrow of the institution. Of course in most communities these two rules would eliminate about ninety-nine per cent of the business men of the community; nevertheless this feature should be carefully considered.

A year or more ago, with these ideals in mind, I went to a friend connected with one of the largest banks in Boston and urged him to establish a bank on these principles; in fact I suggested that the institution be called the Young Men's Trust Company.

It is true I did not receive much encouragement; but I believe my arguments were sound and that some day such an institution will be founded—not only in Boston but in every fair-sized city in this nation.

At present I know of no banking institution of this country that makes a specialty of catering to young business men. Some day such institutions will be formed. When that time comes the young business men will flock to them; and, so long as they fulfill their function, they will have a marvelous growth.

Meantime, you should not select the bank that can most easily pay out money, but rather the institution that will most readily extend help by giving honest advice, legitimate loans, and by taking a brotherly interest in your welfare.

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

The Story of the Serkus

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg was tellen me he read in the paper about a grate deal of colera in the piggs down in the country where you and Uncle William live nowwadays and a grate menny of them dyen by the scores and wundered if you had any and when he told me about it it made me think of you and Uncle William and how I had not ansured your last letter and I thought I would rite and see if you are both well.

I did not ansur your letter with the fiffty sense rapped in it becaws Hennry and me were so exsited about goen to the serkus and afterwurd talken about it we did not seme to get round to rite about it as quick as we otto have done.

If you could have watcht me and Hennry when we got your letter and felt something rapped up inside of it you would have seen a wunderful site for happyness.

Hennry said you must be a fine woman to send the fiffty sense without us asken for it but onley tellen you what his aunt yoosto do. The fiffty sense did not last long at the serkus but it was verry good while it lasted.

A funney thing happend about Hennry's muther given him fiffty sense too witch he never exspected though it mite be possibul he thought and then my muther given me fiffty sense like litenen out of a cleer sky the day befoar the serkus.

We did not tell her about the fiffty sense from you but are keepen it to supprize her and make her think how good you are. Hennry and me mannidged to get throo the whole sho by haven a dollar and a haff and bein ecconomickle but if we onley had the fiffty sense it would be a tite squeaze.

The ame of a serkus seams to be to get all the munney you have to spair and they genrelly do. We both of us thought we kept track of it pretty well but lots of it slipt away before we thought of ware it went.

We could remember big sho fiffty sense side sho twenty sense lemmenade ten sense bloons ten sense consurt thirty sense peenuts ten sense totle a dollar and thirty sense leeven twenty sense we do not know ware it went but probily for a good caws.

A serkus is verry exsiten all day furst getten up urly in the mornen and watchen them unlode witch they do verry fast and full of exspearience. It is a wunderful site to see the ellyfunts commen out of the car and gitten on the planks ware they walk out with thare trunks to see if it is safe.

Then thare is a high place in the car for the guraf's neck witch is ten feat long more or less but perfeckly nachurel. The guraf eats out of tall trees in the forrest witch his neck is for but in a serkus it would not need to be so long onley for curriosity.

Then you can heer the hippotumus splash in a big tank out of site but after wile they take his sidebords off and you can see him swett blud witch is a good sine.

A hippotumus is verry low and hevvy the oposut of a guraf but fearcer and lible to bite a bote in two in the water and drown them all in Africa ware it lives before it is taken to the serkus. The rinnoseros is something like a hippotumus with a horn on its nose and a little higher up on its legs. It genrelly has a bird on its back to let it know if you are a hunter after witch it flies away witch is verry wunderful the more you think of it and the rinnoseros makes a fearce charge and kills you with his horn if you are in the same place but you are appto get out of the rode.

Rinnoseros hide is verry thick and offen will stop the bullet but if you shoot him in the brane it is better.

Hennry says that the ellyfunts the hippotumuses and the rinnoseroses are the pack of derms.

The ellyfunt is the kindest and verry gentul and soshubul but remembers if you are not kind to it and appto kill you with his trunk thirty years after you put tobacko in its nose when it meats you agen. Hennry and me were verry careful with them and do not exspect to have any trubbul if we should see them agen after we are grone up but they would stil remember us.

Hennry and me saw the wild man eaten his breakfust in the tent but he was verry peaceful then probily tired from beein wild so long. Hennry and me saw a jiunt seven feat high before the serkus opend with a plug hat on. He was a jiunt ever since he was a small boy so he told us when we lookt at him ware he was standen alongside of the guraf's cage witch he seemed to be nearly as tall as.

After wile it was the strete parade witch was ten oclock with a man in frunt to holler look out for your horses the ellyfunts are commen witch they did verry soon in a row with a hold of each uther's tales by thare trunks as if it was all one peace. Then it was sevrel band wagguns playen verry loud for thare size and clowns riden on little mewels witch it is hard to say was the best. Then it was bewtiful girls on horses with fine dresses on and golden hare and some cages of open munkeys and some closed ones but you could hear them kworrelin inside.

Then at the last it was a steem orgen playen Annie Laurie with the steem commen out.

After the parade Hennry and me went back to the serkus grownds to be sure so as not to miss anything and had a glass of lemmenade and some peenuts before goen in the side sho ware it was a bewtiful girl with a bow constrickter round her neck witch mite have crusht her to a jelly onley it was sleepy with chickens and rabbits swallowed whole after witch it is sloly digessted for sevrel days witch is a snake's whole life eaten and digessten.

Hennry and me stade quite a long time to see it all and then we went in the big sho ware it is the mennagerey furst and we could smell the mennagerey the furst thing witch is a smell you never forget and goes quite a waya. Hennry knew most of the annimles by name witch made it very nice for both of us when we went by the cages. Most of the peopul were by the munkey cages probily from there bein more like peopul than anything ells.

Hennry and me got a good seet high up and Hennry said if your aunt could onley see us now she would be glad about the fiffty sense maken two boys purfeckly happey witch we knew you would be. Hennry said wile he was goen through the mennagerey he could not help thinken of you all the time and how good you were.

It was two rings in the serkus and sevrel uther acs all at the same time and it was hard to see them all and not miss any. Hennry saw the girl slide down from the top of the tent by her teeth but he missed the man sliden down by his toes upside down witch he was offle sorry for. He also missed one of the ellyfunts drinken out of a bottul and I missed one of the summersets over five ellyfunts and four camuls by a man who was one-legged backwurd.

After it was all over Hennry said we otto stay to the consurt becaws you would probily want to know about it and mite be disapointed if we did not stay so we did but it was not verry good exsept feeden the annimles witch would eat sevrel hunderd pounds of raw meat with a terribul rore. It was a wunderful site inside of the lion's mouth when he rores witch makes you glad he is not exsposed to you in the jungul.

After we got hoam Hennry said it would be easy to walk the slack wire witch he did on the closeline and fell off on a bottul witch cut him quite bad. Commen so soon after haven his thum partly blone off it was quite a shock to him but he is verry grateful and so am I for the fiffty sense and if thare should be anuther serkus any time and you would like to hear about it let us know and we will probily be abul to get in somehow so as to rite you about it.

You can let Uncle William see this letter but he has seen so menny serkuses it would probily be no news to him but it mite make him thunk of old times.

Your affeckshionate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Hennry's thum ware it was partly blone off is all heeled now and if it was not for the cut on the bottul fallen off the closeline walken the slack wire he would be perfeckly well. Thare is a minnstrul sho commen in a few weaks witch Hennry and me will be glad to rite you about if we get in witch we mite.—W. G.

—J. W. Foley.

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing."

"America"

Kindles Vivid Depths of Feeling

When Played on the Virtuolo by Instinct

"I NEVER thought it was in me—to get so excited over any music. But when those rich chords came rolling out of my Virtuolo, so full of life and fire, the family couldn't keep back the words of that great song of thankfulness, and a wave of feeling swept me far out of myself.

"I saw my own father an immigrant of fifty years ago, poor and oppressed. I saw the beautiful land of promise that greeted him this land of Washington and of Lincoln.

"And I saw the things it gave him and, through him, gave *me* Education, Opportunity, Self-Respect, Ambition, the Chance to fight, and s[illegible]

"I tell you an uncontrollable joy just poured out into those strains of "My Country 'Tis of Thee," as I sat there, my fingers on the Virtuolo's simple Acsolo buttons, unconscious of how I g[illegible] the wonderful music and the wonderful feeling it roused within me." The

HALLET & DAVIS

VIRTUOLO

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

can and should be in every home in the country today. For the joy of Instinctive Playing is *not a luxury*.

Virtuolos come as low as $450, the price of the new Princess Virtuolo; and as high as $1050, the magnificent Art Style Hallet & Davis Virtuolo. Six other models $525 to $850, depending on the piano used. A convenient payment puts an instrument into your home now—today. If desired we can arrange three years to complete payments

Sold in all the leading cities. We'll send you address of the nearest Virtuolo dealer.

Mothers and Fathers! You want your children to love their home—you love to hear it ring with their joyous laughter. Then give them a Virtuolo, which will respond so richly to their innate craving for music—which will inspire them to study, to practice, to know the works of the great masters of music

The New Princess Virtuolo, Price $450

Send For the Virtuolo Book

Contains information you cannot afford to be without if you ever *even think* of owning a player piano. Mail coupon for this interesting book today Tear off the coupon *now*—so you'll never have the chance to reproach yourself for forgetting to send for this information

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Chalmers—A

The Master "Six" $2175

Motor folks call me the Master "Six."

I have earned the title. I have set a new record for Sixes. In one month alone, men paid over $2,000,000 for me. They had all the Sixes of the world to choose from. They chose me.

But first they made me prove myself. They put me to tests equal to a season's service. Only by living up to every claim did I win them.

Because I told my story in deeds rather than words, they were convinced. For they couldn't deny what their eyes saw—what their senses perceived.

Let me tell you in deeds the story of my Master Motor. It will win you as it won them.

The Turning of the Tide

Swiftly and surely the tide has turned to the Sixes. Motorists no longer are content with a power that lets go and grabs again at every other revolution. They now insist upon that quiet, steady pull—that luxurious smoothness that can come only from six cylinders.

Until the Master "Six" appeared last year, buyers had thought of all "Sixes" as heavy cars, extravagant of fuel and tires; costly to buy and expensive to keep. But the Master "Six" opened their eyes.

Here was a car of six cylinders at a moderate price, and even lighter than many "Fours" of equal power. Here was a motor so silent and smooth running that friction and wear might be forgotten. A car which cost little to buy and little to keep.

Power Lithe as a Panther

Its master motor has six cylinders of long stroke and small bore. So it fairly floats up the hills on high gear. It can reach twenty-five miles an hour in ten seconds from a standstill. It can creep like a snail through the crowd and then be off like a greyhound at the touch of the throttle.

This ability to run fast or slow on direct drive, to vary the speed at will without constantly shifting gears, puts the Master "Six" head and shoulders above its rivals. It gives a flexibility of power that is possible only among "Sixes"—and rare even there.

Where Silence is Golden

We used to judge the price of a car by its voice. As a big limousine slipped by, silent as a ghost, instinctively we said "There's a high-priced car." But silence in the Master "Six" is evidence of skill rather than of money.

Listen to the soft purr of its motor—the quiet shift of its gears. No clattering cams, with their wear and tear; no heat-warped valves, noisy and wasteful of power.

This silence assures you that it will live longer—for noise means wear and waste. That it will live cheaper—for friction and wear mean renewals and upkeep. Truly the silence that is golden is the silence that saves.

Vibration is Power Thrown Away

Vibration is wasteful as well as uncomfortable. It is power and fuel thrown away in joggling the car which should be used in propelling it; it throws useless strain upon bearings and tires; it means discomfort for the passengers and increased fuel bills; it means the very life of the car cut short.

And vibration can't be cured by a make-shift. The only escape from it is in a six-cylinder motor; where the impulses overlap; where the flow of the power stream is continuous.

The easy gliding motion of the Chalmers "Six" is like a caress. You who have never driven a real "Six" know nothing of its charm.

Every Drop of Fuel Works

Economy in fuel means using it to the best advantage.

The Master "Six" heats its fuel three times. So even with low grade gasoline it fires quick and sure and leaves nothing behind.

And it uses every ounce of its power. Its Tungsten steel valves never leak; its patented sectional piston rings make loss of compression impossible. So the Master "Six" gets more mileage than usual out of a gallon of fuel.

This is the Day of the "Six"

Users of other types of cars are anxious to own a "Six." Many want to trade their present cars toward "Sixes," but are afraid they will have to stand unusual depreciation. If you have a car you want to trade toward a "Six," ask the nearest Chalmers dealer what he will allow.

Send Literature on The Master "Sixes"

I want to talk with a Dealer about a Chalmers "Six."

I have { *no car.* / *a* ___ ___ *car,*

Model, _____ _____ *type.*

Name

Street ___ *City* ___ *State*

Tale of Two "Sixes"

The Master "Light Six," $1800

I am the Chalmers "Light Six." The son of a king—The Master "Six."

I am like my illustrious sire, though built in a lighter mold. I have speed—more than you'll need. Though my Master Motor is light, I have power to spare.

Light on my feet, I am saving on tires and frugal with fuel.

I am easy to buy and easy to keep.

A One-Motion Starter—A Non-Stallable Motor

One swing of a switch at the outset—and this is what happens: The Chalmers-Entz electric starter spins the engine to start it.

But that isn't all. If some unusual demand upon the engine should cause it to falter, the starter keeps it running until it picks up again.

There's no chance to be stranded in a throng or on a dangerous crossing. It makes the motor unstallable. In simplicity and sureness the Chalmers-Entz system is without a parallel.

The Last Reason for Purchase—The Price

To build a "Six" to sell at $5000 is an easy task. But to build the Master "Six" to sell at $2175—that's a man's job. Two years ago it would have been impossible.

But our output has doubled. We have found ways to forge steel lighter and stronger. We use more aluminum than ever before. More drop forgings have replaced castings. So the Master "Six," though lighter, has the silken strength of the athlete.

Compare its luxurious smoothness with any car you know; contrast its distinguished beauty with the best foreign cars; recall that its price is $2175. Then ask yourself if any other car offers equal value for the money.

The Test That Tells the Tale

The true measure of value—and the only one—is performance. What will the car do in service?—that's the question.

So we have arranged the Chalmers Road Test. We make our appeal for the Chalmers "Sixes" through the cars themselves. We submit the evidence of deeds rather than of words.

Make this test—it is more than just a ride. Put the burden of proof on the car itself. It can't conceal—it can't exaggerate. It will give you a new standard by which to judge other cars.

Six-Cylinder Value—Four-Cylinder Price

Many have waited for this day to come.

They want a car of low first cost—yet a car of generous size and ample power. A light car, but not a little one.

But this car must be a "Six." For they know that means a car easy to ride in, easy to run and easy to keep.

In the Master "Light Six" weight has been lessened, but strength has been preserved. Everything has been reduced to the simplest form, yet nothing essential has been omitted. It gives the luxury and economy of the "Six" at the price of a "Four."

Safety First Always

When you ride in the "Light Six" you can trust it. Frame and axles are of heat-treated steel with a four-fold margin of safety. Gears and roller bearings have withstood a crushing test of fifty tons. Its brakes will stop it within its length.

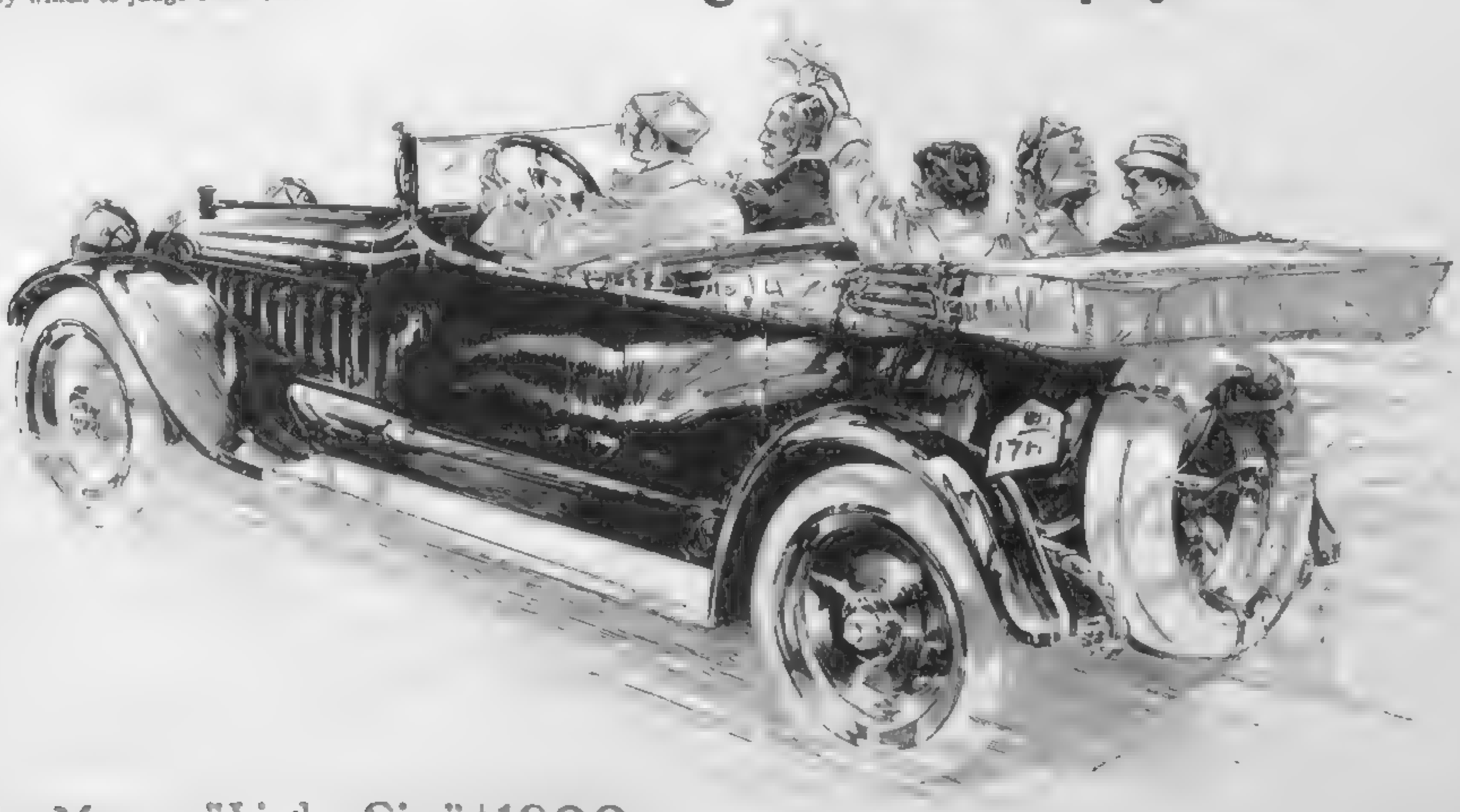
Its electric starter prevents the motor from going dead at a critical moment. The gears lock themselves in mesh. The shifting device won't let you go wrong.

The assurance of safety is the corner stone of motoring pleasure.

Look at these Features and Try to Match Them at the Price

Six Cylinders
48 Horsepower
126-inch Wheel Base
Electric Starter
Non-Stallable Motor
Electric Lights
Tungsten Steel Valves
Streamline Body
Molded Oval Fenders
Triple-Heated Fuel
Timken Roller Bearings
Locked Transmission Gears
Chalmers Sectional Piston Rings
Multiple Disc Clutch
Clean Running Board
Left Drive; Center Control
34-inch Wheels
Rayfield Carburetor
Underslung Springs
Invisible Hinges
Tapered Bonnet

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit



The Master "Light Six" $1800

Calarab

CANDY FIGS

The World's Confection

-from California

30¢

Made where the Figs grow

A treat for you from California

Calarab, the transformed fig, that is so tender to bite, that is all good and no waste.

No one before ever imagined a fig could be so good—the whole secret is in the transformation.

There is a fascination about *Calarab* that keeps one eating. Be sure to buy it for the children, for *Calarab* is a healthful, beneficial confection.

If you can't buy from your dealer, send 30c in stamps to nearest address for full one pound package Calarab.

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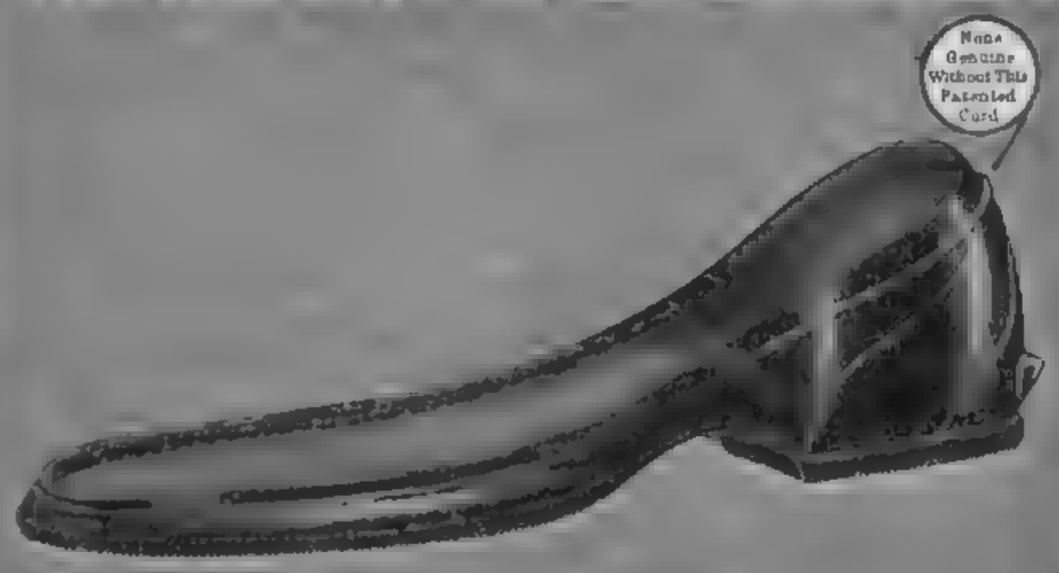
"The Rubbers of a Gentleman"



Appreciated by those who are careful of their appearance.

NOTE THIS:—You can depend on the dealer who sells "EVERSTICK" to carry the best of everything.

EVERSTICK

TRADE MARK

INVISIBLE RUBBER

Insist upon the genuine "Everstick" for sale by reputable Dealers

Sense and Nonsense

The Ruling Habit

CYRIL Maude, the English actor-manager, who was in this country recently, in making a talk before a dramatists' society in New York told a story to illustrate the inborn conservatism of his countrymen—especially those resident in rural parts.

He said that through the fields between two villages in Sussex ran a footpath. It was not the quickest route in going from one of the hamlets to the other, for it wandered about; but it had been traced originally by the horny naked feet of Saxon serfs, and was as hard as stone, worn deep into the turf by the heels of countless generations. Everybody in the neighborhood used it because everybody always had.

A friend of Maude's, a country gentleman, lived midway between the towns and led a reasonably quiet, not to say dull, existence. One day he heard that a vicious bull was straying about the countryside, chasing innocent pedestrians and frightening children, and generally misbehaving himself.

Seeking for some variety from the monotony, Maude's friend went forth in the afternoon hoping to glimpse the bull. Once he heard him bellow, but he did not see him. For four afternoons he tried to discover the whereabouts of the marauder, but with no luck.

On the fifth evening he lingered afield until nearly dusk. He had reached a stile where a hedge crossed the footpath when he heard in the distance through the thickening gloom the patter of flying feet, mingled with the thud of heavy hoofs, a convulsive panting and the snorts of some large animal.

Into sight came the local postman, an elderly person, legging along at top speed, his mailpouch bouncing on his hip, his whiskers neatly parted by the wind and blowing backward over his shoulders; and just behind him came the bull, lunging with his horns at the seat of the fugitive's trousers.

By half a length the fleeing man reached the hedge ahead of his pursuer. He flung himself headlong over the stile and in its safe protection lay breathless, while the bull, bellowing his disappointment, turned and strolled off to seek an easier victim.

The spectator aided the quivering postman to his feet.

"He almost had you tonight, Fletcher," said the gentleman sympathetically.

Fletcher wiped his forehead and gasped: "'E's almost 'ad me every night this week!"

A Physical Impossibility

BOZEMAN BULGER, the popular baseball writer, went back to his old home in Dadeville, Alabama, to spend Christmas. His train got in late and he went to the local hotel to spend the night. Early in the morning he was wakened by a knock on the door.

"What is it?" he asked drowsily.

"Hit's me, boss, wid a telegram," answered the voice of a black bellboy.

"Well, shove it under the door," said Bulger.

"I can't, boss," answered the darky—"hit's on a plate!"

A Question of Gender

ON A RECENT trip of the North German Lloyd liner Berlin from New York to Naples a Major Watkins, of London, was registered on the passenger list. The boat was crowded and the purser assigned a husky cattleman from Texas to the same stateroom in which the major had already been quartered.

A little later the cattleman, ignoring the purser, hunted up the skipper, Captain A. Harrassowitz.

"Look here, cap," he demanded, "what kind of a joker is this here head clerk of yours? I can't travel in the same stateroom with that there Major Watkins. I can't and I won't! For that matter neither one of us likes the idea."

"What complaint have you?" asked the skipper. "Do you object to an army officer for a traveling companion?"

"Not generally," stated the Texan—"only this happens to be the Salvation Army. That there major's other name is Amelia Ann!"

True Southern Courtesy

A GENTLEMAN planter living in the outskirts of a small Southern city called up the police judge on the long-distance telephone.

"Say, judge," he said, "I just got word that my house boy Jim went to town last night and got drunk, hit another darky with a brick, and was locked up. I need that boy and I wish as a favor to me you'd let him go when he comes up today before you. If you think he ought to pay a fine let me know what it is tonight at lodge meeting and I'll hand it to you."

"All right," answered the judge. "I'm willing to do anything in reason; but you'll have to come in here and pick out your own nigger."

"Lord, man," remonstrated the planter, "I can't take the time off to go in to the police station today! I'm as busy as a bird dog right this minute."

"Can't help it," answered His Honor. "I can't afford to take any more chances. Here just the other day Colonel Tolliver, down at Palmetto, called me up the same as you've done today and asked me to turn loose one of his cotton hands that was in the calaboose for shooting craps. I agreed to do it, but I plumb forgot the nigger's name; and to make sure of getting the right one and not disappointing Tolliver I had to turn loose every nigger on the docket.

"There were fourteen of 'em in all—and one of 'em was charged with murder too. It made a lot of talk and the chief of police kicked about it. If you want your nigger you come get him!"

Not the Job for Him

ONCE when Miss Annie Oakley, the famous rifleshot, was traveling through the country giving exhibitions of her skill at theaters, she reached a small town in Georgia; and her manager inserted an advertisement in the home paper for a smart colored boy to assist in the performance. Applicants were instructed to apply at the stage door of the local opera house at one P. M. sharp.

When the manager arrived he found the passageway congested with little darkies, all eager to testify to their individual smartness. He made a selection, picking out a spry black boy of about twelve. He took this applicant inside and stationed him near the wings.

"You will stand right here and not move," he said. "When the curtain goes up Miss Oakley will come out and talk to the audience for a few moments. Then I will place a small apple on your head and the lady will go over on the other side of the stage yonder and shoot it off your head."

The darky grabbed for his hat, his eyes wildly rolling in search of the nearest path to safety.

"Mistah," he demanded, "who's goin' to shoot whut offen whose haid? I wouldn't let mah own mammy shoot no apple offen mah haid!"

And he was gone.

A Sport Without a Reason

HARRY BERESFORD, the actor, was born in England, but has lived long enough in America to have practically recovered from it. Last fall a friend sent him two tickets for one of the World's Series ball games between the Giants and the Athletics at the Polo Grounds, and he took with him to the game a newly arrived Englishman, a distant kinsman and also an actor.

The stranger sat patiently enough through seven innings. Then, when the mighty crowd, following the baseball custom, stood up to stretch, he rose too and started for the aisle.

"Hold on!" said Beresford. "It isn't over yet."

"I was only going to get a cup of tea, old chap," explained his guest.

"You can't get tea now," said Beresford; "the game goes right on."

"You mean to say there is no tea being served?" demanded the English cousin in amazement.

"Certainly not!" said Beresford.

"Well," demanded the other, "what, then, is the purpose of the game?"

"White Beauty"
A scientific Kitchen Cabinet of wide renown

In this NEW HOOSIER Your Whole Kitchen is at Fingers' Ends

You can search the world over and not find anything that saves so much labor in your kitchen as this beautiful new Hoosier.

You can sit down at work with this Hoosier and save miles of steps. It combines Three Big Cupboards, a Large Pantry, Special Bins and Compartments, and dozens of Labor-Saving Features, around a roomy metal table that slides out 16 inches.

Yet the new "White Beauty" is so compactly and scientifically arranged that it saves you even half your ordinary reaching. Definite places are provided in it for over 400 articles. Many of these places are labeled so you automatically keep things in order.

YOUR NEED FOR IT *you will not question when you know its total conveniences. And now, with so many new features and its much larger size, at the present low cash price, it is a wonderful bargain which you can easily afford.*

YOU MAY CHOOSE between two dominating models—"White Beauty," which has a waterproof, ivory-white enamel upper cupboard, and the models with merely an "Oak" interior, at slightly less price.

OUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE *protects you on any Hoosier you buy and removes any final cause you might have for hesitating to*

ANSWER THESE TWO QUESTIONS:

1. Am I doing justice to myself and my family by wasting my strength with miles of useless steps in my kitchen—which a Hoosier would save, or

2. Shall I write now for detailed information about the new Hoosier features in order to compare—detail by detail—the savings this cabinet will make for me when I put it in my kitchen?

SOON THIS SEASON the Hoosier agent in your town (there is only one) will very likely hold a limited sale of Hoosiers on the *famous Hoosier plan.* Here are the terms:

1. $1 puts the cabinet you choose in your home.
2. $1 weekly quickly pays for it.
3. The Low Cash Price fixed by the factory prevails strictly.
4. No interest. No extra fees.
5. This sale is under direct supervision of the Hoosier Company.
6. Your money back if you are not delighted with your Hoosier.

THIS IS A REMARKABLY *EASY* WAY to own a Hoosier and we advise you to *write us now* for the book, described over there ⟶ With it we'll send your dealer's name and all prices and details *without obligation to you.*

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these conveniences that have made the

HOOSIER

necessary to over

700,000 Women

(1) Mrs. Christine Frederick's famous "Housekeepers' Food Guide"—on the upper left door—answers every woman's eternally perplexing problem—"What shall we have for dinner?" You turn the dial to the meat you want and a complete outline of a perfectly balanced meal is before you—an exclusive Hoosier feature that is an invaluable help.

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There are 40 Special Conveniences in the NEW HOOSIER—17 are entirely NEW.

(3) The Hoosier Metal Flour Bin holds 50 pounds. It is low and easy to fill. The sliding glass front enables you to clean the entire bin easily. The inside is entirely of metal with no corners to hold flour. First flour in is always out first.

(4) The New Shaker Flour Sifter is the most wonderful of all the New Hoosier inventions. It is the only flour sifter ever made that shakes flour through instead of grinding it through. It *cannot wear out* and cannot grind through any grit or foreign substance that might be in the flour. *It makes flour fluffy and light.*

Every Hoosier Cabinet is built of carefully selected and seasoned oak. This extra quality guarantees lasting service.

(5) A Big, Extra Roomy Drawer in the base is made entirely of metal for the proper storage of all kitchen linen, towels, dish cloths, etc. The drawer is noiseless, rustless, and easy to keep clean.

(6) A new feature in the Base Cupboard is a narrow shelf located for the storage of canned articles. Most women will find this a great convenience as an "emergency shelf." It will save many trips to the cellar or pantry.

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"YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN," by Mrs. Christine Frederick, National Secretary of the Associated Clubs of Domestic Science, *describes the other Hoosier features fully and treats YOUR kitchen problems in a SIMPLE, BROAD, SCIENTIFIC MANNER.* It is filled with illustrations and will prove a valuable help to you. Send for it now. You do not obligate yourself by accepting.

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The reason rests with its correct design and extreme simplicity.

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Like any mechanical device, the starting motor and dynamo need occasional lubrication. The battery should be periodically replenished with distilled water.

That is all the care the system needs to maintain its remarkable efficiency.

The dynamo furnishes current consistent with every demand.

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Nearly 300 complete Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting Systems leave our plant each working day.

During 1914 we shall produce 400,000 lamps.

Whether it be tomorrow or five years hence, your Gray & Davis System is backed by our 62 Service Stations throughout the country.

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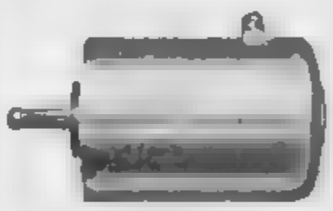
In selecting an automobile, the Gray & Davis Starting-Lighting System will add to the soundness of your investment. You will find it installed in leading cars ranging in price from $1075 to $7000.

Our catalog will be sent on request.

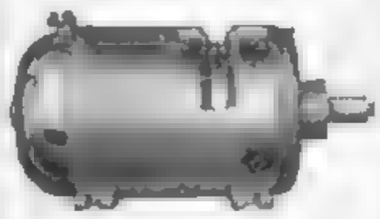
GRAY & DAVIS, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Pressure on this pedal cranks the engine fast enough to fire on magneto.



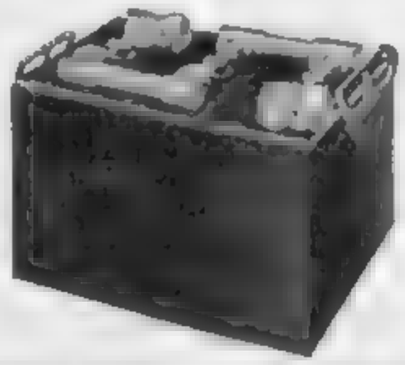
Lubricate ball bearings once every six months. If reduction gears are used, lubricate same weekly.

With this switch you have complete control of all lights—on or off as you desire.



This dynamo (driven by the engine) generates the current. It requires lubrication only once every two weeks.

This ammeter on the dash tells you whether the battery is charging or discharging.



Adding a little distilled water to this battery every two weeks keeps it in condition to meet all requirements.

THE GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 20)

We smoked silently for some moments. Hastings' ideas interested me, but I felt that he could give me something more personal—of more value to myself. The fellow was really a philosopher in his quiet way.

"After all, you haven't told me what you meant by saying you wouldn't change places with me," I said abruptly. "What did you mean by that? I want to know."

"I wish you would forget I ever said it, sir," he murmured.

"No," I retorted, "I can't forget it. You needn't spare me. This talk is not *ex cathedra*—it's unofficial. When you've told me why, then I will forget it. This is man to man."

"Well," he answered slowly, "it would take me a long time to put it in just the right way. There was nothing personal in what I said this morning. I was thinking about conditions in general—the whole thing. It can't go on!"

"What can't go on?"

"The terrible burden of money," he said.

"Terrible burden of money!" I repeated. What did he mean?

"The weight of it—that's bowing people down and choking them up. It's like a ball and chain. I meant I wouldn't change places with any man in the millionaire class—I couldn't stand the complexities and responsibilities. I believe the time is coming when no citizen will be permitted to receive an income from his inherited and accumulated possessions greater than is good for him. You may say that's the wildest sort of socialism. Perhaps it is. But it's socialism looked at from a different angle from the platform orators—the angle of the individual.

"I don't believe a man's money should be taken away from him and distributed round for the sake of other people—but for the protection of the man himself. There's got to be a pecuniary safety valve. Every dollar over a certain amount, just like every extra pound of steam in a boiler, is a thing of danger. We want health in the individual and in the state—not disease.

"Let the amount of a man's income be five, ten, fifteen or twenty thousand dollars—the exact figure doesn't matter; but there is a limit at which wealth becomes a drag and a detriment instead of a benefit! I'd base the legality of a confiscatory income tax on the constitutionality of any health regulation. People shouldn't be permitted to stuff themselves sick—or have poison lying round. Or it could be viewed like any police ordinance—too much wine—why not too much money? Certainly it's a lesson that history teaches on every page."

When Bad Luck is Good Fortune

"Nations—let alone mere individuals—have simply gone to seed, died of dry rot because they no longer had any stimulus. Everybody needs something to work for—to keep him fit—whether he's one man or a whole people; at least that's the way it looks to me. A fellow has got to have some idea in the back of his head as to what he's after—and the harder it is for him to get it, the better as a rule it is for him. Good luck is the worst enemy a heap of people have. Misfortune spurs a man on, tries him out and develops him—makes him more human."

"Ever played in hard luck?" I queried.

"I? Sure I have," answered Hastings cheerfully. "And I shouldn't worry much if it came my way again. I could manage to get along pretty comfortably on less than half what I've got. I like my home; but we could be happy anywhere so long as we had ourselves and our health and a few books. However, I wasn't thinking of myself. I've got a friend in the brokerage business who says it's the millionaires that do most of the worrying anyhow. Naturally a man with a pile of money has to take good care of it; but what puzzles me is why anybody should want it in the first place."

He searched along a well-filled and disordered shelf of shabby books.

"Here's what James says about it:

"'We have grown literally afraid to be poor. We despise any one who elects to be poor in order to simplify and save his inner life. We have lost the power of even imagining what the ancient idealization of poverty could have meant—the liberation from material attachments; the unbribed soul; the manlier indifference; the paying our way by what we are or do, and not by what we have; the right to fling away our life at any moment irresponsibly—the more athletic trim, in short the moral fighting shape. . . . It is certain that the prevalent fear of poverty among the educated class is the worst moral disease from which our civilization suffers.'"

"I guess he's about right," I agreed.

"That's my idea exactly," answered Hastings. "As I look at it the curse of most of the people living on Fifth Avenue is that they're perfectly safe. You could take away nine-tenths of what they've got and they'd still have about a hundred times more money than they needed to be comfortable. They're like a whole lot of fat animals in an inclosure—they're fed three or four times a day, but the wire fence that protects them from harm deprives them of any real liberty. Or they're like goldfish swimming round and round in a big bowl. They can look through sort of dimly; but they can't get out! If they really knew, they'd trade their security for their freedom any time.

"Perfect safety isn't an unmixed blessing by any means. Look at the photographs of the wild Indians—the ones that carried their lives in their hands every minute—and there's something stern and noble about their faces. Put an Indian on a reservation and he takes to drinking whisky. It was the same way with the chaps that lived in the Middle Ages and had to wear shirts of chain-mail. It kept 'em guessing. That's merely one phase of it."

The Dangers of Security

"The real thing to put the bite into life is having a Cause. People forget how to make sacrifices—or become afraid to. After all, even dying isn't such a tremendous trick. Plenty of people have done it just for an idea—wanted to pray in their own way. But this modern way of living takes all the sap out of folks. They get an entirely false impression of the relative values of things. It takes a failure or a death in the family to wake them up to the comparative triviality of the worth of money as compared, for instance, to human affection—any of the real things of life.

"I don't object to inequality of mere wealth in itself, because I wouldn't dignify money to that extent. Of course I do object to a situation where the rich man can buy life and health for his sick child and the poor man can't. Too many sick babies! That'll be attended to, all right, in time. I wouldn't take away one man's money for the sake of giving it to others—not a bit of it. But what I would do would be to put it out of a man's power to poison himself with money.

"Suicide is made a crime under the law. How about moral and intellectual suicide? It ought to be prevented for the sake of the state. No citizen should be allowed to stultify himself with luxury any more than he should be permitted to cut off his right hand. Excuse me for being didactic—but you said you'd like to get my point of view and I've tried to give it to you in a disjointed sort of way. I'd sooner my son would have to work for his living than not, and I'd rather he'd spend his life contending with the forces of Nature and developing the country than in quarreling over the division of profits that other men had earned."

I had listened attentively to what Hastings had to say; and, though I did not agree with all of it, I was forced to admit the truth of a large part. He certainly seemed to have come nearer to solving the problem than I had ever been able to. Yet it appeared to my conservative mind shockingly socialistic and chimerical.

"So you really think," I retorted, "that the state ought to pass laws which would prevent the accumulation—or at least the retention—of large fortunes?"

Hastings smiled apologetically.

"Well," he answered, "I don't know just how far I should advocate active governmental interference, though it's a serious question. You're a thousand times better qualified to express an opinion on that than I am.

"When I spoke about health and police regulations I was talking metaphorically. I suppose my real idea is that the moral force of the community—public opinion—ought to be strong enough to compel a man

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"Do you mean you did it all yourself?"

"Why, yes; the day you went away, I sent Sarah to the store for some Acme Quality White Enamel and a can each of Acme Quality Varno-Lac and Linoleum Varnish. Sarah did the floor, but I did all the rest—window sills, casings, baseboards, refrigerator."

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that need not be traded out
FEATURE No. 7

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Nulife is light weight, washable, comfortable. No lacing—just pull belt and fasten. Try it today. You'll never be without it.

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to live so that such laws would be unnecessary. His own public spirit, his conscience, or whatever you call it, should influence him to use whatever he has above a certain amount for the common good—to turn it back where he got it, or somebody else got it, instead of demoralizing the whole country and setting an example of waste and extravagance. That kind of thing does an awful lot of harm. I see it all round me. But, of course, the worst sufferer is the man himself, and his own good sense ought to jack him up.

"Still you can't force people to keep healthy. If a man is bound to sacrifice everything for money and make himself sick with it, perhaps he ought to be prevented."

"Jim!" cried Mrs. Hastings, coming in with a pitcher of cider and some glasses. "I could hear you talking all the way out in the kitchen. I'm sure you've bored our guest to death. Why, the chestnuts are burned to a crisp!"

"He hasn't bored me a bit," I answered; "in fact we are agreed on a great many things. However, after I've had a glass of that cider I must start back to town."

"We'd love to have you spend the night," she urged. "We've a nice little guestroom over the library."

The invitation was tempting, but I wanted to get away and think. Also it was my duty to look in on the bridge party before it became too sleepy to recognize my presence. I drank my cider, bade my hostess good night and walked to the station with Hastings. As we crossed the square to the train he said:

"It was mighty good of you to come out here to see us and we both appreciate it. Hope you'll forgive my bluntness this morning and for shooting off my mouth so much this evening."

"My dear fellow," I returned, "that was what I came out for. You're quite right. You'd be a fool to change places with anybody—let alone a miserable millionaire."

In the smoker of the accommodation, to which I retired, I sat oblivious of my surroundings until we entered the tunnel. So far as I could see, Hastings had it on me at every turn—at thirty-three hundred a year—considerably less than half of what I paid out annually in servants' wages. And the exasperating part of it all was that, though I spent seventy-two thousand a year, I did not begin to be as happy as he was! Not by a jugful! Face to face with the simple comfort of the cottage I had just left, its sincerity and affection, its thrifty self-respect, its wide interests, I confessed that I had not been myself genuinely contented since I left my mother's house for college, thirty years before. I had become the willing victim of a materialistic society.

What Money Cannot Buy

I had squandered my life in a vain effort to purchase happiness with money—an utter impossibility, as I now only too plainly saw. I was poisoned with it, as Hastings had said—sick with it and sick of it. I was one of Hastings' chaingang of prosperous prisoners—millionaires shackled together and walking in lockstep; one of his school of goldfish bumping their noses against the glass of the bowl in which they were confined by virtue of their inability to live outside the medium to which they were accustomed.

I was through with it! From that moment I resolved to become a free man; living my own life; finding happiness in things that were worth while. I would chuck the whole nauseating business of valets and scented baths; of cocktails, clubs and cards; of an unwieldy and tiresome household of lazy servants; of the ennui of heavy dinners; and of a family the members of which were strangers to each other. I could and would easily cut down my expenditures to not more than thirty thousand a year; and with the balance of my income I would look after some of those sick babies Hastings had mentioned.

I would begin by taking a much smaller house and letting half the servants go, including my chef. I had for a long time realized that we all ate too much. I would give up one of my own motors and entertain more simply. We would omit the spring dash to Paris, and I would insist on a certain number of evenings each week which the family should spend together, reading aloud or talking over their various plans and interests. It did not seem by any means impossible in the prospect, and I got a considerable amount of satisfaction from planning it all out. My life was to be that of a sort of glorified Hastings. After my healthy, peaceful day in the quiet country I felt quite light-hearted—as nearly happy as I could remember having been for years.

It was raining when I got out at the Grand Central Station, and as I hurried along the platform to get a taxi I overtook an acquaintance of mine—a social climber. He gave me a queer look in response to my greeting and I remembered that I had on the old gray hat I had taken from the Quick Lunch.

"I've been off for a tramp in the country," I explained, resenting my own instinctive embarrassment.

"Ah! Don't say! Didn't know you ever went in for that sort of thing! Well, good night!"

He sprang into the only remaining taxi without asking me to share it and vanished in a cloud of gasoline smoke. I was in no mood for waiting; besides I was going to be democratic. I took a surface car up Lexington Avenue and for thirty blocks stood between the distended knees of a fat and somnolent Italian gentleman. The car was intolerably stuffy and smelled strongly of wet umbrellas and garlic. By the time I reached the cross-street on which I lived it had begun to pour. I turned up my coat collar and ran to my house.

Somehow I felt like a small boy as I threw myself panting inside my own marble portal. My butler expressed great sympathy for my condition and smuggled me quickly upstairs. I fancy he suspected there was something discreditable about my absence. A pungent aroma floated up from the drawing room, where the bridge players were steadily at work. I confess to feeling rather dirty, wet and disreputable.

The Prosperous Prisoner's Return

"I'm sorry, sir," said the butler as he turned on the electric switch in my bedroom, "but I didn't expect you back this evening, and so I told Martin he might go out."

A wave of irritation, almost of anger, swept over me. Martin was my perfect valet.

"What the devil did you do that for!" I snapped.

Then, realizing my inconsistency, I was ashamed, utterly humiliated and disgusted with myself. This, then, was all that my resolution amounted to after all!

"I am very sorry, sir," repeated my butler. "Very sorry, sir, indeed. Shall I help you off with your things?"

"Oh, that's all right!" I exclaimed, somewhat to his surprise. "Don't bother about me. I'll take care of myself."

"Can't I bring you something?" he asked solicitously.

"No, thanks!" said I. "I don't need anything that you can give me!"

"Very good, sir," he replied. "Good night, sir."

"Good night," I answered, and he closed the door noiselessly.

I lit a cigarette and, tossing off my coat, sank into a chair. My mere return to that ordered elegance seemed to have benumbed my individuality. Downstairs thirty of our most intimate friends were amusing themselves at the cardtables, confident that at eleven-thirty they would be served with supper consisting of salads, ice-cream and champagne. They would not hope in vain. If they did not get it—speaking broadly—they would not come again. They wanted us as we were—house, food, trappings—the whole layout. They meant well enough. They simply had to have certain things. If we changed our scale of living we should lose the acquaintance of these people, and we should have nobody in their place.

We had grown into a highly complicated system, in which we had a settled orbit. This orbit was not susceptible of change unless we were willing to turn everything topsy-turvy. Everybody would suppose we had lost our money. And, not being brilliant or clever people, who paid their way as they went by making themselves lively and attractive, it would be assumed that we could not keep up our end; so we should be gradually left out.

I said to myself that I ought not to care—that being left out was what I wanted; but, all the same, I knew I did care. You cannot tear yourself up by the roots at fifty unless you are prepared to go to a far country. I was not prepared to do that at a moment's notice. I, too, was used to a whole lot of things—was solidly imbedded in them.

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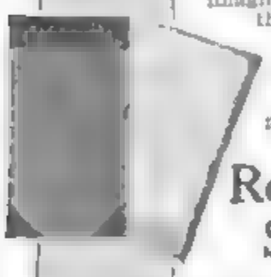

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at once. See our dealer's items alongside of 1700 I-P items. See how thoroughly it covers your requirements and almost every loose leaf requirement. Look at some I-P devices and forms—see how accurately now perfected, how durable, how scientifically they are constructed—see the saving in price. If your dealer does not carry I-P Loose Leaf goods write us your problem, mentioning your dealer's name. We will solve it without cost or obligation. You can depend upon an I-P item. We are the largest exclusive loose-leaf manufacturers in the world—a $1,200,000 institution—with dealers nearly everywhere. See your dealer or write us today.

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My very house was an overwhelming incubus. I was like a miserable snail, forever lugging my house round on my back—unable to shake it off. A change in our mode of life would probably not in itself bring my children any nearer to me; it would, on the contrary, probably antagonize them. I had sowed the seed and I was reaping the harvest. My professional life I could not alter. I had my private clients—my regular business. Besides there was no reason for altering it. I conducted it honorably and well enough.

Yet the calm consideration of those very difficulties in the end only demonstrated the clearer to me the perilous state in which I was. The deeper the bog, the more my spirit writhed to be free. Better, I thought, to die struggling than gradually to sink down and be suffocated beneath the mire of apathy and self-indulgence.

Hastings' little home—or something—had wrought a change in me. I had gone through some sort of genuine emotional experience. It seemed impossible to reform my mode of life and thought, but it was equally incredible that I should fall back into my old indifference. Sitting there alone in my chamber I felt like a man in a nightmare, who would give his all to be able to rise, yet whose limbs were immovable, held by some subtle and cruel power. I had read in novels about men agonized by remorse and indecision. I now experienced those sensations myself. I discovered they were not imaginary states.

My meditations were interrupted by the entrance of my wife who, with an anxious look on her face, inquired what was the matter. The butler had said I seemed indisposed; so she had slipped away from our guests and come up to see for herself. She was in full regalia—elaborate gown, pearls, aigret.

"There's nothing the matter with me," I answered, though I knew full well I lied—I was poisoned.

"Well, that's a comfort at any rate!" she replied amiably enough.

"Where's Tom?" I asked wearily.

"I haven't any idea," she said frankly. "You know he almost never comes home."

"And the girls?"

"Visiting the Devereux at Staatsburg," she answered. "Aren't you coming down for some bridge?"

I Face the Failures of Success

"No," I said. "To tell you the truth I never want to see a pack of cards again. I want to cut the game. I'm sick of our life and its useless extravagance. I want a change. Let's get rid of the whole thing—take a smaller house—have fewer servants. Think of the relief!"

"What's the matter?" she cried sharply. "Have you lost money?"

Money! Money!

"No," I said, "I haven't lost money—I've lost heart!"

She eyed me distrustfully.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded.

"No," I answered. "I don't think I am."

"You act that way," she retorted. "It's a funny time to talk about changing your mode of life—right in the middle of a bridge party! What have you been working for all these years? And where do I come in? You can go to your clubs and your office—anywhere; but all I've got is the life you have taught me to enjoy! Tom is grown up and never comes near me. And the girls—why, what do you think would happen to them if you suddenly gave up your place in society? They'd never get married so long as they lived. People would think you'd gone bankrupt! Really"—her eyes filled and she dabbed at them with a Valenciennes handkerchief—"I think it too heartless of you to come in this way—like a skeleton at the feast—and spoil my evening!"

I felt a slight touch of remorse. I had broached the matter rather roughly. I laid my hand on her shoulder—now so round and matronly, once so slender.

"Anna," I said as tenderly as I could, "suppose I did give it all up?"

She rose indignantly to her feet and shook off my hand.

"You'd have to get along without me!" she retorted; then, seeing the anguish on my face, she added less harshly: "Take a brandy and soda and go to bed. I'm sure you're not quite yourself."

I was struck by the chance significance of her phrase—"Not quite yourself." No; ever since I left the house that morning I had not been quite myself. I had had a

(Concluded on Page 46)

That tense moment—

when the cue ball pauses in indecision *right on the edge of the pocket!*

It's just one of the ever-changing, exciting situations that make billiards or pocket-billiards ***the game of a thousand thrills.***

This grand old game has become immensely popular in homes throughout the land. Everybody's playing billiards.

Jacob A. Riis, the New York settlement head, says, "Every American boy is a little steam boiler with the steam always up. Sit on the safety valve and bang goes the boiler." Let your boy play *real billiards* at home.

Get acquainted with him and his "pals" around the beautiful

"Baby Grand"

Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is a masterpiece in Mahogany. Fitted with a genuine Slate Bed, the celebrated Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions and Accessory Drawer to hold entire playing equipment.

Sizes, 3 x 6, 3½ x 7, 4 x 8. Furnished as a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table.

Brunswick "Convertible" styles serve as Dining Tables, Library Tables or Davenports when not in use for billiard playing

A Year to Pay

Playing Outfit Furnished Free

We offer these beautiful tables at very moderate prices, and on wonderfully attractive terms, as low as 20 cents a day. A year to pay if desired.

Complete Playing Outfit goes with table, including Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Markers, Chalk, Cover, Billiard Brush, Book on "How to Play," etc., etc.

Send for Free Book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet"

The DeLuxe book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet," shows these superb tables in actual colors. Gives descriptions, prices, easy terms, etc. Write for it.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.

Dept. U. F., 623-633 S. Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO (224)

Now the WIZARD

Gets-*in*-the-corners—gets *around* corners—gets *over* doorways—gets into high out-of-way places—gets *everywhere* with wondrous ease.

The new adjustable handle of the Wizard Triangle Polish Mop makes it easier than ever.

It now has a "human elbow." Sets at any angle instantly. A slight pressure does it. Reaches that low, under-the-bed corner, or to the top of that high out-of-the-way molding just as easily as it does into ordinary corners or to the center of the floor. Cleans and beautifies them all in the same quick, easy manner. No back-bending, knee-aching, neck-stretching or arm-reaching discomfort whatever.

WIZARD
Triangle Polish Mop

The Mop that "Gets-in-the-Corners"

The WIZARD will really satisfy you. *It gets-in-the-corners.* Others may be offered you, but the one truly original *gets-in-the-corners* mop is the WIZARD.

The One Choice of Millions

Already owned by a million women who wouldn't be without it for many times its price of $1.50. Also obtainable in chemically-treated form—especially adapted for use on wax floors.

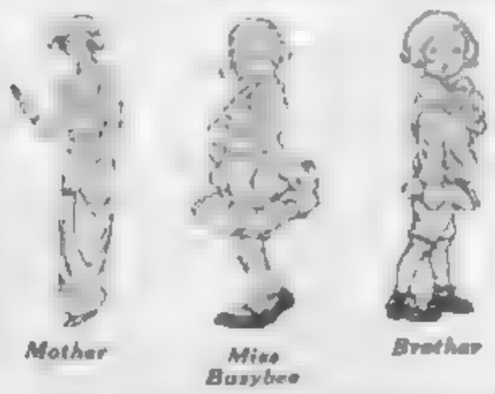
Read on the opposite page some of the many WIZARD features. Compare them point by point with any other mop you ever saw or heard of. Can you *imagine* yourself being satisfied with anything else?

How to Get the Wizard

Dealers everywhere sell the WIZARD "gets-in-the-corners" Mop. In case your dealer is temporarily out of them, he will get a WIZARD for you. The price is $1.50. The WIZARD will last you a lifetime. It will continue to delight for a lifetime. Read the "why" of this on the following page. Then you will understand why no other mop can really take the WIZARD'S place.

$1.00 Theatre for a Few Stamps

2 Acts—1 Transformation Scene—8 Entertaining Characters—1 Colored Book of "WIZZIKIN" Jingles. Theatre Richly Lithographed in 8 Colors



Just Do This. Send us the coupon from any carton of Wizard Polish, and only the very small sum it calls for in stamps or silver, and we will send this entertaining theatre and jingle book. If you want them *without* having to send the coupon, send $1. Theatre cannot be purchased for less at any store. This "small sum" offer is special. We pay the difference out of our advertising appropriation.

has a "Human Elbow"

The WIZARD Triangle Polish Mop Has All These Prime Advantages

The triangle shape gets-in-the-corners.

The "human elbow" adjusts the handle instantly to any angle—from the corner over the door to the corner under the bed.

11,154 cord fingers pick up all the dust and give a fine finish, all at one "lick."

Padded frame protects furniture and woodwork.

Fifty-four inch handle reaches everywhere.

Spread 8 x 8 x 8 inches.

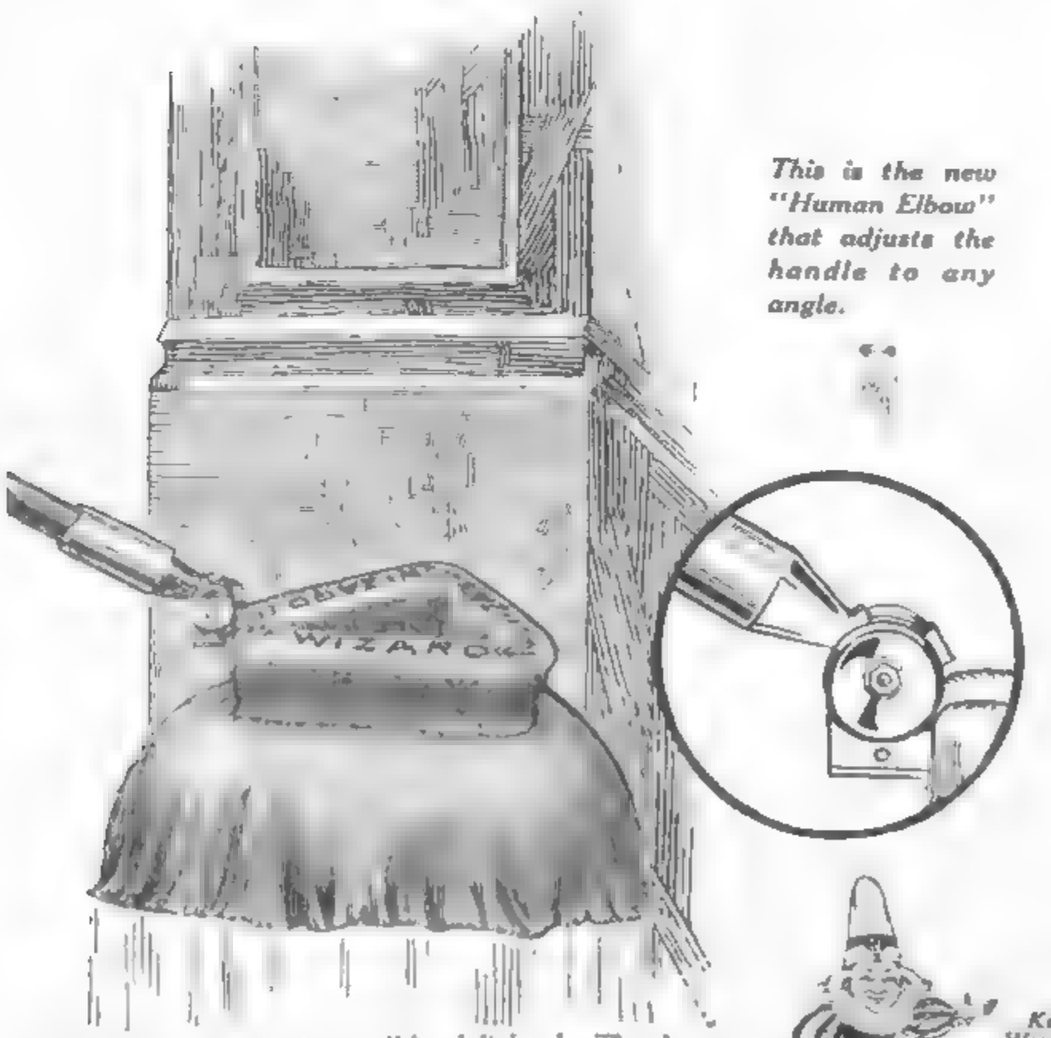
Mop comes already treated with Wizard Polish—enough for 3 to 6 months.

Inert dust can be shaken out easily.

Mop can be easily washed and renewed with Wizard Polish.

Weight only 2 pounds 6 ounces. Perfectly balanced. No laborious effort required to operate.

Fine for use on woodwork and linoleums.



This is the new "Human Elbow" that adjusts the handle to any angle.

Act NOW. The children will be delighted. The theatre amuses them for hours at a time. The book is a veritable story of the adventures of the interesting WIZZIKINS, the fairy band that came all the way from the moon. One coupon from any carton and the few cents in stamps or silver secures this dollar theatre outfit.

"WIZARD"

The Polish With the Secret Oriental Oil

What other polish or dusting aid can ever be like WIZARD POLISH? For Wizard is *more* than a furniture polish.

It contains a secret Oriental Oil for which we send eleven thousand miles, and which we alone can use.

Gives That Beautiful Lustre

This is the ingredient which imparts to furniture and woodwork the rich, hard, durable lustre for which WIZARD Polish is so famous.

It is the secret ingredient which feeds the varnish, giving it renewed life and vigor, preventing unsightly cracking and checking.

It is this ingredient which dispels that "London fog" from your piano or fine furniture when all else fails.

Dust With It

Put a little Wizard Polish on your cheesecloth duster and note the splendid results.

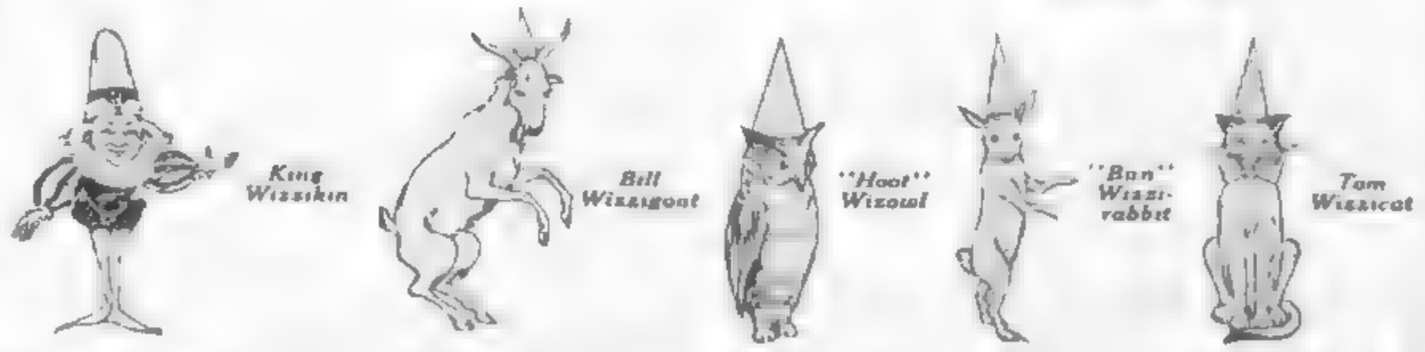
Dust *everything* with it—pianos, chairs, tables, desks, woodwork, coaches, even to enamel beds, and chandeliers.

Nothing To Shake Up

See the look of newness—the day-in-and-day-out richness. Note the reduced labor. No gritty substance to shake up every time you use it. No mysterious marks and scratches on your good furniture. Just ease—just simplicity—just everlasting satisfaction.

Many sizes, from 25c up. Read the theatre offer below and learn what a prize one 25c bottle brings you.

Price of Mop and Polish the same in Canada as in the United States.



WIZARD PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc., 1473 West 37th St., CHICAGO, ILL.

Announcing the New Typewriter

Oliver Number 7

We announce an amazing model—the OLIVER NUMBER 7—a typewriter of *super-excellence*, with automatic devices and refinements that mark the zenith of typewriter progress. A marvel of beauty, speed, and easy action. Typewriting efficiency raised to the *n*th power.

The OLIVER No. 7 embodies all previous Oliver innovations and new self-acting devices never before seen on any typewriter. A leap in advance which places the Oliver ten years ahead of its time. So smooth in action, so light to the touch, so easy to run, that experts are amazed. A model that means to the typist delightful ease of operation.

A model that means a higher standard of typewriting, longer and better service.

The NUMBER 7 is now on exhibit and sale at all Oliver Branches and Agencies throughout the United States.

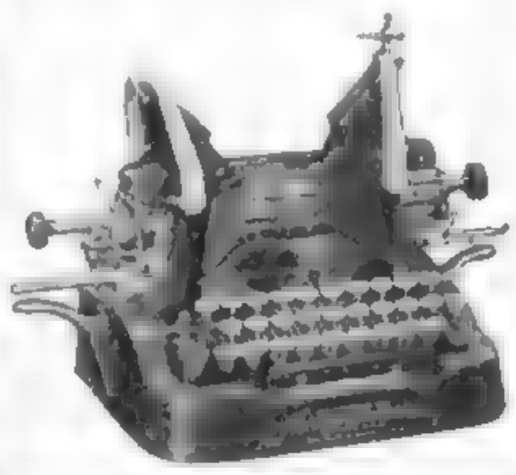
The OLIVER No 7 Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The new model has more improvements, refinements and new uses than we can even enumerate here.

The "cushioned keyboard" with "anchor keys" and the new automatic features mean less work for the hands, less strain on the eyes, less manual and mental effort.

With all of these masterly mechanical improvements we have made the machine more beautiful and symmetrical. From every standpoint the OLIVER NUMBER 7 attains superlative excellence.



Nothing you could wish for has been omitted. The new devices, refinements, improvements and conveniences found on the NUMBER 7 represent an enormous outlay and vastly increase its value—*the price has not been advanced one penny.* We shall even continue in force our popular 17-Cents-a-Day purchase plan, the same as on previous Oliver Models.

The OLIVER No. 7, equipped with the famous Printype, if desired, without extra charge.

You owe it to yourself to see the new machine before you buy any typewriter at any price. Note its beauty, speed and easy action, its wonderful automatic devices. Try it on any work that is ever done on typewriters. Try it on many kinds of work that no other typewriter will do.

It is a significant fact that the typewriter that introduced such epoch-making innovations as visible writing, visible reading, Printype, etc., should be the first to introduce automatic methods of operation.

Oliver Book DeLuxe

We are just issuing a richly illustrated catalog describing the Oliver No. 7. A copy is yours for the asking. There are still openings for more Local Agents in many localities. This is a good time to investigate these money-making opportunities. (400)

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
1079 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

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As high as eight to ten thousand dollars yearly has been made by a number of purchasers of our Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work and has some money to invest in a money-maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade Carousels. They are simple in construction and require no special knowledge to operate. Write to-day for catalogue and particulars.

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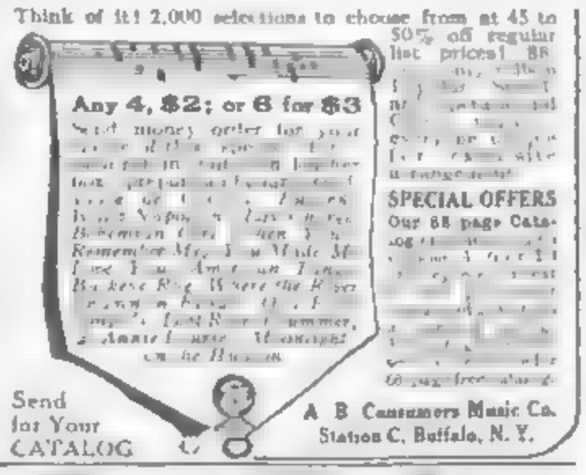
Think of it! 2,000 selections to choose from at 45 to 50% off regular list prices! 88



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Sent Only Direct From Factory

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Rapid Fireless Cooker

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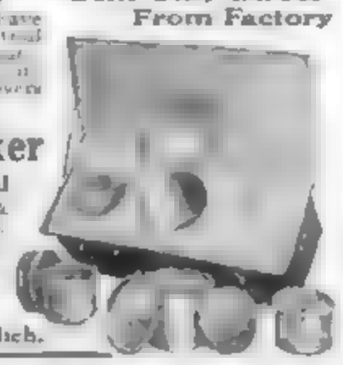

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COMPANY
Dept. 114 Detroit, Mich.

(Concluded from Page 43

momentary glimpse—had for an instant caught the glint of an angel's wing—but it was gone. I was almost myself—my old self; yet not quite.

"I didn't mean to be unkind," I muttered. "Don't worry about me. I've merely had a vision of what might have been and it's disgusted me. Go on down to the bridge fiends. I'll be along shortly—if you'll excuse my clothes."

"Poor boy!" she sighed. "You're tired out! No; don't come down—in those clothes!"

I laughed a hollow laugh when she had gone. Really there was something humorous about it all. What was the use even of trying? I did not seem even to belong in my own house unless my clothes matched the wall paper! I lit cigarette after cigarette, staring blankly at my silk pajamas laid out on the bed. I could not change things! It was too late.

I had a fixed place in a complicated system, with responsibilities and duties I was morally bound to recognize. I could not chuck the whole business without doing a great deal of harm. My life was not so simple as all that. Any change—if it could be accomplished at all—would have to be a gradual one and be brought about largely by persuasion. Could it be accomplished?

It now seemed insuperably difficult. I was bound to the wheel—and the habits of a lifetime, the moral pressure of my wife and children, the example of society, and the force of superficial public opinion and expectation were spinning it round and round in the direction of least resistance. As well attempt to alter my course as to steer a locomotive off the track! I could not ditch the locomotive, for I had a trainload of passengers! And yet ——

I groaned and buried my face in my hands. I—successful? Yes, success had been mine; but success was failure—naught else—failure, absolute and unmitigated! I had lost my wife and family, and my home had become the resort of a crew of empty-headed coxcombs. I wondered whether they were gone. I looked at the clock. It was half-past twelve—Sunday morning. I opened my bedroom door and crept downstairs. No; they were not gone—they had merely moved on to supper.

My library was in the front of the house, across the hall from the drawing room, and I went in there and sank into an armchair by the fire. The bridge party was making a great to-do and strident laughter floated up from below. By contrast the quiet library seemed a haven of refuge. Here were the books I might have read—which might have been my friends.

An Inspiration From Bunyan

I put out my hand and took down the first it encountered—John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. I had never read it, but I knew its general trend. It was about some imaginary miserable who, like myself, wanted to do things differently. I took a cigar out of my pocket, lit it and, opening the book haphazard, glanced over the pages in a desultory fashion:

"That is that which I seek, for ever to be rid of this heavy burden; but get it off myself, I cannot, nor is there any man in our country that can take it off my shoulders ——"

So the Pilgrim had a burden too! I turned back to the beginning and read how Christian, the hero, had been made aware of his perilous condition.

"In this plight, therefore, he went home and refrained himself as long as he could, that his wife and children should not perceive his distress; but he could not be silent long, because that his trouble increased. Wherefore at length he brake his mind to his wife and children; and thus he began to talk to them. 'O my dear wife,' said he, 'and you the children of my bowels, I, your dear friend, am in myself undone by reason of a burden that lieth hard upon me.' . . . At this his relations were sore amazed; not for that they believed that what he had said to them was true, but because they thought that some frenzy distemper had got into his head."

Surely this pilgrim was strangely like myself! And, though sorely beset, he had struggled on his way.

"Hast thou a wife and children?

"Yes; but I am so laden with this burden that I cannot take that pleasure in them as formerly; methinks I am as if I had none."

Tears filled my eyes and I laid down the book. The bridge party was going home. I could hear them shouting goodbys in the front hall and my wife's shrill voice answering Good Night! From outside came the toot of horns and the whir of the motors as they drew up at the curb. One by one the doors slammed, the glass rattled and they thundered off. The noise got on my nerves and, taking my book, I crossed to the deserted drawing room, the scene of the evening's social carnage. The sight was enough to sicken any man! Ten tables covered with half-filled glasses; cards everywhere—the floor littered with them; chairs pushed helter-skelter and one overturned; and from a dozen ash-receivers the slowly ascending columns of incense to the great God of Chance.

I threw open one of the windows, sat myself down by a lamp in a corner, and found the place where I had been reading. Christian had just encountered Charity.

In the midst of their discussion I heard my wife's footstep in the hall; the portières rustled and she entered.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "I thought you had gone to bed long ago. I had good luck tonight. I won eight hundred dollars! How are you feeling?"

"Anna," I answered, "sit down a minute. I want to read you something."

Looking Toward New Freedom

"Go ahead!" she said, throwing herself into one of the vacant chairs.

"Then said Charity to Christian, Have you a family? Are you a married man?

"CHRISTIAN: I have a wife and . . . children.

"CHARITY: And why did you not bring them along with you?

"Then Christian wept, and said, Oh, how willingly would I have done it! but they were all of them utterly averse to my going on pilgrimage.

"CHARITY: But you should have talked to them, and have endeavored to have shown them the danger of being behind.

"CHRISTIAN: So I did; and told them also what God had shown to me of the destruction of our city; 'but I seemed to them as one that mocked,' and they believed me not.

"CHARITY: And did you pray to God that He would bless your counsel to them?

"CHRISTIAN: Yes, and that with much affection; for you must think that my wife and poor children were very dear unto me.

"CHARITY: But did you tell them of your own sorrow, and fear of destruction? for I suppose that destruction was visible enough to you.

"CHRISTIAN: Yes, over, and over, and over. They might also see my fears in my countenance, in my tears, and also in my trembling under the apprehension of the judgment that did hang over our heads; but all was not sufficient to prevail with them to come with me.

"CHARITY: But what could they say for themselves, why they came not?

"CHRISTIAN: Why, my wife was afraid of losing this world, and my children were given to the foolish delights of youth; so what by one thing, and what by another, they left me to wander in this manner alone."

An unusual sound made me look up. My wife was weeping, her head on her arms among the goldpieces on the card-table.

"I—I didn't know," she said in a choked, half-stifled voice, "that you really meant what you said upstairs."

"I mean it as I never have meant anything since I told you that I loved you, dear," I answered gently.

She raised her face, wet with tears.

"That was such a long time ago!" she sobbed. "And I thought that all this was what you wanted."

"I did—once," I replied; "but I don't want it any longer. We can't live our lives over again; but"—and I went over to her—"we can try to do a little better from now on."

She laid her head on my arm and took my hand in hers.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"We must free ourselves from our Burden," said I; "break down the wall of money that shuts us in from other people, and try to pay our way in the world 'by what we are and do rather than by what we've got.' It may be hard at first; but it's worth while—for all of us."

"I'll help all I can," she whispered.

"That's what I want!" cried I.

Again I saw the glint of the angel's wing!

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles giving the Confessions of a Successful Man

You can get one of these smart patterns without cost

They are new—taken from the latest and most admired Spring creations. Pick out the one you like best at the pattern counter of any store selling Ladies' Home Journal Patterns during

Ladies' Home Journal Pattern Week

February 23rd to 28th

This free offer is to acquaint you with Ladies' Home Journal Patterns as they are today—to permit you to prove to yourself how accurate and simple they are and how unfailingly they will guide you to a dress that is stylish and in good taste.

There are more than 7000 stores selling Ladies' Home Journal Patterns today. There is one near you. Call there and get the pattern you prefer in any size. Take it home and use it. Note the completeness of it, the simple instructions, the impossibility of going wrong and finally the smart, stylish, satisfying result.

When you call ask also for one of our latest embroidery patterns—another gift to you—a new process pattern that you can transfer to the goods with a touch of a hot iron.

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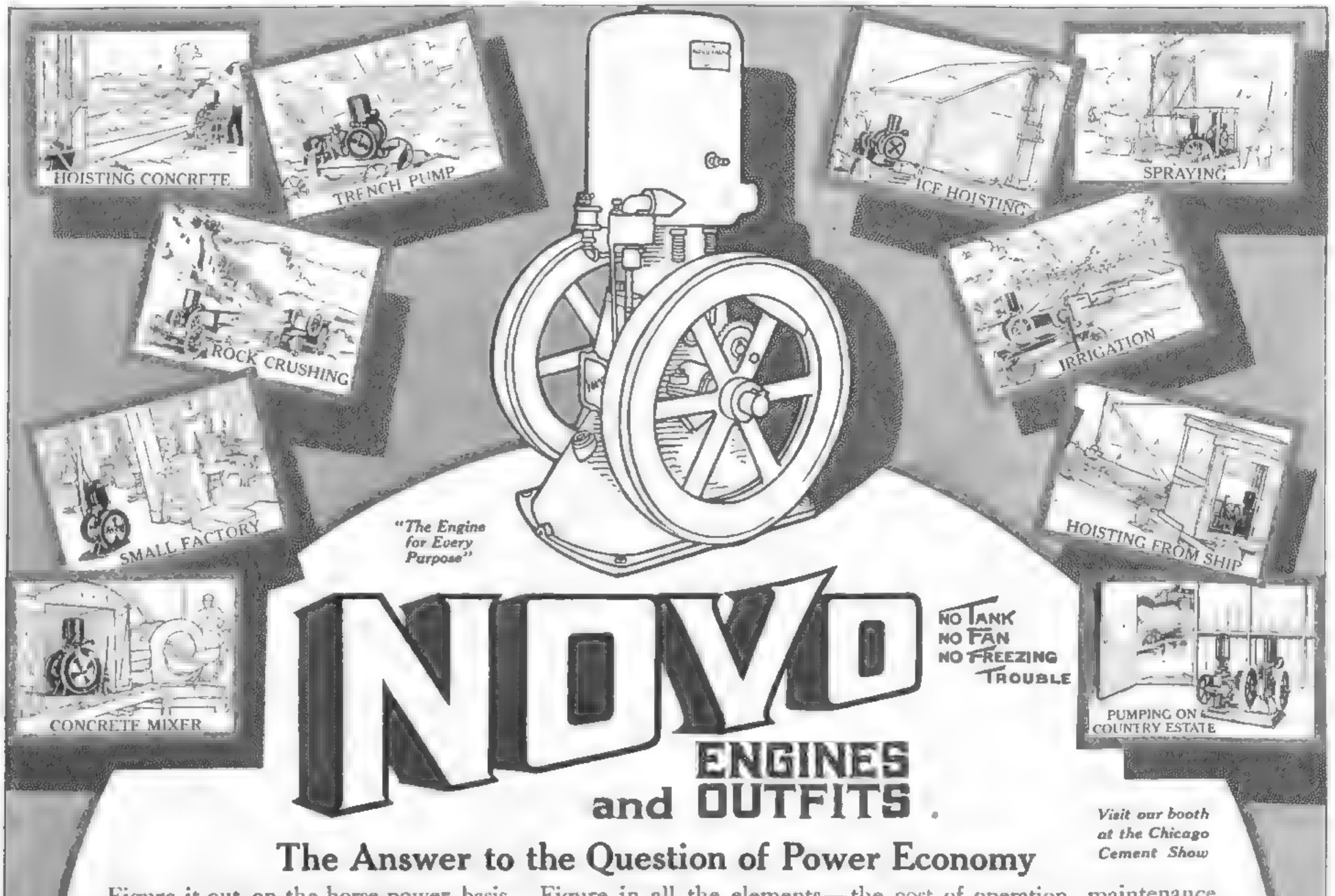

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NOVO ENGINES and OUTFITS

NO TANK
NO FAN
NO FREEZING TROUBLE

Visit our booth at the Chicago Cement Show

The Answer to the Question of Power Economy

Figure it out on the horse-power basis. Figure in all the elements—the cost of operation, maintenance, capital invested, fuel consumed. Then take into consideration the easy portability, the light weight, the extreme compactness of the Novo Engine—its adaptability to stationary, portable and out door uses. In fact it fulfills every purpose for which you require an engine.

Do this and you'll realize that the Novo is the answer to the question of power economy.

And why?

Because the Novo is the lightest engine for power developed; because its compactness makes it the handiest portable power plant; because its cooling system cannot be damaged by freezing; because its simplicity makes possible its operation by unskilled labor and eliminates the need of a licensed engineer or fireman; because it is cheaper in respect to fuel consumption than steam or electricity; and because it has proven in the hard, gruelling tests of contract work that it is built to last and to run under all conditions, favorable or unfavorable.

Its adaptability seems unlimited for all stationary or portable uses within the range of its horse-power. For hoisting, cement mixing, pumping of all sorts from trench drainage, irrigation and house pumping to filling reservoirs at great elevations—log hauling, sawing, threshing, silo filling and a score of other uses, the Novo Engine has demonstrated its perfect adaptability and superiority. Over 61% of the best concrete mixers are run by Novo Engines.

Novo Suction and Force Pumps are especially well adapted for filling tanks and general pumping work in railroad service.

Let us send you *"Reliable Power"*—the Novo Book

just off the press. This is one of the most valuable engine books ever published for the use of the man who wants to know how to get cheaper and better power. The section on pumps and their uses will prove a guide in selecting the right pumping outfit for the work you want to do. Sent free if requested on your business letterhead.

Novo Suction and Force Pumps

are made in numerous styles and sizes, to fit all requirements, with capacities of from 300 to 10,000 gallons per hour. They are used for farm and home water-supply systems, for factories, filling railway tanks and city water service. With special air attachment they will maintain air pressure in pneumatic tank systems. Mounted on channel-steel or [illegible] bases, according to [illegible]. These bases [illegible]. The engine is direct-connected or geared to pump and can be disconnected and used for other purposes.

Do You Manufacture Machinery

[illegible]

Do you use a [illegible] concrete mixer, saw or pumping outfit?

Then consider the advantage your product will have if run by a Novo Engine, an engine that is operating over 61% of the best concrete mixers.

First—The advantage of an engine that has proved its absolute reliability; that removes "engine trouble" as a factor in selling your outfit.

Second—Figure out the added prestige that a combination [illegible].

Third—[illegible] to be gained from Novo advertising. It gives you a sales argument that parallels that of the automobile manufacturer in featuring standardized parts. Let us get together for our mutual benefit

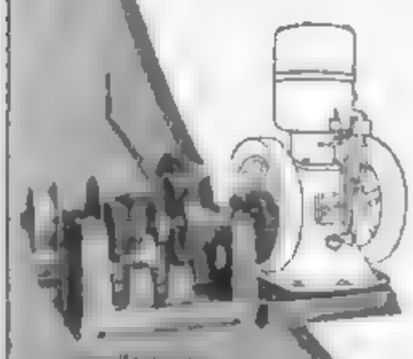
Novo Hoists

Made in three general types—non-reversible, reversible and double drum—and in ten sizes from 600 to 4,500 lbs lifting capacity. They are used in building construction, ice handling, logging, car hauling, back filling of sewers, freight handling and similar work.

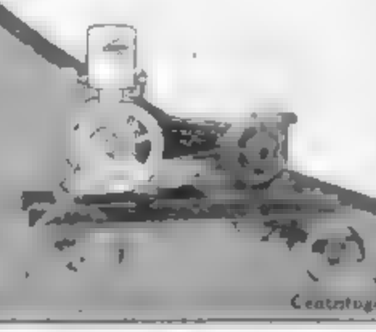
Novo Double Drum Hoist is the newest addition to the Novo line; equipped with 10, 12 and 15 H. P. engines. See Fig. 14120.

Novo Centrifugal Pumps

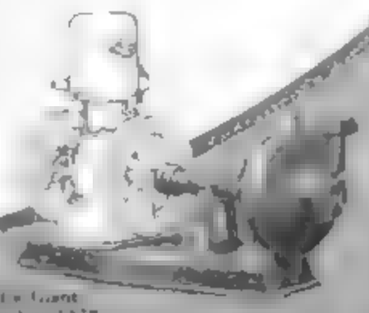
Made in three types—chain drive, direct-connected and belt-driven. Used by contractors for draining excavations and for irrigation. Mounted on all-steel trucks, channel-steel or solid iron bases.



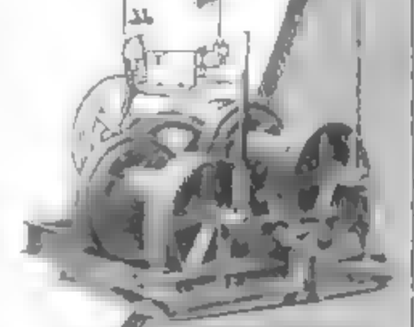
Novo Duplex Suction and Force Pump Fig. 1440



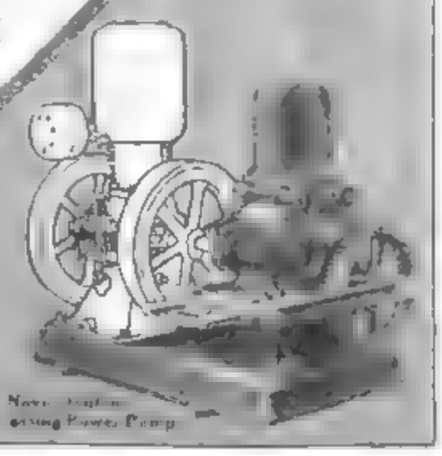
Novo Belt Driven Centrifugal Pump Fig. 1414



Contractors' Plunger Pump Fig. 1478



Novo Duplex Steam Hoisting Engine



Novo Duplex Steam Power Pump

NOVO ENGINE CO.

CLARENCE E. BEMENT, Secretary and Manager

471 Willow Street, Lansing, Mich.

THE HIGHBROW LADY

(Continued from Page 11)

Enid was staring thoughtfully at the litter on her make-up tray, and the depth of her abstraction kept her from making any comment on her visitor's speech; so Hazel, like a person who is swimming along and expecting to touch bottom any minute, had to just go on.

"You don't know how to do the things we do," she said; "but you can do some things that we don't know how to do. I've been watching and I know. And if you'd just get the trick of doing what we can too—Gee!"

"But what is it that you do?" said Enid. "You don't pretend to recognize people out in the audience, or start and look surprised when some one laughs in a peculiar way, or make jokes with the musicians?"

"No; that's vaudeville stuff, all right," said Hazel; "and small time, at that, as I said. It isn't so much what you do—it's what you feel. Why, we had an old guy working here in the last piece—and, honest, he hadn't a thing left. He couldn't dance any more and he couldn't sing—and he never could act; but to him that audience was just a troupe of performing dogs. They had to lie down when he cracked the whip; they had to laugh when he said 'Laugh!' And it was all because he felt that way about it. They've got to be right in your hands all the while—something you can do with what you like."

She got up and went over toward the door—just from an automatic signal in her own brain that her entrance cue was coming!

"I'm just a mutt like Freddy," she said. "I don't know any more about the highbrows than he does; but I've got a hunch that they aren't so different as they think they are from these folks out here. Maybe they'd like a chance—once in a while—to forget how much they know."

Enid came across rather quickly and stood before her there in the doorway. She hesitated a second and then held out both hands.

"I wonder if you have any idea," she said, not very evenly, "how kind you have been."

"Oh," said Hazel, the imp, "it ain't me—it's Freddy. I've just been telling you what he's been trying to for a week—only you've got the Indian sign on him, so he can't. He's scared to death of you—really. That's the truth, you know."

I do not know how actors do this trick: Hazel walked straight down the iron stairs and across the wings and out on the stage, and her cue came—as it should—just half a second before she appeared. If she had said five words more to Enid she would have been late.

All she had time to give Freddy was a meaning sort of nod as she passed him; but later, out on the stage, just before the finale, when he came on as a real-estate agent to try to sell her a camp in the Adirondacks, she turned upstage long enough to say:

"Keziah had the right steer about her, Freddy. She's scared to death of you, but she thinks you're great!"

Being an artist, Hazel did not spoil her effect by trying to lay it on with a trowel. She stopped right where she was. When Freddy demanded to be told how she knew, expecting a full report of the conversation that had taken place in Enid's dressing room, she became impregnably uncommunicative, contriving to imply, however, that it was a delicacy about committing a breach of confidence that silenced her.

She was one of those rare persons who can enjoy a joke without telling it; so she just watched the poison work, and her blank green eyes conveyed no hint to anybody, except occasionally to Freddy himself, who regarded her with misgivings.

She asked him one day what his system was for taking off weight, saying, with a preposterous assumption of innocence, that she might want to use it herself some day.

He was getting thin—that was no joke; but, as Hazel herself was almost as impossibly slender as the hypothetical young ladies you see pictures of nowadays in the fashion magazines, her question was obviously derisive.

Poor Freddy! He was precluded from believing that Hazel was simply stringing him by the indisputable fact that Enid had humbly come to him of her own accord, told him she knew how dreadfully bad she was, and asked him for more rehearsals. Freddy—afraid for once in his life of Tom O'Hara—suggested that he would read Teddy's lines himself, and set eleven o'clock in the morning, when they could be sure of having the theater to themselves—except for old Keziah—for an hour.

So they worked away every day. The second or third day, blushing a good deal, he suggested that they lunch together—to talk things over.

It was painfully evident that they had not much to talk about; and a book that Enid had with her, lying on the lunch table, seemed to offer a way of breaking an awkward silence. Freddy wanted to know what it was.

"It's a—why, it's a modern version of the Blue Beard story," said Enid.

He lighted up at once.

"That ought to be pretty good," he said. "I've been thinking about that myself. Would you mind letting me look it over when you're through with it?"

"I'm through with it already," said Enid with vigorous cordiality, pressing it on him. "I'll be awfully interested to see what you think about it." And then, with seeming irrelevance: "I'm an anti-suffragist myself."

Freddy thought it a bit queer, her changing the subject like that; but he quite agreed with her political opinions. Woman's sphere was the home, he thought. There were many facts knocking about the world outside that a good woman ought not to know.

Well, he put the book in his pocket—it was a slim little volume in a green binding—and when he got back to his rooms that night after the show he read it—through. When he shut it up he definitely believed for a few minutes that he had gone mad. He could read. He understood the English language. But there was not one speech, from the beginning to the end of it, that meant anything at all.

There were doors that opened by themselves; there were a great many invisible voices wailing unintelligible things; there was a rushing to and fro in subterranean grottoes.

Torrents of pearls and diamonds and amethysts burst out of ebony doorways, and beautiful women, with a great deal of hair, went about saying: "Light! Light! More Light!" "Oh, the bars rise! They rise!"—things like that.

And once one of them said that her poor bare arms would shake with cold; and another said no, for they were too beautiful. There was not a mention of Blue Beard in it from cover to cover—the title being Ardiane and Barbe Bleue; and it was written by a guy named Maurice Maeterlinck.

When he met Enid the next morning at rehearsal she asked him how he liked it.

"Great!" he said with a sickly smile. "Immense!"

What else was there he could say? If she were really as loony as the author of that piece the only thing was to humor her delusions.

She was so easily pleased over his verdict, however—it went so much farther than anything else had, up to now, to break the ice and put him on a friendly footing with her—that he boldly courted disaster and asked for more.

"I haven't anything else of Maeterlinck's with me," said Enid. "Perhaps you could get them at the library."

Freddy said it did not matter about their being by Maeterlinck—anything she happened to have handy; so the next volume she brought to lunch with her was a play by Ibsen called Little Eyolf.

Freddy had heard of Ibsen, all right, and he had to disguise a very genuine shudder when she handed it over to him. The fact that he took it out of his pocket when he got to his room that night and actually started to read it bespeaks a depth of real devotion that very few knightly deeds could rival.

Up to a certain point he fared better with it than he had expected. It was all plain as a pikestaff until suddenly he got to a sentence, spoken by the heroine too—she must be the heroine; she was the man's wife—a sentence which, if it meant anything at all, meant something so utterly outrageous that——Well, a respectable married woman simply could not say such a thing.

When Enid, at the lunch table the next day, brought the thing up quite calmly for discussion, Freddy went the color of a well-toned Bokhara rug. Of course it was simply

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that in her innocence she did not understand. Somebody ought to speak to her about it. She ought to have somebody to look after her—someone wise, strong and—masculine.

She ought to have a home where she could be enshrined as they say in Sapho and Romance, and plays like those "that an altar candle burning." The stage was all right for some women; but Enid ——

These reflections got to be more or less habitual with Freddy, but at about this point he usually woke up with a jump and came back to the rehearsal. He occasionally told Willy Lord and more often and more vehemently told himself—that these rehearsals were doing wonders for Enid and that every day marked an improvement of a startling and dramatic extensiveness.

The vehemence of these assertions was due to an incorruptible corner of his mind that declined to fall in love with Enid; which remained simply and brutally a stage manager; and which assured him, in moments when it could make itself heard, that her case was absolutely hopeless.

"You don't rehearse her," it said, with pungent truth, to Freddy; "she rehearses you. You're afraid to tell her what you make up your mind to every night. You make her a few milk-and-water suggestions, and she argues you out of those."

Anything that tended to silence this voice or to confute what it said Freddy welcomed with an almost passionate enthusiasm; when, for instance, they started a little ruffle of applause out in front—real applause I mean, not usher applause; any trained ear can tell the difference—after the first stanza of her lyric; and he marked with a red letter the Tuesday afternoon when a man and a woman in the right stage box applauded her enthusiastically.

If only they had been regular people the voice would have been left without a word to say. Unhappily it was able to point out that they were not, being manifestly English. The man gave himself dead away by a stage property—namely, a monocle, which he wore in his right eye.

Lou Heminway, the press agent, came back, quite excited, to tell Freddy that they were Sir Alexander Johnston and his wife, who were doing another farewell tour of the States in a Shaksperean repertory.

It was all very well for Lou to feel enthusiastic. He constructed an excellent press notice out of it, which appeared in three of the next morning's papers; but Freddy's voice discounted the episode by saying that they were English—and so was Enid; and that to any English person any other English person was superior to anyone else who was not English.

His voice was not alone in saying this either. Tom O'Hara and Josephine Foster proclaimed it to the four winds.

The person who gave him the most comfort was Hazel Dering. Hazel, in her inexplicable way, took to sticking round in the first entrance and watching Enid's work with a kind of catlike—or sphinx-like—alertness.

"Trying to learn a few tricks?" Tom O'Hara asked her one night as he sat down beside her on the piano lid. Hazel nodded. "Good idea!" said Tom. "How not to do everything, eh!"

"All right, Mr. Wiseheimer!" said Hazel. "Have it your own way!"

Freddy repeated that retort lovingly to himself that night when he went to bed. "But," the voice demanded with stubborn incredulity, "what the devil was Hazel doing?"

Well, it was a pretty hard time. As a system for taking off weight it worked well enough; but otherwise it was unsatisfactory. And when Willy Lord sent for him one day to come round to the office, it was paradoxically a sort of relief to find that his premonition about the cause for this sending was right.

"Cheer up!" said the boss. "Here's some good news for you. Zora Floliet turned up last night. Her new show was a flivver and she wanted to know whether I had anything for her. I slapped a contract in front of her so quick she jumped. She's too good for Forget-me-not, of course; but, with what we've had for the last month, she'll just about strike an average."

"C-Carew-Powell's improving," said Freddy desperately. "Give her time ——"

"Eternity's what she wants," said Willy Lord. "Time wouldn't do her any good—not for us! You've done your damnedest, Freddy—I'll say that for you; but you may as well take the count. I've just sent her her notice. She can take her two weeks'

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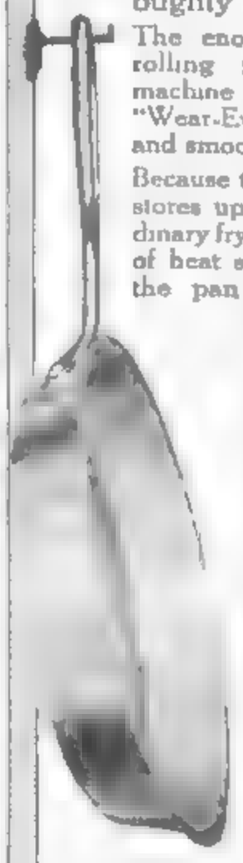

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pay, but you tell her she can quit tomorrow. Ffolliet'll be able to get up that part overnight."

Freddy blundered out of the office, got his hat and coat from his dressing room, plodded down the alley to the street and turned north. Enid's hotel—the Carolina—was pretty well out on the North Side; but as his impulse to go to her was a perfectly simple and unthinking one, and as his mind—or what he supposed was his mind—was very much occupied with a process that he called thinking, he neglected a rank of taxicabs and equally ignored the street cars. He just went along in the shortest practicable line, much as though he had been drawn by a magnet.

He had a vision of her—crying—crying her heart out. She had worked so hard; she had done, so humbly, her best; she had seemed so wistfully eager for his approval, so happy in the thought that she was getting it. And now, out of the clear sky, the thunderbolt had fallen! The picture became a moving picture as he walked along.

She is all alone in her room in the hotel; the curt notice from the boss is in her hand—crumpled—tearstained. There comes a knock at the door, and she says dully, hopelessly:

"Come in!"

The door opens and there, on the threshold, stands her friend, Freddy Boldt. She tries to smile away her tears.

"It was kind of you to come," she says. "Come in."

"Kind!" says Freddy, shutting the door. "I wanted to come. You knew I'd come, didn't you?"

She tries to smile away her tears. ("You said that once before," said the voice. "Well, can't I say it again?" answered Freddy.) She tries to smile away her tears, but the effort is too great.

"I hoped you'd come," she whispers; but her voice is choked with sobs. He goes over to her and lays a comforting hand on her hair. "I'm such a failure!" she says brokenly.

"Success isn't everything," says Freddy. "There are better things than success—the love of an honest man, who will enshrine you in his heart and keep you there like an altar candle, burning, is better than the hollow applause of an audience of heartless boneheads."

(The voice objected to boneheads—thought it was not up to the high literary quality of the rest of the scene; but Freddy ignored this criticism.) There is a tense moment of silence.

"You've got fine friends, with college educations," Freddy goes on, "who can use finer words. I'm just a plain, rough man."

"Don't say that," whispers Enid.

Freddy says it again:

"A plain rough man—but I love you, Enid. Will you marry me?"

Again she is convulsed with sobs, but her hand reaches out for his.

"How can you," she says; "how can you love me after that first dreadful day when I was so—haughty to you?"

("Damn it!" said an innocent bystander with whom Freddy had collided in the doorway to the Carolina. "Haven't you any eyes in your head?")

"Dearest, please don't speak of that," says Freddy. "Never think of it again! I've forgotten it. You must forget it too."

("Miss Carew-Powell?" said the flossy-looking young lady at the telephone board. "Just a minute. I'll see.")

"Never!" says Enid. "I can never forgive myself. I can only ——" And then she whispers something that Freddy has to lean very close to hear.

("She says you're to come up," said Flossy.)

So Freddy went up in the elevator and knocked at the door. A voice that was not in the least choked with sobs asked him to come in.

"It's odd—your turning up like this," she said as she shook hands with him. "I was on the point of telephoning to you. Won't you sit down?"*

*For the inflection of this speech see the description on page 11.

Freddy was glad to, for his brain was really reeling. There were no tears. There was no damp, crumpled notice in her hand. The girl was positively radiant. Freddy saw in a flash what had happened. It was exactly what he should have foreseen if the interview with Willy Lord had left him with a grain of sense. The notice had not been sent to the hotel at all. It had, of course, been stuck in her mailbox at the theater. And now—this was the hook blow that about finished Freddy—it was up to him to tell her what had happened.

"D-did you get a note?" he stammered; and under her look of inquiry he mopped his brow with a tightly clenched handkerchief.

"A note?" she asked. "From you?"

"N-no," said Freddy; but he just could not tell her it was from the boss—so he stopped there.

"I fancy not," said Enid.

She waited a minute to see whether he had anything more to tell her; but it becoming apparent that he had not, she took mercy on him and explained why she had been about to telephone to him.

"I'm in a bit of a difficulty," she said. "and I want you to tell me what I am to do. Sir Alexander Johnston—you know who he is, don't you? they were at the theater the other day—came to see me this morning and asked me to take a position in his company. It seems that Lady Johnston is threatened with some throat trouble. They went to see a specialist yesterday, who told them that the strain of playing eight times a week would be altogether too much for her.

"I was with him on a provincial tour two years ago and—well, he wants me to alternate with her. The difficulty is that they want me to begin at once—right away, as you Americans say. I don't want to do anything to embarrass Mr. Lord, of course. He's been frightfully nice to me. I don't want even to ask him to let me off the customary two weeks if you think it would put him in a difficulty; but, if it could be managed ——"

Freddy swallowed hard twice.

"Don't you worry!" he said. "I'll fix that. Just leave it to me. You play tonight, and tomorrow it's all off."

"But are you sure?" questioned Enid. "Can he get some one without any notice at all?"

Freddy swallowed hard again.

"Sure!" he said. "Surest thing you know! Don't you worry! Just leave it to me."

He got up rather precipitately to go.

"You're awfully kind!" said Enid, holding out a hand to him.

And then occurred the only thing that had had a place in Freddy's little scenario: a momentary silence that had—well, really, a little tension about it.

How many of the feelings that were boiling away behind his honest, rather inexpressive little mug were legible to her I would not undertake to say; but, the fact is, after a rather long look she held out the other hand and gave that to him too.

"I don't mean just about this," she said. "You may be sure I won't forget."

"G-good-by!" said Freddy.

He went back to the theater, took her notice out of the mailbox and tore it up. Then, to drown his sorrows—because he was, you must not forget, heartbroken—he went resolutely into Max's Café and ordered a drink.

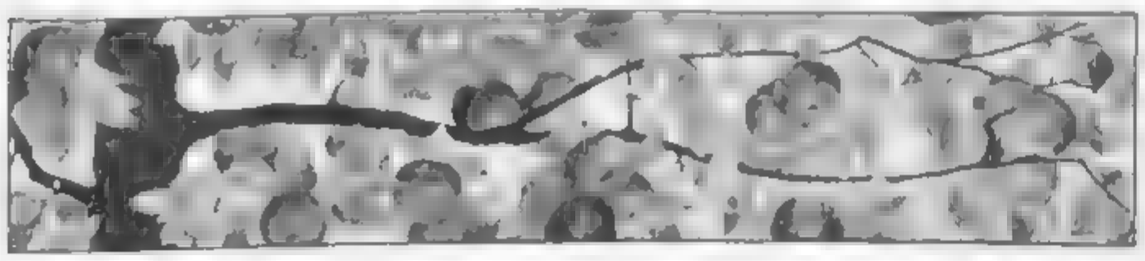
You might think the voice would have had the decency to let him alone—for that morning anyway; but it had not. No sooner had he got her image comfortably before him and begun reflecting sadly that by now, with a little better break in the luck, she might have been his, than it spoke up:

"She'd have made you read all the rest of Ibsen's plays, you know," it suggested derisively. Freddy wriggled and set down his glass. "And that nut Maeterlinck's too! Made you talk about 'em, nights—over a cup of tea ——"

"Oh, shut up!" said Freddy.

"Yes, sir?" said the waiter.

"Take away the beer," said Freddy after a silence, "and bring me ham and eggs—and a pot of coffee."



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HONOR: —A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

QUALITY: —An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

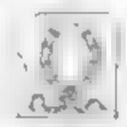
STRENGTH:—A responsible and substantial financial standing.

SERVICE: —A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

Upon this foundation is based the Emblem of the Association, marking highest business standing in name, product and policy.

You are cordially invited to become familiar with this Emblem, understand its meaning, and remember it.

The principles of the Association and its members are shown in the heraldic symbols of the Association's Emblem reproduced above.



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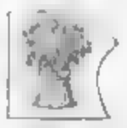

QUALITY is exemplified by the Wheat Sheaf.

STRENGTH is portrayed by the Lion.

SERVICE is typified by Mercury, the speeding courier.

Above the shield is the Association's motto, "Be guided by this Foundation"; the speeding chariot denotes "*Leadership.*"

The principles of *Honor*, *Quality*, *Strength* and *Service* are fundamental. They stand today, as through the ages, inseparable from integrity, whether of men, of nations, or of commerce.

These principles are the keys that ever have unlocked the portals of success.

Carry the Emblem in your minds, and apply its principles in practice—such principles make for happiness and success.

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Their acceptance of the invitation stands now before the world, a lasting tribute to their judgment and foresight, and their appreciation of the principles of such an Association.

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The present membership of the RICE LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION represents a capital of several hundred millions of dollars, and every member enjoys the highest class credit listing in standard references. But financial strength is *not* the only consideration. It is third in importance, being essential only permanently to carry on business and to protect the first and second, *honor* and *quality*.

Service also is necessary; without effective *service*—*honor*, *quality* and *strength* would be inefficient.

The strong, clear message sent forth in the Emblem will become known everywhere—it will be carried to every civilized country; it will go around the world in the interest of its members, emphasizing the prestige of American commerce.

You will identify our members by the Emblem.

Whenever you see this Emblem displayed with merchandise you may know that the firm producing that merchandise merits your confidence. Whenever it comes to you through the mail, you may put your faith in the announcement that comes with it. Whenever you see it in an advertisement you can read that message with belief in its integrity.

Whenever you see a representative of one of our members wearing this Association's Emblem Pin, you know he represents a concern of recognized business standing.

The Emblem visualizes our members' principles; their popularity is the reward of public approval.

Look through this present list of members and consider what a part these concerns are taking in the progress and prosperity of the world.

You already know the high business standing of many of these concerns.

Every one of them is held in the same high regard by all to whom they are known. Every concern that may be added to membership, subject to the approval of present members, will be of the same distinctive standing.

Such a congress as this, representing business integrity, marks a new era in business history.

Signed:

Elwood E. Rice

Founder and President.

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A MAN FOR A WHILE

Concluded from Page 14

"I can't see the map in this light," he said. "We'll soon know."

They mounted the hill in the groaning car, and the little city lay below them like a constellation, pinked with darkling spires and moonlit roofs. They coasted down the hill, and the first houses they met looked familiar.

The street looked like Westbourne. Could there be another place so closely akin to her home town? That was surely the Second Baptist Church. That was unmistakably Stuart Portener's father's house! The lamp-posts bore the names of the only too well-known streets!

She was suffocated with amazement, then with wrath. He had played a trick on her! He had circled round and brought her home like a captured runaway! Every tender thought of him vanished. She could have beaten him, scratched his eyes out!

The next corner would be her street. Would he pass it? No, he turned the corner. He must know Westbourne. Yet she had never seen him. Who was he? What was he?

Hateful as he was her curiosity was even fiercer than her anger. When the car stopped as if by magic before her home she did not get out. She simply demanded in a tone of awe and contempt both at once

"How did you know where I lived? Have you been here before?"

"It is my first visit."

"How did you find out who I was?"

"It wasn't hard. You said you came from Westbourne; you let slip a few other facts. While you were asleep at Rathlin I telephoned our New York office for the name of a retailer in Westbourne that bought of us. Then I telephoned him and said I wanted some information. I wanted the name of a man who had left for Europe the other day. I said he had a son who had gone to the North Woods to camp—also a very beautiful daughter, also out of town. Westbourne is not so big that they didn't know at once. They told me your name and how your house looked and the street and the number. Then I figured out a roundabout route here from my maps. You see how simple it was."

She thought that it was marvelous; uncannily, brutally ingenious, yet all the more unpardonable. But she must assuage her curiosity on one more point before she shattered the vials of her wrath on his head. She was trembling as she asked:

"When did you discover that I was—was not a boy?"

"The moment I caught sight of your beautiful face."

This second bouquet was a staggerer. It was hard to answer it with an insult. She gasped:

"Do you mean that you knew I was a girl when you first saw me on the hotel steps?"

"Yes, that's why I followed you."

"You followed me?"

"Immediately. I lost sight of you for half an hour. I found you when you were about to fight that hulking brute."

"You called me your 'brother' then, because—because ——"

"Exactly. But you slipped away, and I ransacked Wickham till I found you again."

"But why did you follow me? You despise women who put on men's clothes."

"I couldn't despise you. At the first glance I felt sure that you were the dear, sweet, innocent child you are. I felt a strange impulse to protect you from the perils you would run into, and now I've got you safely home."

"You don't think I'm going to stay, do you?"

"I hope you are. You can't surely mean to set out again as a boy? You mustn't, my dear! You'll never deceive anybody. You never did. Everybody who could see you at all knew you at a glance."

She was crushed flat. She slumped in the automobile and could not find strength enough to get out of it. He saw her gloom and spoke tenderly:

"You ought to feel glad and proud that you failed in your attempt. If ever any woman passed herself off successfully as a man it must have been some freakish figure with an unwomanly voice and mind. You wouldn't like a man who could masquerade perfectly as a girl. The more perfect you are as a woman the more impossible it is for you to look like a man. You're not meant to be a man; you haven't the bones or the build or the lifelong training. Even on the stage, with all the makeup and the lights and the dialogue written in advance, a woman can't fool an audience five minutes, can she? Be content with your own beauty and charm, Miss Edmée Pritchard. They can accomplish all that is necessary and more. That's why I brought you back, and here you are at the gate of your own home and it's a beautiful home—comfort and luxury and love, everything. I wish to the Lord I had a place in it!"

Edmée groaned. "You don't think I'm going to get out here, do you? You brought me from Rathlin on a wild-goose chase. You can just take me back there. Then you go on about your own business—if you have any. I hope I never see you again. Go on, take me back!"

"Indeed I won't take you back. Here you are. Here you stay."

She weakened before his disgusting stubbornness: "But how can I stay with my hair cut off?" It was a rather weak retort. He weakened it further by his answer:

"It will grow out in time."

"In time! In the mean while I'll look pretty, won't I?"

"Beautiful. You look like a cameo. Where's the hair you cut off?"

"In my suitcase."

"Can't you make a switch or something out of it and tack it on till your hair grows again?"

She had not thought of that. He certainly was clever; but she would not let him think she thought so. She did not answer. She clambered down and started up the moonlit walk with her suitcase in hand. There was nothing for her to do but crawl home and study up a complete explanation of her absence and of the absence of her hair.

She judged from the unbroken gloom about the house that the servants had gone out or to bed. If she could get to her room unobserved and change back to her own clothes they need never know of her adventure. She could wear her boudoir cap over her short hair. Thank heaven, boudoir caps were in vogue.

Sometimes when the servants went out they left the key under the edge of the doormat. She stooped and groped. She found the key. She turned to face Mr. Leonard Keble, who had jogged after her.

"Goodby!" she snapped.

"*Au revoir?*" he sighed.

"Never! Never! Never!" she answered, and realized that one "never" would have been more final than three. She would have slammed the door, but she was afraid to waken somebody. For the same reason when he tapped on the door again and again, louder and louder, she opened it a trifle. Already she was a girl again and afraid to invite him in or offer him the shelter of her father's roof.

"Well?" she whispered.

"What's the best hotel in Westbourne?" he whispered. She had expected a more romantic question than that. Already she was expecting him to be romantic.

She whispered as sarcastically as one can whisper:

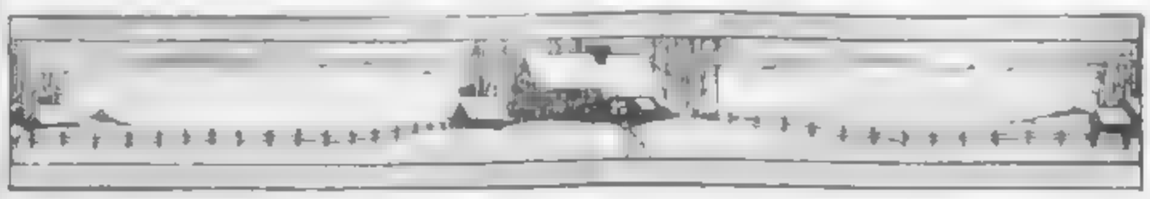
"There's no best hotel here. There's a good garage. You can sleep there in your car."

He laughed and sighed and murmured "Goodby," set his hat sadly on his head and tiptoed to the steps.

Over his shoulder he heard the words: "You'd better come here for luncheon."

He turned with eagerness, but this time the door did not open. He went to his car and guided it lonelily down the lonely street. He turned back to look and he thought he saw a light in an upper window and a little figure looking out of it, eerily, in a kind of glamour.

(THE END)



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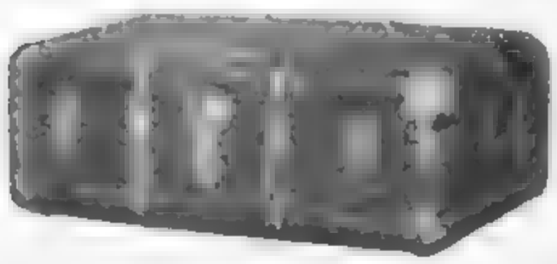

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BREAKING INTO THE PLAYHOUSE

(Continued from Page 17)

and you can thus sell it again, as I have done on several occasions; but once your play is produced and has failed, in the words of the comedian: "Good night!"

I am afraid I cannot get up a wail about the money end. I have, on the whole, had very fair treatment. Except from some road managers who went broke, I have always got whatever was coming to me. How far the royalty reports were square I do not know; but I am convinced there is little misrepresentation on that end.

Of course I have had my plays pirated, but that was the fault of the law. One pirate crew, for example, sailed over the same ground as the company that had the exclusive rights to the piece and cleaned out all the profits before it was stopped. Stock managers pay up rather promptly and accurately because they are dependent on the agents for plays; they do not get a new deal if there has been any four-flushing.

I never have sold out all my rights to a play under any condition. Any play is liable to have long life and if it fails in first-class time houses it may last forever in the stock houses. One play of mine earned me something like ten or fifteen thousand dollars after it had failed dismally on Broadway, and I was offered five hundred dollars for my interest in it. I figured that if it was worth a gamble for them it was worth it for me. "You're not a playwright," they said, "you're a business man!"

I got badly fooled on a similar proposition, however. I was offered fifteen hundred dollars for the idea of a play and it was to be turned over to a well-known playwright, who frequently signs things of other people's origination. I see nothing wrong in this if it is on a business basis—just as Pinero and Thomas Hardy both bought the same idea from a woman, with the resulting lawsuit over The Squire and Far From the Madding Crowd. But in my case I refused. I sold the play later for five hundred dollars advance, retaining my royalty interest; the play failed without a murmur after a single performance. However, this is the chance one must take.

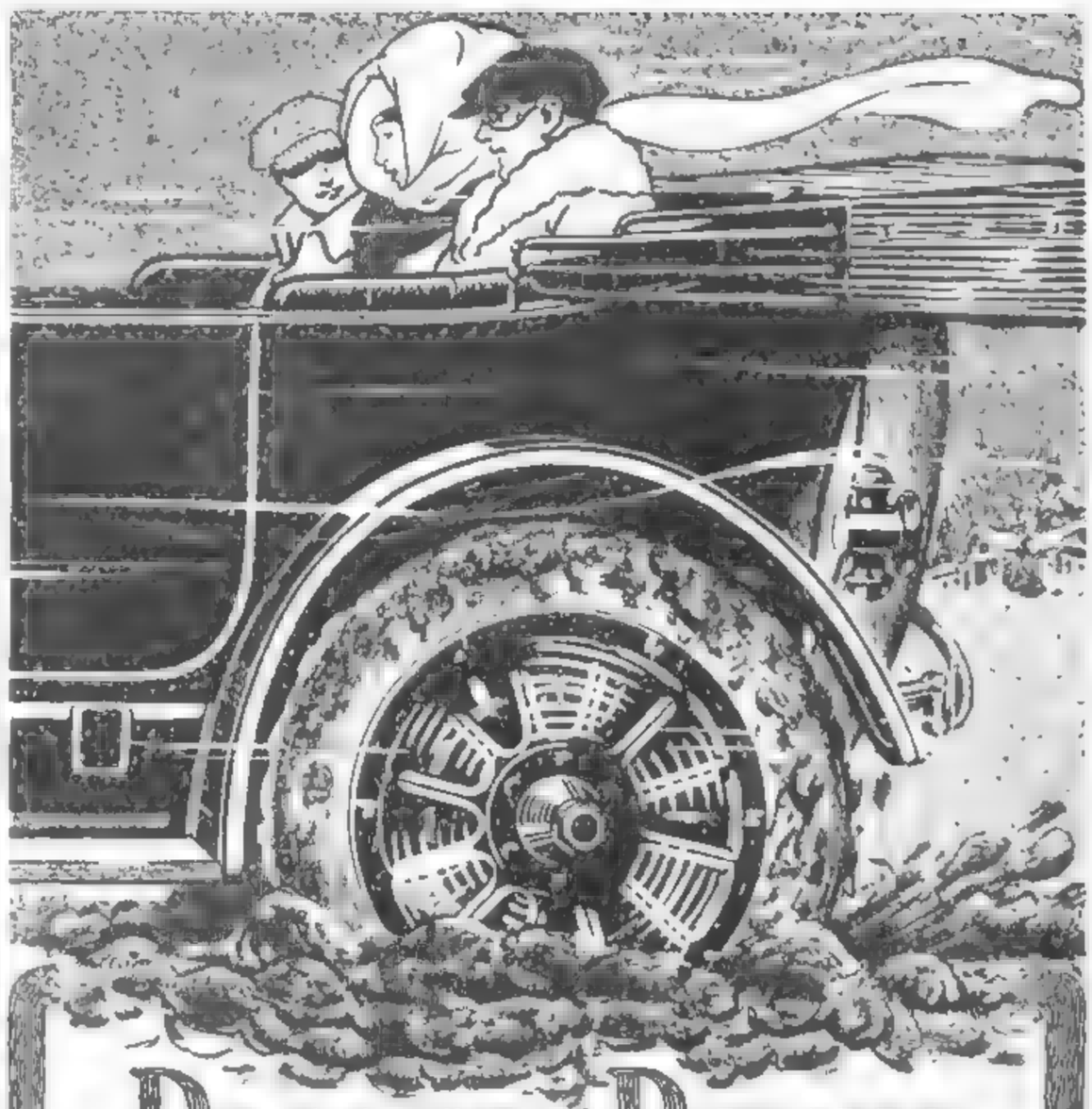
Plays and Their Returns

The late Kirke La Shelle offered me a contract which provided that after he had paid me ten thousand dollars in royalties the play became his property. I refused—and have never sold that play. Then, every contract should have a time-limit clause before the expiration of which the play must be produced or returned to the author with all rights. The limit set is generally six months or a year. I learned this from another of my friends, who sold a play that he cannot recover, since his lawyer, who knew little of theatrical contracts, had failed to insert this clause. The playwright quarreled with the star because he would not rewrite his play—it is a well-known poetical drama that has been printed—and, as a result, the star has ceased producing it and the author cannot accept the many offers for it he has received from other actresses. However, this is an exception.

With this limit clause there should be one stating how many times a year the play must be produced. This is to prevent indefinite holding on the part of the manager, if he fulfills his contract by giving a production and then does not give the play a run. These clauses protect the playwright, so that the play again becomes his property, after a time.

Generally my contracts have required fifty or seventy-five such performances in a theatrical year—that is, from September first to June first. I have had all sorts of advances and royalties. My first play—in which I was only part author—brought me one per cent on each week's gross receipts. As the star played to anywhere from eight thousand dollars to thirteen thousand dollars a week, it was a good income—much more than some of the five per cent plays I have had.

Often the manager has offered me a flat five per cent and I have taken it; but this is undesirable if the play should be a big success. The average contract I have had has been five per cent on the first five thousand dollars; seven and a half per cent on the next three thousand dollars and ten per cent on the rest. On this basis, if a drama plays to ten thousand dollars a week the



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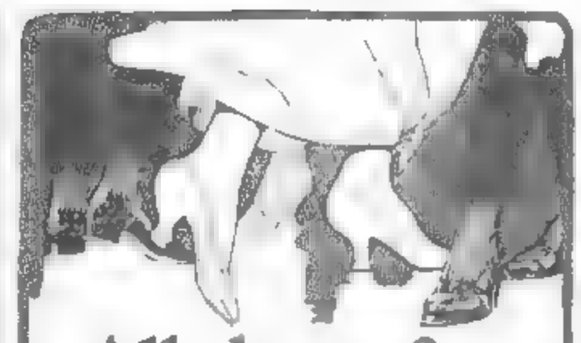

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author gets the total of two hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred and twenty-five dollars and two hundred dollars—or six hundred and seventy-five dollars as against five hundred dollars on a flat five per cent.

Authors like Bernard Shaw get ten per cent flat, and others get as high as fifteen per cent after a certain sum has been reached—but, of course, that has been only a pipedream for me. One temperamental actor-manager, who was acting in an early play by a well-known author, complained to me about the initial five per cent I asked. "Here I am, playing to only three thousand dollars a week; yet I must give the author one hundred and fifty dollars a week, though his play is a failure!" But he failed to remark that he paid some members of his company that sum for acting in this play. What would he say to a case where the playwright suffered with a success?

Clyde Fitch once told me, for example, that the Truth was playing in New York to five thousand dollars a week. On the sharing basis with the theater that meant the company was getting twenty-five hundred dollars a week. Out of this the running expenses left a weekly profit to the company of over five hundred dollars. Yet the play was not permitted to stay in New York because the owners of the theater were getting only twenty-five hundred dollars a week rent. A musical comedy was put in then, and it played to twelve thousand dollars a week, giving the theater owners six thousand dollars a week rent on the usual sharing basis. This is why some successes leave town, where the playwright may suffer.

Many things outside a contract influence a playwright's pocketbook; but the best thing about any successful play is that it keeps working for you after your part of merely writing it is done. That is where playwriting has its advantages, if you are looking for financial freedom to write the plays you like, which nobody may produce.

Adventures in Playwriting

Brander Matthews has said: "A dramatist is a successful playwright." That is why, I suppose, I am merely a playwright. I have been writing plays a dozen years now and have managed to look prosperous. I have never taken a regular office job and somehow have made both ends meet without any excessive contortions; but I have not had a knockout success on Broadway, though I have had two metropolitan failures within four days. Consequently I have no limousine or country place—just a flat.

I have had the greatest stars in the country speak my lines and some of the worst managers produce some of my plays. I have had almost every experience possible. I am still on the firing line, though, with twenty or thirty plays in my portfolio and with three of them under contract for production this season. By the time this article is published I may be rolling in wealth and in that limousine; but I am playing safe by expecting little of them because I have learned not to need hope.

With each disappointment, I have grown less bitter; and I have finally ended by asking myself why I should expect the world to give me anything I was not prepared to take by patience and capacity! So now nothing can happen that would surprise me greatly except a big success. Many people who ought to know say that some day I shall make a great hit—and I am just fool enough to have gambled a dozen years on it myself.

Being a playwright is not a cinch—that is, being one who has not arrived at the do-it-my-way-or-not-at-all class; but it is an exciting life if you look at it as a great adventure, and you certainly do have experiences before you find your works bound in calf and some degrees tacked to your name. It is no place for a purple-socked dilettante who has feelings.

Like the gentleman in the Browning poem, you have got to have two souls—and one of them you must not let Broadway suspect. So who I am is unimportant. No manager or star is wasting time over what I may be writing—as yet. I am not overmodest either; but nothing can be gained by revealing my name—and I have wanted room to do a little bragging now and then. I have merely been a nuisance—not a necessity—to the managers. As one of them said to me in good-natured despair:

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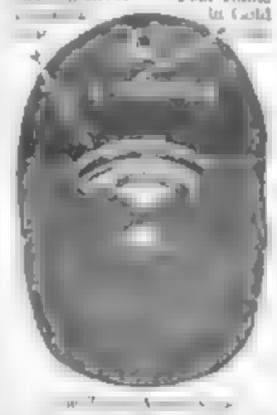

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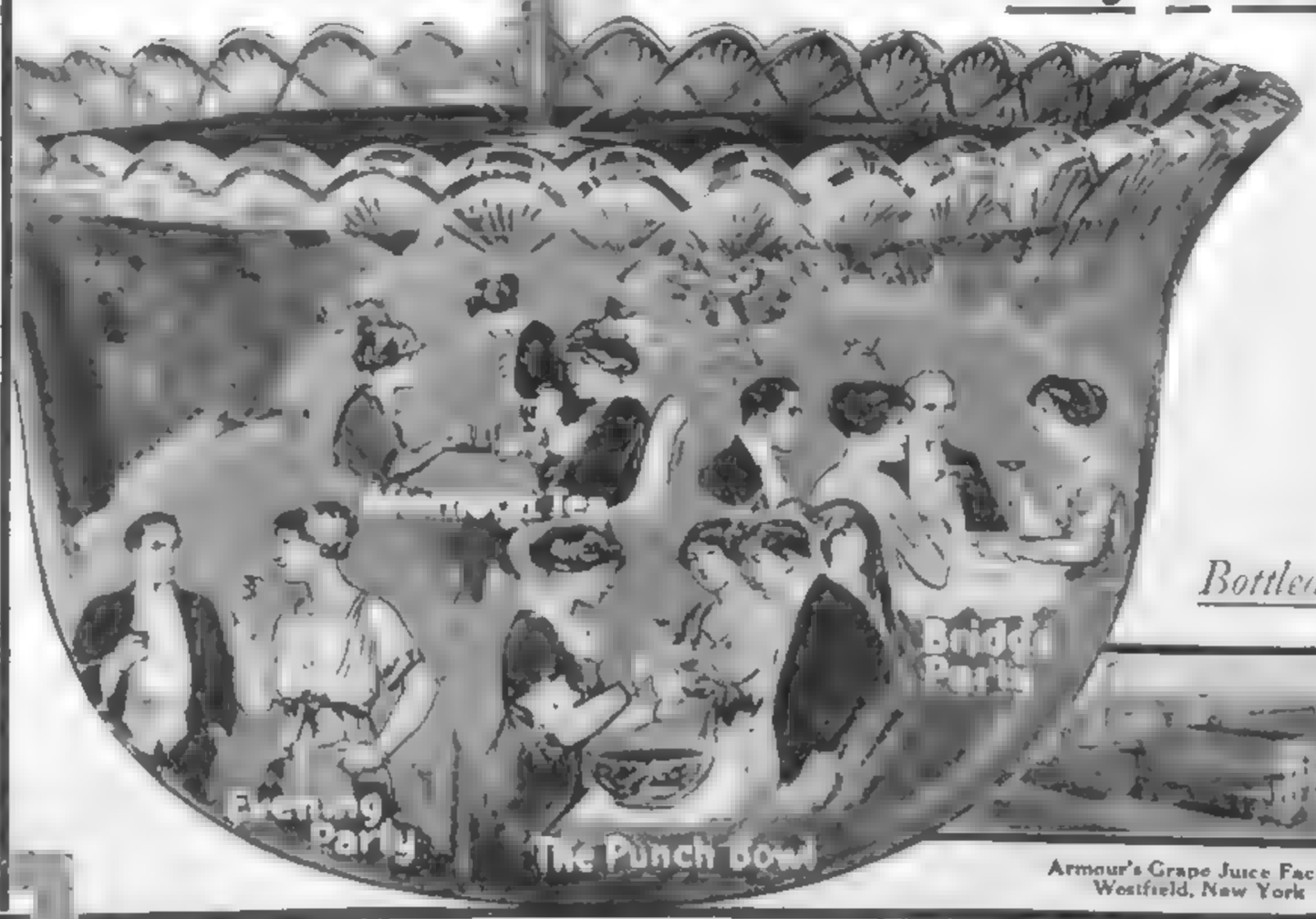

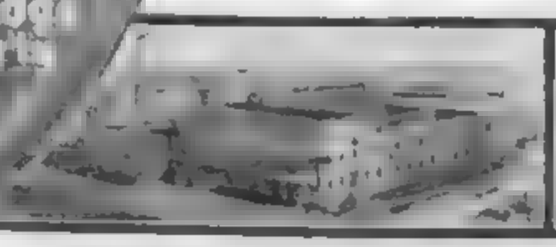

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WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

(Continued from Page 23)

of a habitable modern house of brick and stone, with outbuildings where he might shelter sheep and cattle. He decided, also, to establish a private wireless telegraph installation to supplement his experiments with the telephone.

Now that his last invention appeared to be practical, he hoped to get the coöperation of some of the transatlantic lines, and later—when its success was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world at large—to see it put in universal operation. He was a modest man, not overdesirous for personal fame; but he would scarcely have been human had he not felt a certain thrill of exaltation at the prospect of seeing his name go down to posterity with those of Franklin, Morse, Edison, Marconi and others by whose achievements the world had been so greatly benefited.

Something of this he explained to Cécile the afternoon of Dolly's departure with her grateful parent. This honest fisherman had described in full to Lady Audrey and the others De Bernay's great kindness to himself and his unfortunate family; and, the modest benefactor appearing a little later, Lady Audrey had looked at him with rather moist and prominent eyes and observed, with her usual candor:

"I'd like to give you a good hug, old dear!"

Whereupon De Bernay who inherited his due portion of Gallic gallantry, had promptly done what the situation appeared to demand. It is probable that if all suffragists were treated in the same way His Majesty's mails would not be subject to violation.

"Don't any of you dare tell Charteris!" Lady Audrey warned her smiling guests. "He'd rag the life out o' me!"

"I think," said Cécile to De Bernay as the two walked later in the afternoon under or rather through the softly scented pines, "that you are rather a good sort. I didn't like you at first."

"Nor I you," answered De Bernay; "but I do now."

"Why didn't you like me?" asked the apostle of Higher Thought.

"I considered you fresh, flippant and a bit ferocious. Later in the day, when you talked of red-hot parlor organs, I considered you frivolous."

Cécile slowly shook her head.

"No," she answered, "I am none of those things; but, to continue the alliteration, lots of people have considered me a flirt."

"Are you?" asked De Bernay.

Cécile nodded.

"That is my nature," said she; "but I have been trying hard to overcome it. Edna and I are both reformed flirts."

"Don't you sometimes miss the exercise?" he asked.

"I did at first—horribly; but I don't any more. It's rotten business. I got my lesson. I wanted to marry a man named Huntington Wood. You know him?"

"Of course. We were in Yale at the same time. He was in the academic and I was in Sheff. Were you in love with him?"

"I liked him. Flirts are never in love. If they were they wouldn't be flirts. When I'd fully made up my mind he sidestepped and married my sister Paula. Then I decided to marry Harold Applebo."

De Bernay laughed and looked at her with a gleam in his blue eyes.

"Why in the world did you want to marry Harold?" he asked.

Cécile shrugged.

"That's a long story," she answered. "Anyhow, my sister Hermione caught him and clipped his wings. Now she bats him round disgustingly in public and kisses him disgustingly in private. He submits to both with equal grace—and blinks. I've often wondered since why I ever wanted to marry such a big yellow tomcat! Isn't it odd?"

De Bernay's assenting nod was none too flattering to Mr. Applebo.

"As I told you, he dropped in here to call—one day on the Daffodil," said he. "Harold was much impressed with my telephone—or, rather, with the idea, because it wasn't working then. He sat here and wrote an ode that he called Thy Voice. It proved to be a prophetic sort of ode; and when he had finished it he rolled up his sleeves and set up my new dynamos. After that he drank about four gallons of tea and ate a box of macaroons, while the Finn ironed his white clothes. Odd sort of chap, Applebo! At Yale I dragged him out to try for the football team, but it was of no use. He was the strongest man in college and as quick as a cat when he wanted to be—but you could never tell when he wanted to be. Fifty thousand spectators had a less stimulating effect on him than the sight of a dandelion." De Bernay laughed. "He once wrote an Ode to a Single Dandelion in the Middle of the Yale Field."

"Looking back," said Cécile pensively, "I often wonder why the man fascinated me! Anyhow, he married Hermione—tremendously."

"And after Harold?" asked De Bernay.

"Higher Thought. I needed a rest and change."

"And after Higher Thought?"

Cécile laughed. De Bernay had hoped that she would, because when Cécile laughed it was like listening to a nymph teasing a baby faun in some cool grotto, where the sun came splashing through the spring foliage to paint the green ferns a luscious yellow.

"Tears—and loneliness," she answered; "like Lady Audrey."

De Bernay turned to her quickly. His face had grown suddenly pale.

"Cécile," he asked tremulously, "will you marry me?"

Cécile's gray eyes rested for a moment on his. The color had left her own face.

"No, Paul!"

"But Cécile ——"

"Listen, my dear," said Cécile. "You don't quite realize what you are saying. Because we are here alone in these pines—and the sun is warm, and the balsam is sweet, and the sky is blue, and there's a gentle little breeze stirring the sea, and my face and body and perhaps a little bit of my little mind please you—you think that you want to marry me. But when I have been gone for a week and you begin to rebuild your place—and that and your telephone take all your time—you'll be so glad that you're free! I know, Paul! I know how men are. And you are destined for better and higher things than to marry a girl like me. I think you are one of the dearest men I ever knew. I like you too much to hang myself about your neck——Paul! Don't! Don't! Oh, it's not fair! Please! Please ——"

For De Bernay's strong arms were about her, drawing her close. Cécile felt herself as powerless as on the night of the fire, when he had swept her up and rushed with her across the moor. It was not only her body that he held; for the instant it was everything—all there was of Cécile. But there in the spinning center of emotion was a distinct idea. It must not be! It could not be! She had known that it might be like this and had not sought to avoid it. She was like a bather who faces a great breaking wave. It might overthrow her—fling her up into the shallows; then subside to leave her knee-deep in swirling brine.

De Bernay's strong hands gripped her. He held her for a moment at arm's length, studying intently her pale, quivering face. When he spoke his deep voice seemed to well up from profound depths of tenderness.

"Cécile!" he said. "My darling little girl! Where's the good in trying to struggle against the inevitable? Nobody could love you so much. Nobody ever has—or ever shall. Don't you know it? Don't you feel it? How long do you think it takes a man to love the only woman he ever could love—as I love you?"

Cécile looked up at him entreatingly. As though suddenly realizing the force with which he held her, De Bernay dropped his arms.

"Will you marry me, Cécile?" he asked again.

Cécile shook her head.

"No, Paul!" she answered.

"Why not? Don't you care enough?"

Cécile stepped back against the branches of a dwarfed pine. She drew two of them together in front of her and looked at De Bernay above this protective girdle as though afraid of him.

"No," she answered slowly. "Neither do you. What if I were to say yes—and then ask you to give up all these plans you've made for living here on the island and going on with your work?"

"I'd do it like a shot!" cried De Bernay. "I'd be glad to do it."

"For how long?" Cécile asked, almost listlessly—"until after our honeymoon—or perhaps a little later?"

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Cécile drew her protective boughs still higher as De Bernay made an impulsive movement.

"Be reasonable, Paul! A week ago you did not know or care whether such a girl as Cécile Bell existed. You have come here to this remote spot to get away from women and to carry on your splendid work without interruption. Then we come crowding in on you and burn you out of house and home and cause you no end of trouble and expense—though I will admit that I'm glad about the laboratory if it is going to keep you from risking your precious life in making explosives—and now, tomorrow perhaps, we shall sail away and you can put us out of your mind."

"How is it possible for me to put you out of my mind, Cécile?" asked De Bernay despairingly.

"By taking up your work again. Think of it, Paul—only three days ago you did not care for me one way or the other. You asked no more than to be well rid of the lot of us—didn't you?"

"Perhaps," he muttered; "but that is not today."

"No. Today you think you love me—because, as I say, the sky is blue, and the air is soft and sweet, and you are a man and I am a maid, and we are both young and alone here with the moor and the sea and sky. What if I were to say Yes—and let you hold me in your arms again? We might be happy for a brief moment; and then I would say: 'I love you, Paul; but really you must not ask me to live with you here on this lonely island, away from my world of people and things.' You would be sorry then. No, my dear—it cannot be. I am very fond of you, Paul, and I admire and appreciate you; but you must not ask me to marry you—and you must not do again what you just did. Now let us go on and not talk of love—for 'that way madness lies.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Canny Scot

WHILE he was on the other side Dr. Joseph F. McCarthy, a New York specialist, who has just returned from abroad, heard of a new device of the canny Scot for raising the wind.

A friend of his was taking a motor trip through the Lowlands, driving his own car. As he neared a small stone cottage standing close to the road he sounded his horn as a precautionary measure. Instantly a flock of chickens tumbled headlong out of the cottage door and spread flutteringly across the road. Before the American could check his speed two hens lay quivering in death in the dust and the survivors had retreated back indoors.

Then magically appeared the owner of the deceased, a severe and whiskered old Scot, threatening arrest and prosecution for reckless driving. The automobilist protested that he had sounded his horn in warning. The cottager declared he had heard no horn, and his son, who had arrived meantime from behind a hedge, backed up his father. The tourist compromised by paying half a crown apiece for the killed chickens—about twice their value; and, having no use for them, he bestowed the carcasses on the old man.

Thus they parted; but as he reached the crest of a hill beyond the American halted his car to enjoy the view, and chancing to look back he beheld a strange but illuminating pantomime.

The son stationed himself behind the hedge on the opposite side of the road from the cottage, holding under his arm a battered automobile horn.

The father scattered grain in the middle of the road and withdrew. The son tooted the horn. The chickens rushed out!

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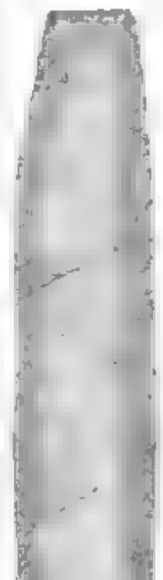

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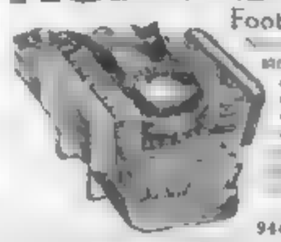

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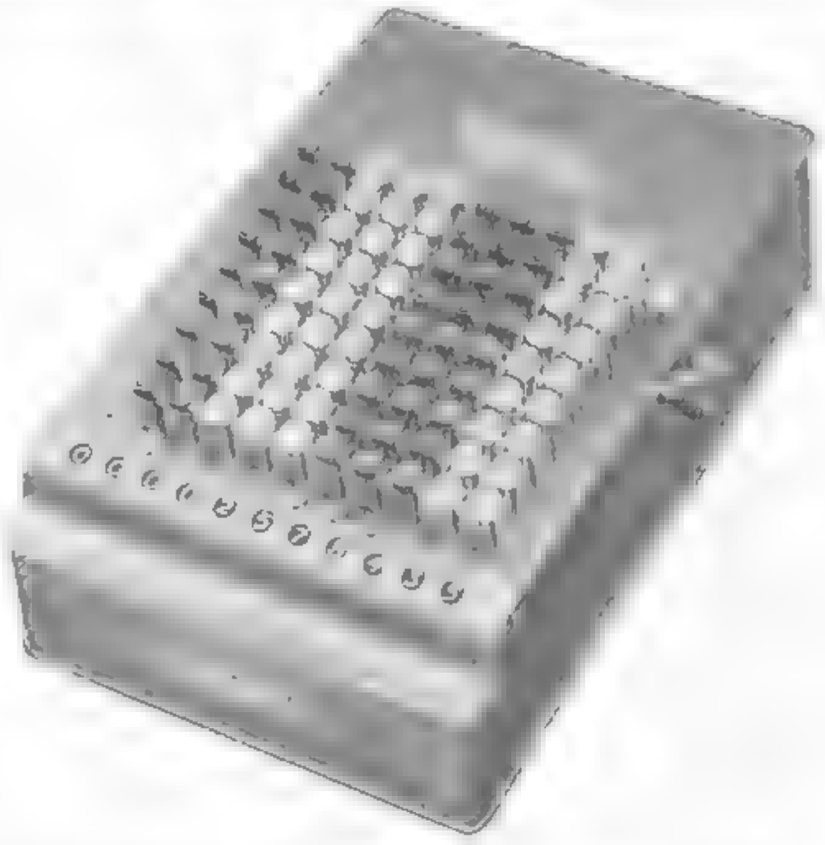
Comptometer

Adding and Calculating Machine



Number of Comptometers Purchased by Some Well Known Concerns

Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland	43
[illegible] & Iron Co., Denver	71
[illegible] Co., Steelton, Pa.	2
[illegible]	86
[illegible]	18
[illegible]	6
[illegible]	171
[illegible] New York	159
[illegible], N. Y.	147
[illegible]	82
[illegible] & Co., Chicago	455
[illegible]	89
[illegible]	13
[illegible]	20
[illegible]	30
[illegible]	190
[illegible]	10
[illegible]	1
[illegible]	47
[illegible]	156
[illegible]	68
Lake Shore and Mich. Southern R. R., Cleveland	85
[illegible]	302
[illegible]	80
[illegible]	65
Bell Telephone System	198
Wells Fargo Express, Chicago	32
Ford Motor Co., Detroit	12
[illegible]	55
[illegible]	13
Belknap Hardware Co., Louisville, Ky.	32
Griggs Cooper Co. (Whol. Gro.), St. Paul	8
American Sugar Refining Co., New Orleans	9
Northwestern Mutual Life Ins. Co., Milwaukee	29
Pilgrim Steam Laundry, Brooklyn	6
A. C. Lawrence Leather Co., Boston	28
Columbia Mills Inc. (Textiles), New York	26
Philadelphia Rapid Transit, Philadelphia	13
United Cigar Stores, New York	52
Sears Roebuck & Co., Chicago	87
National Cloak & Suit Co., New York	23
United Drug Co., Boston	20

Every concern in this list has ordered more Comptometers within the last twelve months

COMPELS Correct Operation

Twenty-seven years ago, I placed on the market, the first practical Key Adding Machine—the Comptometer. Many thousands have been sold. They have stood the severest tests of service. They have proved their efficiency. Their *absolute* accuracy is recognized the world over. Their durability stands unquestioned. Their range of application covers every possible numerical calculation—not merely as a mechanical possibility, but in a thoroughly practical way. With this accomplished, I have sought to reduce to the lowest possible degree, *the chance of error on the part of the operator.* In the New Controlled-Key Comptometer this ambition has been realized. It *compels* correct operation.

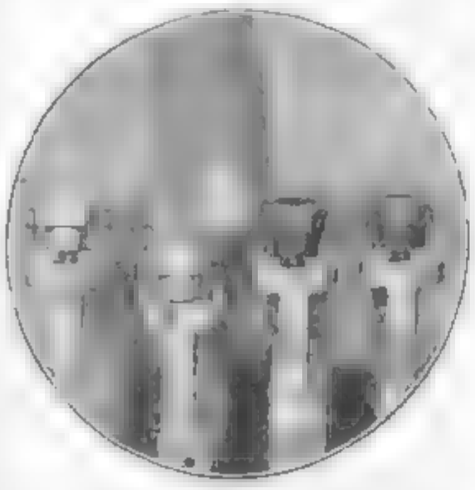
DORR E. FELT, President.

What the Controlled Key Does

The instant any key is misoperated the Controlled Key notifies the operator and prevents him from adding another figure until the error is corrected.

By its own action the machine automatically enforces accurate operation—leaves nothing to the hazard of inexperience or carelessness on the part of the operator. For if misoperated the machine absolutely refuses to do another lick of work until the error is corrected.

Moreover, if an over-lapping stroke catches the edge of the key next to the one you are operating, nothing happens—because the key won't go down unless pressed from directly above. That is because of the Interference Guard shown in illustration below.



In a word—with the Controlled Key on guard, there is no chance of any misoperation getting by unnoticed and uncorrected.

Wonderful Speed

With all this improvement in the interest of accuracy, there has been no sacrifice of that phenomenal speed which has always been a distinctive feature of the Comptometer.

Along with the security of accuracy you get the economy of speed. An advantage derived from the swift, typewriter-like key action, unimpeded by other movements such as pressing extra buttons or pulling a lever. Any and every calculation is performed by simple depression of the keys.

The Machine for the Bookkeeper

Here is a machine which the bookkeeper can place on his desk alongside his ledger and get correct results right from the start. With one hand on the keys and the other free to follow items and turn pages, he has only to press the keys without taking his eyes from his work or his hand from the keyboard. He doesn't have to carry the figures in his mind—[illegible] adds them as he reads them. Every bookkeeper will appreciate what this means in accuracy and speed when applied to proving, postings, balancing accounts, footing trial balance, sales, journal, cash and all other book additions

Billing and Inventory

Bear in mind that the Comptometer is a **calculating** as well as an **adding** machine. The same machine can be used with equal facility on every desk in the office. With very little or no practice one full clerk extending and checking invoices and inventory, balancing, totaling, etc., etc., will do the work of two or more figuring mentally or with pencil and paper. He will figure the simple and chain discounts and fractions both in quantity and price as easily as whole numbers.

Cost Work

There is no need to argue the value of a less expensive method of figuring costs. Every business manager understands that. It is enough to explain that the Comptometer is quite as well adapted to division as any other kind of calculating—enables you to get a complete analysis of every feature of cost in from half to one-third the time required by any other means. It is paying for itself times over on this work alone in many offices.

Write for Booklet and Trial Demonstration Offer

If our claims are true the advantages offered are certainly worth investigating. We invite you to test them.

It never pays to guess about a business proposition when the facts can be demonstrated before your eyes.

On your request we will make a practical demonstration—a real service test—in your office—on any kind of work you may select. You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

A line from you will bring full information about our demonstration offer—an interesting booklet "Leading the Bookkeepers Out of Bondage" and vital facts about how you can use a Comptometer on your work. Also copy of "Daily Ledger Control" describing a method of Quick Work on Trial Balance.

Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co., 1709 N. Paulina St., Chicago

HUDSON Six-40

Who Doesn't Want a Six?

If its *weight* is less, its *price* is less and its *fuel cost* less than any comparable car, who doesn't want a Six? Who wants to lose, and pay for losing, all the luxury of riding in a Six?

THE fact that men want Sixes is too apparent to dispute. All the high-priced cars have been forced to Sixes. And scores of other makers have had to capitulate to a demand which proved resistless.

At the New York Show, 54 exhibitors—out of 79—displayed Sixes for best. Eighteen showed Sixes exclusively.

At the Chicago Show, 67 exhibitors—out of 104 making cars above $1,500—featured a Six for their best.

Never in motor car history was anything more apparent than this swing to Sixes. It is coming about faster than came the abandonment of one- and two-cylinder motors.

The Reason Is This

Men want to end vibration, and that means continuous power. They want flexibility, want less wear on tires. They want to avoid changing gears in slow traffic, or in climbing any reasonable grade.

And they want this luxury of motion. They want this smoothness which seems like constant coasting.

The only men content without a Six are men who never rode in one.

The New Hudson Six-40 Takes All the Bars Down

Now the HUDSON engineers have taken from Sixes all that held men back.

Sixes were costly. Now the HUDSON Six-40 undersells all cars, whatever the type—size, power and class considered.

Sixes were heavy. Now the HUDSON Six-40 weighs 2,980 pounds. That's 400 pounds less than our last year's Four—the HUDSON "37."

Sixes consumed extra fuel. Now the HUDSON Six-40 consumes one-fourth less than did our HUDSON "37."

Think of that. A longer car than our "37." A higher-powered car. A car with two extra tonneau seats. Yet much less weight and much less fuel cost.

And largely because of a new-type motor—a small-bore, long-stroke motor—which has solved the economy problem.

Buyers of cheap cars can't get Sixes as yet. But men who pay over $1,500 will find everything—even economy—on the side of this HUDSON Six-40. And it won't depreciate like types which are going out.

A Beauty All Its Own

Then here is the Streamline body brought to artistic perfection. Note the flowing lines, unbroken at the dash. This type of body is the coming vogue. It is now the vogue in Europe. But you will never see it brought out better than in this year's HUDSON Sixes.

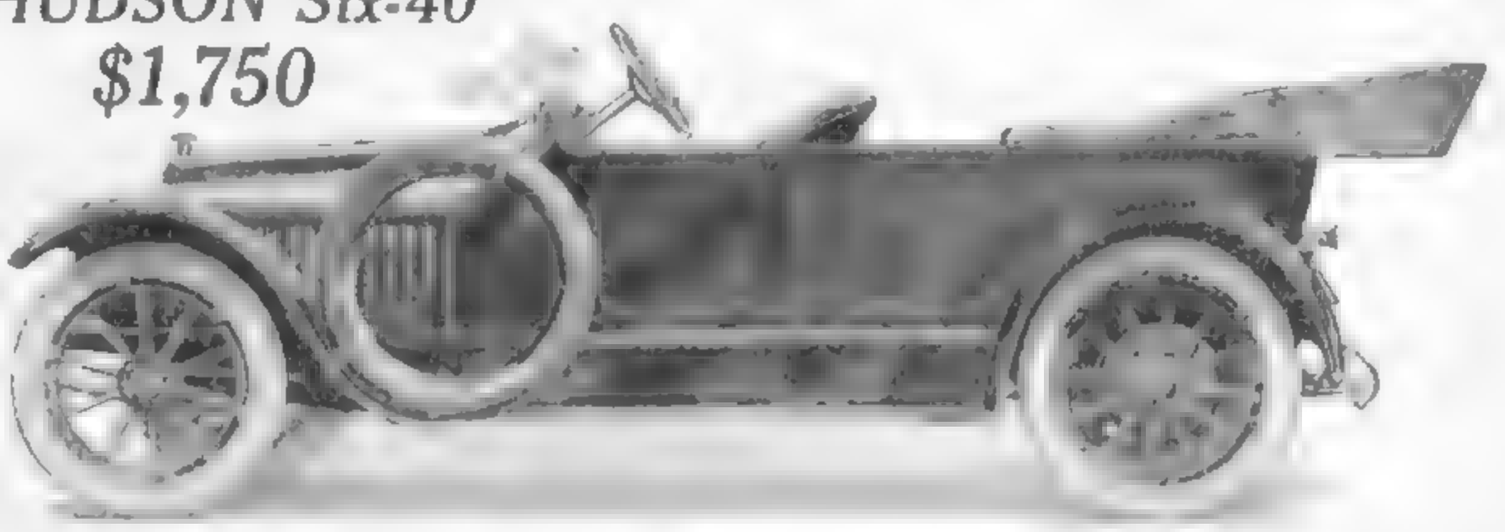
And note below the new ideas in equipment. Note how many of these attractions make their first American appearance in this car.

The Hudson Six-54

Our larger Six—frequently called the handsomest car of the year—has the same design and practically the same equipment. It is for men who want a big car—big in size and power. The wheelbase is 135 inches. The price is $2,250.

Your local Hudson dealer has these cars on show. They are the year's sensations, and even now we are way behind on orders. Go see them—ride in them—then do what you think best. Howard E. Coffin's 55-page book on 1914 cars in general will be mailed you on request.

HUDSON Six-40
$1,750



Wheelbase, 123 inches.
Seats up to 7 passengers.
Two disappearing seats.
Left side drive.
Gasoline tank in dash.
Extra tires carried ahead of front door.
"One-Man" top, made of Pantasote.
Quick-adjusting curtains.
Dimming searchlights.
Concealed hinges.
Concealed speedometer gear.
Delco patented system of electric lighting and starting.
Integral rain-vision windshield.
Hand-buffed leather upholstery.
Electric horn—license carriers—tire holders—trunk rack—tools.
Price, $1,750 F.O.B. Detroit.
Wire wheels, with extra wheel, $75 extra.
Standard roadster, same price.
Cabriolet roadster, completely enclosed, but quickly changed to an open roadster, $1,950.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 7811 Jefferson Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

WILSON AND WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 5)

conservatism of a Democratic administration. Wall Street apparently is willing to accept it because it means peace, and peace in turn means action and progress."

Nothing that I gleaned in all this cross-examination of the moneyed interests regarding Mr. Wilson is more striking, in a sense, than the following sentiment of the head of a great financial institution whose independence of action and view has made him a commanding figure. He said:

"I can pay Mr. Wilson's attitude toward business in general and toward Wall Street in particular no finer tribute than to say that I would rather have my boys grow up under his sort of régime than under the old. It means equality of opportunity in whatever kind of business they may care to take up and a fair and open chance to test the stuff that is in them. I believe the Wilson idea means the same thing for all business that is trying to forge ahead, whether its capital is large or small.

"Assuming that the new currency law is only eighty per cent good, it is a big advance on the old. The enemies of this act still say that it builds up a money trust and especially a credit trust more dangerous than the so-called money trust. I don't think so, and I am willing to take my chances under it.

"For one thing, this law will wipe out the old sectional bitterness in finance. I mean by this the hostility that the rest of the banking country has felt toward the great institutions of New York. The measure is really a constitution of money peace and I think, in the end, of prosperity.

"It has long been the policy of Wall Street to fight change and innovation, but change was bound to come. The President has achieved it with decency, order and good sense."

Another typical view is this:

"For the first time in years Wall Street and big business know just where they stand. Instead of useless and destructive agitation, such as obtained under Mr. Roosevelt, there is evident a gradual and definite construction of the laws relating to business. Thus certainty is succeeding uncertainty, and interests can make plans and look ahead."

Still another opinion, which expresses the view of a veteran of many financial crises, is as follows:

"I have seen much hysteria in Wall Street, and in a way history there constantly repeats itself. I remember that when the Interstate Commerce Commission first went into power the railroads saw nothing but disaster ahead. But under its direction rebates and many other abuses vanished and the properties came into a period of utmost prosperity. So with this new financial order.

"There are those who see in it a vision of disorder, but my own conviction is that it means the light of a new day that will make of all business a clean and open game. Unless President Wilson changes his policy and his point of view, we have nothing to fear and much to be grateful for."

Mr. Wilson's Constructive Policies

One banker made this concise comparison between the attitudes of Roosevelt and of Wilson toward Wall Street:

"Roosevelt attacked business with a club; Wilson waves the olive branch. Roosevelt assaulted the nerves; Wilson appeals to the heart and conscience."

Going to the very heart of the matter you find more than one financier taking this ground:

"President Wilson knows that the measure history will make of his Administration will be based on whether times are good or bad. He realizes too that presidents are most popular when their country is prosperous. Therefore he will not wish to do anything to shake confidence, overthrow business and drive legitimate enterprise to cover."

Summed up, the dominating impression in Wall Street of the President's attitude toward business would be something like the following:

"Peace, and not war; friendly conciliation instead of hostile antagonism; a constructive program that will eliminate uncertainty about the law and stimulate the growth of all legitimate business."

You have seen the friendly side of the picture. Now let us turn to the middle ground, where those who sit on the fence still regard the President with suspicion and some fear. Here is a statement carefully prepared by a member of one of the greatest banking firms in the United States:

"You ask how Wall Street regards Wilson. Of course you must remember that in the public mind there exist several kinds of Wall Street. For some Wall Street is like Lombard and Threadneedle Streets in London—the center where are brought for financing almost all the country's plans for transportation and industrial development; the investment market of America; the place where leaders in enterprise gather and to the best of their ability work for the country's material welfare.

"For others Wall Street does not connote the true—as I regard it—description that I have just given. For these Wall Street means a storm-center of manipulation all whirling round a gigantic machine called the stock exchange—a district populated by bulls and bears, longs and shorts, puts and calls; nothing but trading going on and no genuine contribution to values or wealth being made. Still others have a third conception of Wall Street. They have a notion that all these get-rich-quick schemes for making gold out of sea-water or extracting rubber from rusty nails—plans by which deluded innocents are yearly defrauded of millions of dollars through the mails—constitute Wall Street's chief activities."

A Great Banker's Analysis

"Therefore I am going to pick out my own definition of Wall Street. Naturally it is number one. How, then, do able and far-sighted men of such a type regard President Wilson?

"They look upon him as a high-minded, patriotic American gentleman, of extraordinary industry, of wonderful capacity for accomplishment, of great political sagacity, of a bad habit of sometimes closing his mind on a question before he has received all the chief facts bearing upon that question; but of such intelligence and capacity for educating himself that in the long run he is likely to correct his own serious blunders, land on his feet and give the country an excellent administration.

"Taking up in order the various qualities that I have just enumerated I don't believe we have ever had a president who has worked more arduously or constantly. As to his ability to get results, any president who within a year of his inauguration can put through, by dint of personal force, a tariff-reform bill and a new currency measure—which with all its faults represents a distinct advance over the old law—is a wonder!

"As a politician he has been no less marvelous. He has handled with equal skill the conservatives in Congress and the band of wild men who, without knowing it, are attempting to burn the house down in order to get rid of a little pile of dirt that may be lingering under the parlor sofa.

"As to the President's faults, that one of closing his mind too soon and of refusing to receive any light from a source not personally agreeable to him is his worst, and is the one that has got him in his worst hole up to date. When he began to lay down his policy of 'watchful waiting' as to Mexico he did not have all the facts and has not, in the opinion of many, made a real attempt to get them. In his thought and his enunciations on the subject he was not really considering Mexico's welfare. He was thinking of political effect in this country. If he had been thinking of poor, faction-ridden Mexico he would first of all have sent for all the foreign ambassadors in Washington, secured from them all the immense amount of information available through their fellow ministers in Mexico, and then, with all this light before him and with their counsel and aid if he desired it, he could have laid down a policy tending toward a cessation of bloodshed in Mexico and not merely toward creating a benevolent impression upon his own countrymen. I say this in sorrow, not in impatience, for I have never had a dollar invested in Mexico.

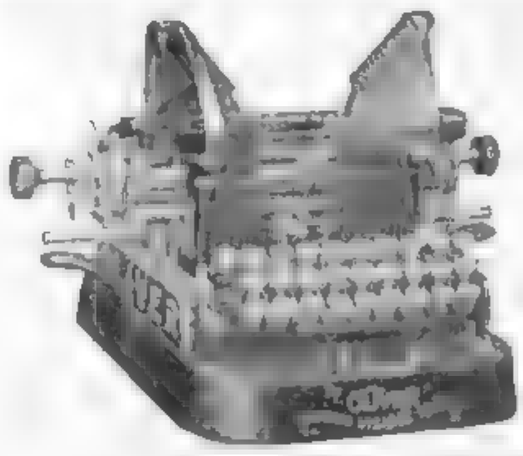
"This same habit of mind has led Mr. Wilson to accept without question or investigation the absurd theory that credit in this country is bound by arbitrary and artificial restraints. In all the volumes of

GIRARD Cigar

The Girard is so fragrant that it pleases a woman—so mild that it agrees with the most sensitive nerves—so full-flavored that it satisfies the veteran smoker. There was never a cigar which more finely summed up all the charms of "My Lady Nicotine."

The cigar here pictured is the "Broker" shape, actual size, 10 cents. Other shapes and sizes up to 15 cents. Ask your dealer for a Girard. He knows it's good.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf, Philadelphia Established 1871



Free Trial Typewriter Offer!

No Money Down—13 Cents a Day

Get *this* offer on an Oliver *Visible* Typewriter before you spend even $10 for any machine

Learn how 15,000 people have secured Olivers—*the great world-wide leader* of all machines—the typewriter that made others *adopt visible writing*—the typewriter that you see everywhere—the full size commercial machine.

Extraordinary Price

Find out how low you can buy a genuine No 3 Oliver, on our long-time, easy-payment basis. Get the figures! Thousands now own Olivers on our liberal plan.

Rent Money

Get the details of our wonderful Rental Purchase Plan. Learn how you can own a real Visible Writing Oliver for a few pennies a day *and no money down.*

Life Guarantee

Read a copy of our iron-clad guarantee. Note how we have absolutely protected each purchaser for the entire life of the machine.

Read a few of our testimonial letters from customers and learn how generous and fair we are in our treatment - how we wait for payments in case of sickness or misfortune

Half an Hour to Learn

People who had never written on a typewriter learned from our plain instructions in half an hour.

Let us tell you about the free trial privilege—how without advancing a cent to us you can have one of these fine machines in your office or home to *use free.* You won't be urged to keep it unless you are more than pleased.

No Red Tape

We have no collectors. We charge no interest. We *aim* to please you so thoroughly that you will tell your friends.

Interesting Catalog

Send your name today and get a remarkable book describing in detail the construction of the famous Model 3 Oliver, telling how it is made and the features which put it in the lead.

Creative Plan

Get full details of the most remarkable selling plan ever devised for the purpose of putting standard typewriters in the hands of those who need them.

Everything Is Free

Your name won't be followed up with a salesman—we have none. Just read about the typewriter, the low price, the easy terms, the life guarantee—that's all we ask. Please do it now.

This coupon is to make it convenient for you to send for our offer now. Just fill in your name and address, tear out and mail—a lead pencil will do

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
166 N 26 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Gentlemen: You can send me your [illegible] or obligation on my part whatever.

Name

Street

Town State

SAFETY FIRST

This shows how

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

lay down the actual proof of their ability to grip the roadway and turn the corners without danger of skidding or side slipping thus insuring Safety First to all winter motorists.

Safety when you need it low cost mileage all the time.

Don't pay more than these prices for the accepted *standard* non-skid and smooth tread tires:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices
30 x 3	$11 70	$12 65
30 x 3	15.75	17 00
32 x 3	16 75	18 10
33 x 4	23 55	25 25
34 x 4	24 35	26 05
34 x 4	33 00	35 00
35 x 4	34 00	36 05
36 x 4	35.00	37.10
37 x 5	41.95	44 45
38 x 5½	54.00	57.30

Factories Akron, Ohio — The B. F. Goodrich Co. — Branches in All Principal Cities

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

poppycock spoken and written about a so-called money trust nobody has yet proclaimed a single authenticated instance of the sort of thing that Mr. Wilson seems to have in mind.

"Now the President has seemed to be willing to listen readily to all the believers in a money trust. But he has never shown a willingness to have a moment's conversation with any of the men accused, who might throw a vast amount of light on the subject. Is such an attitude altogether fine for a man of Mr. Wilson's intelligence? He would doubtless answer that he did not care to seek light from a prejudiced source; but my reply to that is that up to date all his light on this subject has come from a prejudiced source—from people who themselves are attempting to establish a theory but do not know the facts.

"If I attempt to dwell longer on this point I shall give it undue weight. I have already recorded my belief in the President's high motives. I have faith that as time goes on he will learn to be more eager for facts on every subject. If his views upon additional legislation at this time are as conservative as they are said to be I believe that within a year we shall work out of the present depression, and Mr. Wilson's administration will be marked by abundant prosperity."

Beyond this middle ground lies a bitter hostility—the last, despairing gasp of that old Bourbon idea that stood intrenched so long behind its special privilege.

Here it is, summed up:

"Mr. Wilson is a greater menace to business than Mr. Roosevelt, because he has no sympathy. He is self-centered and coldly intellectual, he will not see the light, he is bitterly hostile to New York and all the big business interests that cluster there. His one desire, apparently, is to rob the natural banking center of the nation of its honestly earned prestige."

The Balance of Opinion Favorable

"Mr. Wilson knows nothing about business and he will not permit himself to be informed. Yet he sets about regulating commerce and is well on the way to destroy it. He has listened to the demagogues and turned down men who would have been glad to give him disinterested facts.

"The President declares that the control of credit has been in the hands of the so-called money trust. Yet with his Federal Reserve Board he is establishing a trust far worse than any that is alleged to have existed before.

"Mr. Wilson believes in unrestricted credit. This attitude alone would make him a serious menace to our business interests. The kind of credit carnival that he advocates leads to inflation and general disaster.

"Instead of being a crusader, the President is the most consummate politician that has occupied the White House in many years—and Mr. Roosevelt was some politician."

In the same vein is this point of view:

"Mr. Wilson is far more dangerous than Mr. Roosevelt, because he is cold, calculating and consistent. He cannot get beyond the schoolmaster point of view. He is blind to reason, capitalizes his self-interest and seeks to reform business with no practical knowledge or experience. His whole idea seems to be that a man with property must be destroyed."

More compact and specific is the following, which reflects a large part of the hostile banking sentiment.

"The President is making the great mistake of trying to legislate money into the pockets of the unsuccessful."

You find, in this quarter, that the President is "a gentleman and a theorist," "a bigot blind to counsel," "a pedagogue abusing his power." But even the bitterest admit his sincerity and his personal honesty of purpose. What, then, is the significance of the Wall Street view of Wilson? The big fact that stands out is this:

President Wilson has stirred the conscience of Wall Street as perhaps no other executive has succeeded in doing. With his quiet but effective procedure he has reached far deeper than did Mr. Roosevelt with all his fulmination. To an amazing degree he has impressed the sincerity of his convictions upon a once-hostile class.

The good that is thought of him outweighs the evil, and this is an anomalous state of mind in a district that is constitutionally Republican and chronically opposed to change.

See how easy dust, lint or dandruff is flushed out of

SANITAX BRUSHES

from the back, leaving the bristles sweet and clean, like new.

A clean brush and clean scalp are the best preventatives of falling hair and dandruff

SANITAX BRUSHES are ALWAYS clean; perfectly sanitary; absolutely safe. Yet with all these superior advantages and improvements they cost no more than a good quality of bristles in old style construction.

SANITAX BRUSHES are beautifully designed and richly plated. Bristles, the finest Imported Russian quality, are extra penetrative to reach the scalp, guaranteed not to loosen or come out.

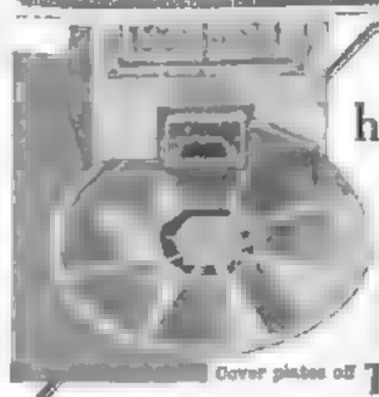
The light open-work metal construction of SANITAX BRUSHES as pictured above makes them absolutely germ-proof—keeps them clean.

Prices $1.00 up at all Good Dealers, guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

The name of the nearest SANITAX dealer furnished upon request. Upon receipt of your dealer's name, we will mail you a valuable little booklet, *"Your Hair and Its Care."*

SANITAX BRUSH CO.,
2361 S. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

DEALER'S NOTE — If you secure SANITAX Brushes through your jobber, send us your name and address, so mail orders from your territory can be referred to you.



I must have one in my Home!

Cover plates of **The SHARP Rotary Ash Receiver**

An ever-ready [illegible] in every home. Saves [illegible] No more [illegible] ment. Can be installed under any type of heater with very little expense either

before or after building

Builders, Architects, Health and Fire Commissioners have given the Sharp Rotary Ash Receiver their unqualified endorsement. Read what Mr. Geo. W. Babcock, a leading business man of Louisville, Ky., says:

[illegible]

THE W. M. SHARP COMPANY
PARK PLACE, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Architects [illegible]

Green's Trees Grower's Prices

Big Supply of Apple and Peach Trees. [illegible]

GREEN'S NURSERY CO
13 Main Street, Rochester N. Y.

DINGEE Roses Sturdy as Oaks. Founded 1850

[illegible] for the amateur

"New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1914—it's free. It isn't a catalog. It's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated; the cover pictures the new Charles Dingee rose—best, hardiest free-blooming rose in America. Safe de[illegible]

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 242 West Grove, Pa.

Money Making "Hatching Facts" Free Send for [illegible] new book of [illegible] Many have made [illegible] per cent. Let me help you.

Eight Times World's Champion Belle City Hatching Outfit

276,000 in use. Personal money back guarantee. My low price will surprise you. Jim Rohan, Pres.

Belle City Incubator Co., Box 77, Racine, Wis.

112-PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

If you are thinking of buying an incubator [illegible] this year's

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

Also contains about 50 pages of valuable poultry information—how to feed, rear and breed, treat diseases, [illegible]

Prairie State Incubator Co. 116 Main St. Homer City Pa.

$8.50 BUYS 150 Egg Incubator and 150 CHICK BROODER

The most startling offer ever [illegible] Write quick for details

Rockford Incubator Company
Box 30 Rockford, Illinois

$1,500,000,000 This Money Belongs To You

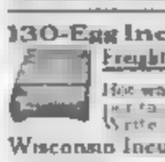
It is in the reserves of the various life insurance companies. A large part of it will be LOST to your heirs except at your death. A series of articles by William W. Smith now published in pamphlet form will show you how to save it. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps or currency. Address Insurance Department, The Spectator, [illegible], Trenton, New Jersey

50 BEST PAYING VARIETIES

[illegible]

W. A. WEBER, Box 969, Mankato, Minn.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid Both for $10



Hot water, double-walled copper tank, [illegible] Write at once for Free Catalog

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 184, Racine, Wis.

If you have some spare time and want to convert it into money, let us tell you how to do it. Agency Division, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Penna.

SMALL CAPITAL Required to Start With TEN-PINNET

The wonderful new automatic Ten Pin [illegible] game. It gets the money! [illegible] Nine-boys needed. Nothing but [illegible] needed to start you. Space less than old-style bowling. [illegible]

THE TEN-PINNET COMPANY, 1908 Draper Street, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

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BUILT BY MEN WHO KNOW

Weighs less than 3000 pounds ON THE SCALES—runs sixteen miles per gallon of gasoline—runs seven hundred miles per gallon of oil—averages 7000 miles per set of tires—possesses every high grade feature found on high-priced sixes—Speed, 3 to 55 miles per hour without shifting gears—Climbs every hill between Chicago and Boston on high—Rides the bumps like a boat—Distinguished by the beauty of its new stream-line body design—and sells for

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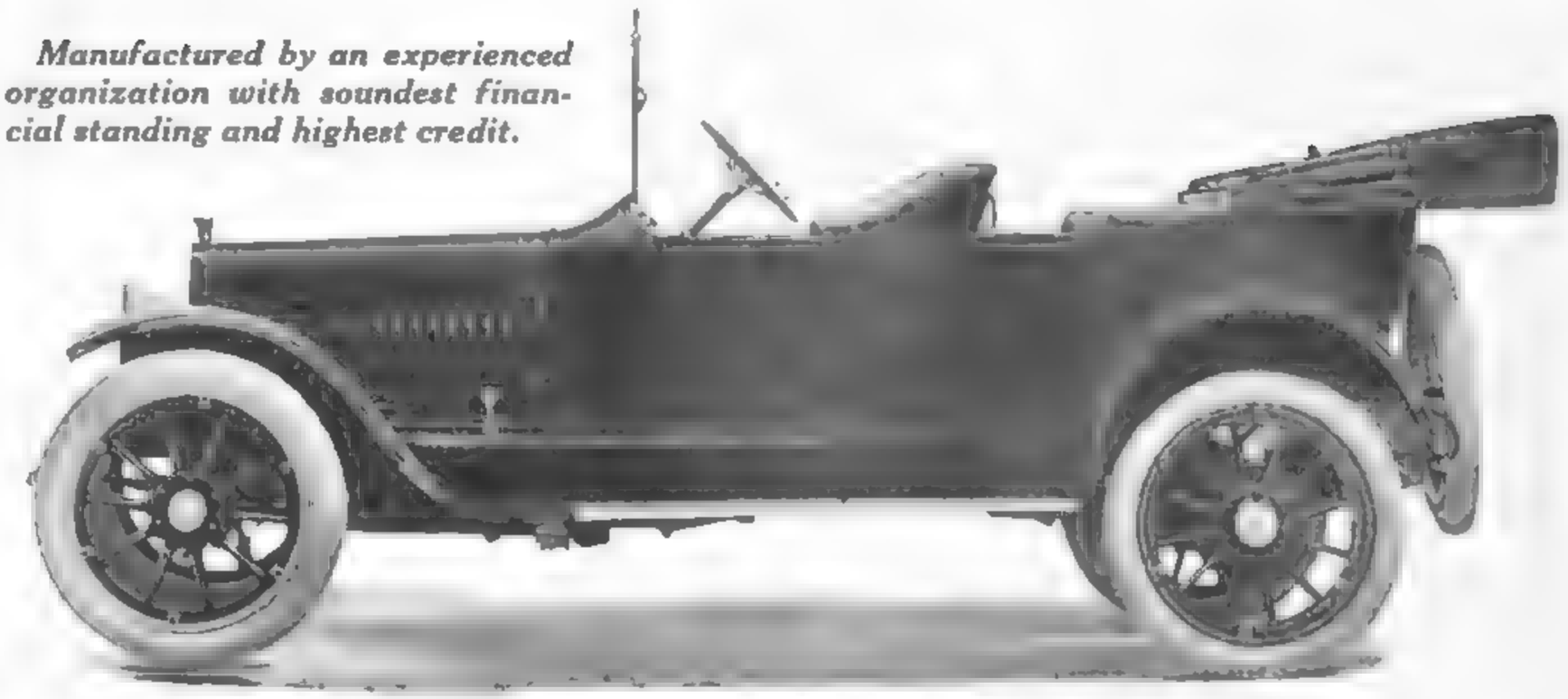
Manufactured by an experienced organization with soundest financial standing and highest credit.



A Year's Service Has Not Suggested One Single Mechanical Improvement

The Chandler enters into its second season a tried and true car.

Widespread demand has taken the Chandler into every city, every section of the country.

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Europe has taken notice. Chandlers are in service on the roads of England, Russia, Germany and Denmark. Canada knows the car. Our third shipment to Johannesburg, South Africa, left a month ago.

Everywhere the Chandler has made good. So good that we have not found—nor has any one of the hundreds of Chandler owners found—a single mechanical weakness.

Men marvel at its power, its flexibility, its economy.

We have not had to make a single chassis change.

The only change for 1914 is in body design, and in this we believe we have achieved the ultimate. If there *is* a more beautiful stream-line body it was not exhibited at either the New York or the Chicago show, for at both these exhibitions the public easily accorded the Chandler the palm for grace and beauty of design.

Here is a car that in its first season met nothing but praise from the critical men who paid their money for it and *expected great things* of it. Not one of these buyers was disappointed.

And Why Should the Record of the Chandler Be Otherwise?

Who build the Chandler? Men who had been building the highest grade six-cylinder cars for seven years. Men who *knew* sixes. Men who knew that a high-grade, light-weight, economical six *could* be built to sell at a *low* price. Men who were competent to build such a car.

Why *shouldn't* such men win out?

Just because six-cylinder cars always *had* been *heavy*, and *high-priced* and *expensive to run* was no reason. Some folks *thought* it was, but it wasn't. We have *proved* that it wasn't.

Many buyers of sixes had been men who *liked* to pay more for the cars they bought, and have them bigger and heavier and more ostentatious than the cars that other men could buy. So manufacturers built their sixes to meet the whims of these men of money.

They built *big heavy* cars, weighing four or five thousand pounds or more, and then they had to put big motors in to pull all the weight, and that meant six or seven miles to the gallon of gas, and expensive tires wearing out every two or three thousand miles.

Meanwhile the *average* car owner *knew* what he was missing in continuous flexible power and instant responsiveness, but was *willing to get along without it* so long as it cost so much.

After a while, though, he began to *demand* a "six" that should be within his means. And with a rush the builders of *fours*, who *knew* fours but did *not* know six-cylinder designing, began *building up* their fours into sixes, *adding two cylinders*, and supplying a demand without meeting its requirements.

And then—in the Spring of 1913—came the Chandler.

Its advent truly marked one of the important epochs of Motor History.

For here was a real six, built by a group of men who *knew* sixes if *any group of men in the world* knew.

And it was a six that weighed only 2985 pounds completely equipped.

It was a six that would run sixteen miles or more per gallon of gasoline.

It was a six that *did not* chew up the tires, but—to the contrary—gave its owners two to three thousand miles more from a set of tires than even the average four-cylinder car.

It was a six that would slow down to three miles per hour and speed up to fifty-five without shifting gears.

It was a six that fairly made play of the hills, taking any hill on high that any of the *big* sixes could take.

It was a six that would do thousands of miles over any and all kinds of roads without a mechanical adjustment.

It was a six that did anything that ANY six could do, and did it economically.

Still it sold for $1785.

No wonder the best dealers from coast to coast wanted to sell the Chandler Light Weight Six.

No wonder the car-buying public said, "Here is a six for us now."

No wonder that men who were *thinking* of buying cars said, "We'll keep our eye on this Chandler."

And they *have* kept their eye on the Chandler. So has the trade. So have the designers. And the Chandler has *made good*.

It is not surprising that now—for 1914—other builders of sixes are falling into line, pell-mell, offering new models at prices something like the Chandler price! Not a bit.

The Chandler paved the way and proved it could be done.

There is nothing CUT OUT of the Chandler Light Weight Six to make its price possible. Every vital detail that's in high priced cars is in the Chandler. And it's there in highest quality.

Read carefully—

The exclusive Chandler motor—designed by Chief Engineer Whitbeck, for nine years previously engineer and designer for highest grade high priced cars—is the finest American development of the long-stroke motor principle. Rated at 35 h. p., develops all any driver could use, with some to spare. Cylinders cast in blocks of three. Most durable imported silent chains for driving cam shaft, pump and generator. Oiling by positive gear pump in oil base. And many other strictly high grade motor features.

The wheel base is 120 inches, just the right length to permit of roomy, five-passenger touring body, and comfort on the road, without adding unnecessary weight.

Control is in the center. Left side drive.

Stromberg carburetor, with hot air and dash priming attachments.

Multiple disc ball-bearing raybestos clutch.

Westinghouse Separate Unit Electric Starting and Lighting system, built into the motor, with all moving parts enclosed.

Mayo Genuine Honeycomb Mercedes Type Radiator.

Floating type Chandler-design rear axle. Imported F. & S. annular ball bearings in wheels, shafts and differential.

Ten and twelve-inch upholstery; high-grade tufted leather.

Mechanical construction throughout bears the mark of greatest care.

General equipment absolutely complete and all high grade.

Body style, pure stream-line.

The Chandler Light Weight Six is built in four beautiful body designs for 1914. The five-passenger touring design illustrated above, $1785; a handsome, rakish runabout $1785, and two strikingly beautiful closed bodies, a four-passenger coupé, $2485, weight 3025 pounds; and the limousine, $2985, weight 3100 pounds.

Regular color, rich dark blue with silver striping.

See the Chandler. Ride in it. If you are a driver, drive it. Find out the kind of service it is giving owners everywhere. See your Chandler dealer at once, for demonstration, or write to us for catalogue, our "Proof Sheet" to find comparative automobile values and an interesting, convincing little booklet called "Bouquets."

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7. Corona Extra
8. Club House
9. Perfectos
10. Inseparables

BY RULE OF THREE

(Continued from Page 8)

Knowing that his absurd jealousy was to blame he retorted with elaborate calmness:

"And don't you think that your own regret is also a trifle premature?"

Then he tried to check the progress of the quarrel. He did it by the first-aid-to-the-injured method of reaching again for her hand; but she drew it away.

"No! I will not! You were sarcastic! Do you think I'll reward you for that?"

"I haven't asked for any reward," he said with a conciliatory humility. Thinking of his own moderation made him so indignant that he said:

"I was merely asking for my rights!"

"If you think they are your rights, that explains your behavior of course," she said magnanimously and judicially. "Don't you think it would be better if your mother gave us a little dinner, and ——"

"I don't know anything about it," he muttered rudely. "I can't work up any enthusiasm for anything except one date."

"Yes; but the announcement ——"

"I'll write to the Etiquette Editor of the Choinal."

She looked at him in astonishment rather than anger.

"What ails you?" she asked with exactly the solicitude with which we ask a hypochondriac about an old sore throat.

"Nothing!"

"It must be something!" she persisted.

"Well, it is. I am no icicle! That's what it is. I Kate, you know I love you, and "

"Yes, but you've never been rude before. I don't think I should have been treated that way by ——"

"No!" he interrupted angrily. "Of course not. They are angels!"

"Who?"

"Harry and Jim—and everybody else!"

She looked at him with a displeasure so utterly impersonal that it infuriated him.

"Of course. I know you don't love me. I know it by heart. I didn't expect you would love me the very minute we were engaged; in fact if you had I'd have had doubts as to the sincerity ——"

"Of course you would, Tom!" Her acquiescence was so suggestive of excuse-seeking that it made Tom's anger rise to the dignity of indignation.

"But I had the right to expect that as soon as we were engaged you would begin to try to love me. And you haven't!"

"I haven't?" Her surprise was so sincere that he groaned in despair.

"And you don't even know it! Of course I admit you were very frank in letting us know you didn't care for ——"

"I do care!"

"That you didn't love any of us! But you know you also said you would learn to love the one ——"

"But, Tom, we haven't been engaged an hour ——"

"But will it be any different ever? Will you learn to love me by the day of the wedding? Aren't you thinking already that perhaps you might better have picked out —— How can I help thinking that, but for a twist of Fate's little finger, you might at this very moment be engaged to Jim Rossiter or Harry Slade! It is bad enough to be jealous of the present, but to be jealous of the past ——"

"Without any reason whatever, Tom," she said with dignity.

It was not dignity Tom wanted, however; in fact, the more undignifiedly she would have thrown her arms about his neck the better he would have liked it.

"Perhaps! Perhaps! Nevertheless it is a fact that it might as easily have been Harry or Jim. I'll always remember that. Even if I should be lucky enough to win your love, how can I forget the way I won you? And won't that interfere with my happiness? If I owe my wife to Chance, may not Chance, in revenge ——"

He was silent, while she looked at him as if he were a stranger. She had not reckoned on the psychology of a jealous man in the act of being lucky. He could see it. It showed she did not know him. It was not her fault—he admitted that. Nevertheless he said determinedly:

"Kate, sweetheart, I am a damned crank —— "

"Tom!"

"I am, I tell you. I guess I know ——"

"But you said ——" She paused.

"Damned?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am. I know it and you know it. I—I—I am jealous! You are so beautiful! How could anybody see you and not want to love you? And how can you help falling in love with somebody who—who isn't a crank? If I should see you driving with Jim Rossiter, won't I be tortured by the knowledge that if you had only shuffled the slips another second it might have been he? You will think of him as your husband that might have been! And you know that, on the very day of our engagement, you felt for him exactly as much affection as you did for me! Kate, it will kill me—yes, it will! But perhaps we had better not—not be engaged!"

It was perfectly clear that Tom was in deadly earnest. And it was equally clear that Harry and Jim had been definitively eliminated as suitors. Man is willing to be second choice only at the solicitation and with the assistance of death.

She was a Van Schaick. If she had to marry and she did!—she had to marry Tom—and she would!

"Tom!"

"What?"

He looked into her eyes. In their azure depths he saw a new shyness.

"It is very hard to—to say it. No man ever kissed me; and naturally the first time—what did you wish me to do?"

"I was a pig!" acknowledged Tom. "But, nevertheless, since my beastly nature can't be changed ——"

She would not let the thought of breaking their engagement gain any more headway, so she interjected:

"And how could I tell you that I—that I was glad it was your name I drew?"

"Kate!" He jumped to his feet; then he sat down again gloomily. "If you'd only said that before you drew my name!" he groaned.

"And be hated forever by the only two loyal, disinterested friends I had in the world—besides yourself? Did you know that Jim and I went to Miss Fletcher's school together, and that I never felt the need of a brother because I had him? That is all Jim ever was to me. And I am just as fond of him as ever. But I would no more elope with him than with the Man in the Moon!"

Such sincerity rang in her voice that he believed her; but his gloom was not relieved in the slightest.

"Yes; Jim is not a bad fellow. I—I like him myself. I do—a whole lot!" His affection for young Mr. Rossiter was growing by jumps. "But Harry! You can't say he also is your adopted brother!"

"No; but I can say that I see he is obstinate, and inconsiderate, and intolerant and self-centered, can't I? And I can say that, so long as he was only my friend, I saw only the best side of him; and that marrying him—which means living with him year after year—when love is not present to blind one's eyes to his defects—is enough to make anyone say No to him even if there hadn't been another to whom one wished to say Yes."

She smiled at the end, but he asked sourly:

"Why didn't you then?"

"Didn't what?" she sweetly uncomprehended.

"Don't quibble! Why didn't you say Yes to me?"

"I've told you. I didn't want to hurt those boys' feelings any more than I could help by preferring you too openly."

"But you did take me after all."

"Yes; but they'll blame Chance."

"Yes—and they might have drawn the lucky slip!"

"They couldn't!" she retorted with assurance.

"Why not?" he came back like a flash.

"Impossible!" Presently at some pleasing thought she smiled, and again she said: "Impossible!"

"Why impossible? Do you mean to say you deliberately picked out the slip with my name? Had you marked it?"

A wonderful hope flamed in his eyes, the hope that she had cheated.

"No," she said slowly; "I did not mark the slip."

"Then how could you know? Why couldn't you have picked out Jim's or Harry's? Please tell me, dear!" he implored.

"Tom"—her voice tremulous with anxiety—"you know you would not love

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me—you couldn't respect me—if you thought I did not play fair!"

"To play unfair for my sake, Kate, I'd worship you!" he exclaimed, his voice vibrant with passion.

"No! No! You are of a jealous disposition—and everybody knows what that means. If I had cheated Jim and Harry the day would come when you'd say I was capable of cheating you!"

"No, I wouldn't! Honest, I wouldn't!" he fervently assured her. And, seeing incredulity in her beautiful eyes, he added indignantly: "Do you think I'd doubt your word?"

"The word of a self-confessed cheat? Why not? I would—in your place."

Her face so clearly showed her doubts and fears that he cried eagerly:

"Did you cheat, Kate! Did you? Tell me, love—tell me! Did you?"

She looked away, her head bent, her gaze fixed on the rug at her feet. He drew near—so near that he heard her mutter to herself—as she intended he should:

"If I make a mistake it will be my punishment!"

She went over to the old Dutch desk, pulled out one of the little drawers and brought it to Tom. "There!" she said. In the bottom of the drawer he saw the other two slips. With hands that trembled in his eagerness to stay his jealous doubts he unfolded one. It read:

Thomas Wyatt Sherlaw

He opened the second, and read with eyes that burned like live coals:

Thomas Wyatt Sherlaw

"Oh, my darling! My darling!" he cried hoarsely. "I love you! Do you love me?"

"Do you ask me that—now?" she said in a voice like heaven.

And he answered by seizing her in his arms and kissing her—many times. She did not kiss him; she let him kiss her. And he comforted himself by thinking that a girl who has never been kissed cannot know how to kiss back.

Tom did not wish to go home so early as half past eleven, but she made him—at least, she bribed him; and when she was through paying the agreed price he cheated her out of seven more.

Therefore, though he left grumbling, yet his was the step of a conqueror and in his eyes was the flame of triumphant love unclouded by a single doubt.

She remained in her armchair, her color still high, her eyes soft with pensiveness, staring into the dying wood fire.

The grandfather's clock chimed twelve.

Katharine Van Schaick rose. Her eyes were no longer soft. They were like gems—beautiful and hard and cold.

"It was a good thing I did!" she said aloud as she walked toward the desk.

She pulled out another drawer—she knew which. From it she took two slips exactly like those Tom had read. She opened them and read them. They were alike:

Henry Thorndyke Slade

She pulled out another drawer and from it took two more slips. On each the same name was written. It was the name of

James Delano Rossiter

And from the fourth drawer she took the two slips she had written in the sight of her three suitors; and the two slips read:

Henry Thorndyke Slade

and

James Delano Rossiter

These were the originals.

She was a Van Schaick—prudent, farsighted, careful, intelligently attentive to details. It was never necessary for a Van Schaick to tell lies!

"I played fair," she muttered to herself; "but it was a certainty they would hold it against me all their lives! Men are so curious! But now it is settled!"

So saying she tore the slips into bits, jumbled them beyond the possibility of piecing together and then threw them into the grate.

The fire had burned too low—they began to smoke, charring very slowly; so she lit a match and set fire to the only documentary evidence there was.

As they turned to ashes she crumbled them with the poker and then walked upstairs to her room with the strong, steady, not ungraceful Van Schaick step.

Her eyes were very blue and very beautiful exactly like gems.

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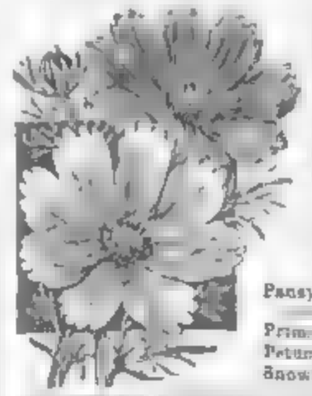

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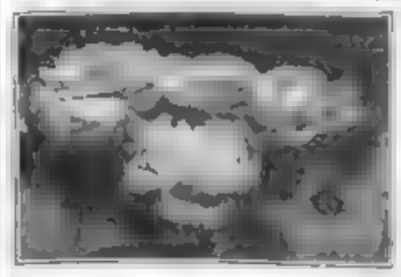

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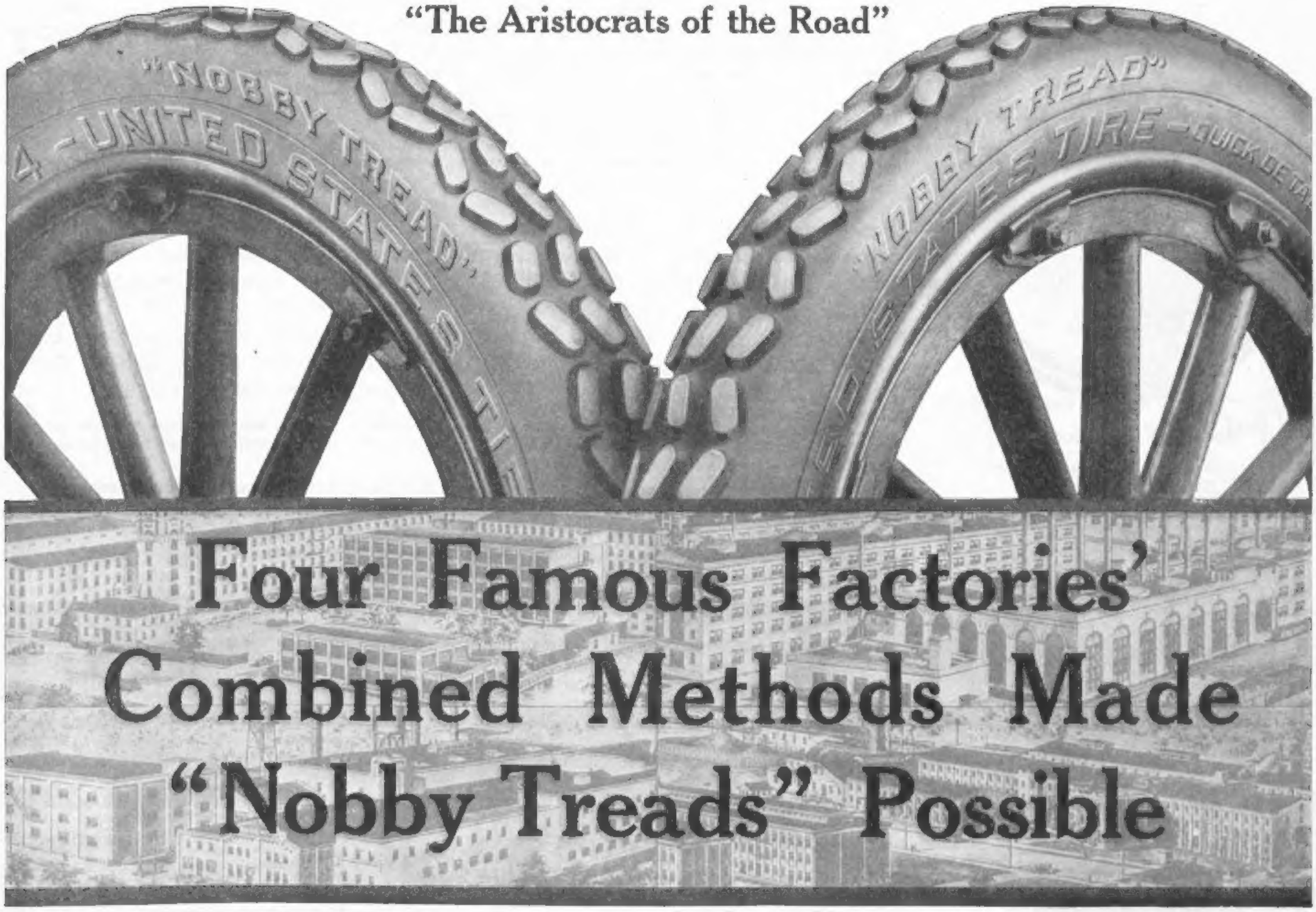

Four Famous Factories' Combined Methods Made "Nobby Treads" Possible

Veteran Car Owners were the first to accept this marvelous tire—the first to recognize the actual, unfailing additional Mileage and real Protection against skidding that "Nobby Treads" give—then came the Popular Demand

Popularity never comes unearned to a product.

The tremendous popularity of the "Nobby Tread" Tires has been earned by their ability not only to prevent skidding, but to "deliver" extra tire mileage under all conditions.

The choice of the veteran car owners was not based upon mere test records, but upon the actual wear that "Nobby Tread" Tires give on all kinds of roads day in and day out.

The overwhelming number of automobile manufacturers who have selected United States Tires as the standard equipment of their 1914 cars proves unquestionably that United States Tires are today the accepted standard for real tire service.

When you purchase United States Tires you are sure of these vitally important facts:

1—Of the Four Factory Organization behind these famous tires.

2—Of vast experience in tire building.

3—Of a tremendous organization that actually backs up its tires.

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE

Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with United States Tires—"Nobby Tread," "Chain Tread" or Smooth Tread. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

United States Tires

Made by the Largest Rubber Company in the World

Model K-3 Price $75

Practically Every Box Holder House of New York uses

Among the box holders of the New York Metropolitan Opera House are found some of the richest and most exclusive families in the world. Most of these families have held the same box for twenty years.

One owner was recently offered $200,000.00 for his box—which he rejected.

It costs the Metropolitan Opera House Company over $2,000,000.00 a season to produce opera on the New York scale. Single performances often cost $20,000.00 a night.

The people who support this billion dollar institution are all users of the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

On November 17, the opening night of the 1914 opera season, we stationed a crew of men at each entrance to check the names of the cars, the names of the owners, and the names of the speedometers each car carried.

Out of 251 cars equipped with speedometers 224 carried the magnetic speedometer.

Most of those cars that did not carry magnetic speedometers were old out of date models purchased before the magnetic speedometer came into popular use.

The following cars were equipped with the magnetic speedometer. (We give only those that were represented by 2 or more cars.)

53 Packard cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

37 Pierce-Arrow cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

17 Cadillac cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

14 Peerless cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

12 Renault cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

10 Stevens-Duryea cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

9 Simplex cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

8 Locomobile cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

7 Delauney-Belleville cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

7 Lozier cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

6 Benz cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

4 Fiat cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

4 Lancia cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Minerva cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 S. G. V. cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Napier cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Mercedes cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Metallurgique cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn and Daughter. They use Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. George Gould. He uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. Robert W. Goelet at the wheel. He uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. Henry C. Grier and Mr. H. C. Frick wintering in Florida. They use Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. F. A. Plumer. He uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mrs. Payne Whitney with her children. She uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer

Factory

Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, London

and Seventy-Five

WARNER

of the Metropolitan Opera a Warner Auto-Meter

Following is the list of the more prominent of the Metropolitan box holders. Nearly every box holder uses a quality Warner Auto-Meter.

Parterre Boxholders

Box No.	
1.	Mrs. Ogden Goelet
3.	Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt
5.	Mr. B. F. Yoakum
7.	Mr. William Vincent Astor
9.	Mrs. Hamilton Fish
11.	Mr. Perry Belmont Mrs. E. H. Harriman
13.	Mr. H. A. C. Taylor
15.	Miss Iselin Mr. E. H. Gary
17.	Mr. William D. Sloane Mrs. H. McK. Twombly
19.	Mr. Henry Clay Frick
21.	Mr. Charles Steele
23.	Mr. Edward J. Berwind
25.	Mrs. G. G. Haven
27.	Mr. George S. Bowdoin
29.	Mr. George D. Pratt
31.	Mrs. Vanderbilt
33.	Mr. Edwin Gould
35.	Mr. J. P. Morgan
2.	Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr.
4.	Mr. August Belmont Mr. Daniel Guggenheim Mrs. E. H. Harriman
6.	Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt
8.	Mr. C. N. Bliss, Jr. Mr. John Claflin Mr. B. H. Borden
10.	Mr. H. C. Fahnestock
12.	Mr. Henry Clews Mr. George J. Gould
14.	Mr. Benj. N. Duke
16.	Mrs. Arthur Gibb
18.	Mrs. S. Achelis
20.	Mr. Ogden Mills Mrs. Whitelaw Reid
22.	Mr. M. Taylor Payne Mr. Otto H. Kahn Mr. Joseph H. Choate
24.	Mr. Robert Walton Goelet Mrs. Henry B. Hyde
26.	Mrs. Wm. M. V. Hoffman
28.	Mr. J. H. Schiff
30.	Mr. Harry Payne Whitney Mr. Payne Whitney
32.	Mr. Luther Kountze
34.	Mr. John D. Ryan

Grand Tier Boxholders

Box No.	
39.	Mr. Myron W. Robinson
41.	Miss Julia Chester Wells
43.	Mr. E. L. Breese Norrie
45.	Mr. George B. Hurd
47.	Mr. B. S. Work
49.	Mr. Frederic H. Humphreys
51.	Mr. W. Dixon Ellis
53.	Mr. Nicholas M. Pond
36.	Mr. Noble McConnell
38.	Mr. Dwight A. Jones
40.	Mr. Robert C. Clowry
42.	Mr. Julian H. Meyer
44.	Mrs. A. C. Washington
46.	Mr. Peter Doelger
48.	Mr. Giulio Gatti-Casazza
50.	Mr. F. W. Woolworth
52.	Mr. Isaac D. Fletcher
54.	Mr. Frank Gray Griswold

Stall Boxholders

B	Mr. A. B. Leach
C	Mr. Alexander von Gontard
D	Mr. Frederick T. Fleitman
E	Mr. C. H. Ditson
F	Mrs. von Juch Wellman
G	Mr. E. S. Ulman Miss Edith Van Zandt Lane
H	Baron Alfred von der Ropp
J	Mrs. Geo. C. Clausen
V	Mrs. Ansel Oppenheim
W	Mr. C. C. Dula

Metropolitan Opera House, New York

The Misses Flora and Barbara Whitney. They use Warner Auto-Meters.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. She uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley Shepard (formerly Miss Helen Gould). They use Warner Auto-Meters.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the invariable choice of these exclusive and well-to-do people. Automobile manufacturers whose cars appeal to this class know the value of the Warner Auto-Meter as a hallmark of quality. They know it is one of the very first things looked for on the car. The speedometer is on the dash—always in plain sight. If it is a Warner it gives the prospective buyer of the car immediate confidence in that car. It tells him that the car manufacturer has not skimped on accessories. It gives him confidence that the entire car, to its smallest detail, represents the utmost in quality and cost.

95 per cent of all high-grade cars are now equipped with the Warner Auto-Meter. Buyers of the higher-priced cars pay the extra price to get the best the market affords—not only in car but in accessories as well. They are well aware of the fact that the Warner Auto-Meter costs considerably more than any other speedometer made. They, therefore, insist on the Warner—knowing that it is the last word in speedometers—that there is, and can be, nothing better, and that is why car manufacturers gladly pay the extra cost for the Warner quality Auto-Meter. They realize that it is money well spent. It helps their car dealers to sell the cars. It saves all need of explanation. Dealers don't have to excuse the speedometer and they know it will give everlasting satisfaction to the buyer of their car.

See that the car you buy is equipped with a Warner. Car dealers will gladly supply it. Ask for it.

Corporation FACTORIES: Chicago, Illinois, and Beloit, Wisconsin

Branches

Los Angeles *New York* *Philadelphia* *St. Louis*
Minneapolis *Paris* *Pittsburg* *San Francisco*

Service Stations

AUTO-METER

Mrs. Russell Sage. She uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. Foxhall Keene. He uses Warner Auto-Meters.

Mr. Henry Clews, the well known New York banker. He uses Warner Auto-Meters.

DIRT

Hasn't a GHOST OF A SHOW with —